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"BUT I WILL SPEAK TO YOU, ESTHER, AS LONG AS I LIVE." HE REPEATED UNDER HIS BREATH.

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A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

"Not every woman is trained to courage."

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the day of woman. She has the center of the stage. She is evolving into something more independent, more individual. Coincident with this evolution is the increase in divorce—divorce terminating one in every twelve marriages in the United States, most of the decrees being granted to wives. What has led to this rebellion, and how much do objectors to divorce think a woman should suffer before she does rebel? At what cost of self-respect should she force her marriage to "success"? Here begins the story of one wife who was "successful." Few women, and, presumably, not many men, are likely to agree that this woman was in decency justified in suffering what she did. But no one will deny her to be, in her unswerving, silent devotion, a figure at once sympathetic and of heroic size. The character is of all too rare a quality in recent fiction, yet it is the history, varying only in degree, of thousands upon thousands of her unrebellious sisters, "successful" all. The recital is fascinating.

CHAPTER I

MY father died when I was fifteen years old, and my mother, then ill with the same malady, found herself dependent upon me, the eldest of her five children. I shall never forget the day when we came home to her from father's funeral—all four of us in black; for the smallest child stayed at home with mother, and they sat waiting for us at the window. the shades had been drawn up while we were at church. It was spring, and even though I was sad I noticed the dandelions spotting the lawn like yellow stars. Our house was small, with two windows on the street, and the neighbors could look right in through our windows.

At night, when the children were in bed, mother and I sat talking in her room, and she coughed after every few sentences. Around her shoulders, over her nightdress, she wore a gray shawl, and her eyes were beautiful and clear.

"I guess it is going to be hard for you, Esther," she said. We were not a family of sentimentalists, and after all I'm glad—maybe it makes things easier.

"Oh, I guess we'll get along all right: we don't owe any money," I answered; and this seemed to be the right thing to say.

I asked her if she had enough covering over her bed and whether she wished to take some powders to make her sleep, and when I reached the door she called me back and gave me a kiss. Then she began to cough dreadfully.

I sat upstairs in my bedroom for quite a while, looking at the "ads" in the paper. I noticed one:

"Wanted.—A smart girl to learn typewriting. Wall Street. Salary paid to beginners."

The next day I went to New York and applied. They engaged me at five dollars a week. I was to make myself useful while I learned my business. We had enough money left from father's bank account to pay the funeral expenses and to buy me a commutation ticket, and the house rent had been paid for us by an uncle in the South for the last few years. This left me clear

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twenty dollars a month to feed and clothe six of us.

My remembrance of tragedy in the situation isn't clear. There was never a moment of despair in our household. The people liked mother in Bracketsville. We'd lived for six years in the town and we'd had no debts. The doctor gave us his services free, and the drug store never presented a bill. Nobody bothered us for money. They gave us time, and we lived for a year on kindness in the town and what I earned. Then Fanny joined me in my daily pilgrimage to and from New York, starting in at five per week, and I was raised the next year to ten dollars.

Together we fed and clothed and educated the boys, and I was proud for them as I had never been able to be proud for myself. None of us was imaginative, so we were spared cooking up the miseries and worries that cleverer people make for themselves. We never saw anything "picturesque" or "dreadful" in our fight for life, and I never heard a complaint at home. I don't think I recall a wish expressed that was beyond the gratification of our means. Perhaps we were all without hearts. Perhaps we were all too *proud*. Perhaps, 'way down in us, were springs which years of need and care and repression had never suffered to be uncovered; perhaps that crust kept the waters still and deep. I do not know.

We had simple pleasures, and Fanny took them. I was too tired. For many years my midday lunch in New York cost me ten cents a day—no more. I was underfed and overworked. Parties in Bracketsville didn't tempt me out, but Fanny loved to dance, and she had a party dress and a pair of thin shoes.

Mother died two years after father. I cannot write about it.

I went to the city the day after the funeral, and at four o'clock fainted at my machine. I don't believe I shed a single tear at the house. I felt as though the world were one big burden tied to my shoulders, and I gave way under it. When I came to, I heard the office boy say to a girl they had called in from the next office, "Her mother was buried yesterday, and she was too proud to ask for more than one day off."

CHAPTER II

THERE is no reason why I, of all others in the wide world, should write the "annals of a life," unless in some way or other they may serve to encourage a woman here and there. Perhaps here and there a simple woman with little education and a great deal of timidity will be interested in my life.

There isn't anybody, I guess, who would not love to be "successful," and who isn't ready to spend twenty-five cents, or even twenty-five dollars, on a book which would tell them "How to Succeed." You hear such a lot of talk nowadays about Success. I don't pretend to write such a book. But, looking at the opening of my life in the small Bracketsville house, when five of us stood around mother's coffin with only me at the head of the family—when I contrast that picture with my life to-day, I suppose people *would* say that I have made a success. So, if what I have to tell can give any woman or any wife *courage*—why, then the pages are worth while!

CHAPTER III

I SEEMED to fit into my niche from the first. Nobody ever knew when I was tired, when I was frightened or disheartened: I didn't have any feelings that were hurt or annoyed, and I never cried. I wore thin clothes in the winter when I happened to have them, and thick clothes in the summer when I couldn't get anything else. My feet got wet and I didn't get ill. I lost my place in the bad season of the year and didn't commit suicide. Perhaps a sense of humor helped me, though no one laughed *with* me if I *did* see anything funny. Pretty clothes and hats I didn't covet; but I must say I never saw a nice pair of boots or gloves that I didn't long for them!

The first man I worked for was a broker in Wall Street. I was a good typewriter and learning stenography, when one day he passed through the office with a letter to copy; and as there was no one in the room but me, he laid the sheet down on my desk. When the letter was done, my employer himself called me, by name, from the baize door of his room.

All the blood in me—made by tea and salad and pie—rushed over me like a flood. I never had been spoken to in my life by any one more important than the minister in Bracketsville. Mr. Parsons seemed to me as big a man as the President. I forced out something in answer to his directions about the copies, and for the first time was conscious of myself as a woman: I don't pre-

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tend to know what kind of a creature I thought I was. So far I had been nothing but a typewriter, a bit of mechanism such as the machine which I wrote upon. It was the *man* who made me conscious like this: his way of speaking to me; the way he looked at my poor clothes and my boots. The next day I had a raise of salary; within two months I assisted with his stenography; the following year I was his stenographer at a salary of eighteen dollars per week. When I had worked for him about half a year, one day as I got up to go out with my book and pencil, and his letters, done in the queer characters I had learned to make so fast, he put his arm around me and kissed me.

I wasn't the kind of girl who could "hit" a man, as many of my friends had told me they had done; but as I went out to the rack where our hats and coats were hung, I felt as though I had been dragged through the mire of the streets. Nothing that has come near me since has crushed me like that short half second.

Fanny was home then with a bad chest and throat. We didn't let her go to the city for four months. The boys were at school. But I left my place that night, though I hadn't the first idea of what I was going to do, and it was winter. I don't know whether it was folly, or egoism, or courage—to-day I am inclined to think it was some quality of timidity—my colossal foe—but I couldn't have looked at my employer again and lived. My frail life would have gone out if I had heard his voice giving me an order; and yet I wasn't so worthless but that I could support a family by my toil!

CHAPTER IV

BETWEEN the day when I left my place of my own accord and the day when I found another position, there was a period of six weeks of hard times; and when things were at their bluest I answered an advertisement for work to be done in one of the big houses well up on Fifth Avenue.

It was February, and I had walked up from Twenty-third Street ferry to save the fare. It was so bitter that the exercise hadn't warmed me; as I sat waiting, I only

I WAS SCARED TO DEATH.

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felt dulled through—aching with cold. My clothes were too thin for comfort, and I didn't own a pair of rubbers. Presently a maid beckoned me to step upstairs, and a lady received me in bed, propped up with pillows. As she made arrangements with me, my sight grew clear enough to notice the luxurious objects around her: the big bed with its fine sheets, its warm silk covers; everything so expensive and elegant, and to me so unfamiliar. She asked me to take my jacket off, but my blouse was in a shabby state and I refused. Usually I was agreeable with people, I think, but this time I felt as if the wind and the snow had gone right down deep to my heart. I had eaten only a bite of lunch, and every now and then, as I wrote, something gave way inside of me, and finally all culminated in a single feeling. As I waited for Mrs. Falsworth to consult a list, I looked down at the foot of her bed, *and there stood her little slippers.* They were small and pink, made of some fine brocade, with high French heels, corded around with a silver cord and with small pink rosettes at the top. They were dainty and elegant, restful, awfully expensive looking, and they struck me terribly! I wouldn't have believed it then if any one had told me what they cost, but I learned afterward that she had paid twenty-five dollars for them. They were just the final touch to the tired-outness and the meagerness of a long time—to the denials of a poor life—they were a composite picture of everything Mrs. Falsworth had and of what it meant to be *a real lady.* I could see that the slippers were my size. I was proud in a shy way of my feet and my hands. But I owned just one pair of shoes, and they were nearly worn out; as for a pair of bedroom slippers . . . some one had knit mother a pair of gray bedroom shoes once and I kept them, put away with a few things in memory of her. Those were the only ones in the house.

I got up and managed to say that as I lived out of town I would have to go. She asked me to have some tea, but *I couldn't have swallowed in her house.* I rode to the ferry with a reckless anger in my heart. Those shoes danced before my eyes: they haunted me until I was quite scared, and I wondered if I wasn't going to be sick. Crossing Twenty-third Street, I looked out at the shop windows, but there was nothing in any one of them like those slippers! That night when I reached home, the image was so real that I actually wouldn't have been surprised to see them peep out from under my bed, from the old darned quilt.

I wrote for Mrs. Falsworth for weeks. We were quite friendly. The last day when I went up to her house to write—I had accepted a position with a firm downtown—she said:

"Now, Miss Carey, I want to ask you a frank question. What *was* the matter with you the first night you came to work here? I've always found you bright and pleasant and not one bit like you were then! Why, you were the most solemn, brooding, stiff little thing I ever came across! *What was it?*"

"It was your slippers," I answered.

"My slippers!" She was perfectly amazed.

And I told her: "I just couldn't help it. They got on my nerves. They were so perfectly elegant that they made me mad."

She stared as though she thought I was crazy. She didn't understand one little bit, of course, and I didn't explain any further. I didn't mind the pretty things any longer, for I had an excellent position with a good firm downtown, and a high salary—for a girl.

CHAPTER V

SHORTLY after this, Mrs. Falsworth went to Europe, and when I saw her again I was twenty-five years old—a business woman, with nothing in my circumstances out of the ordinary except that I had it rather easier than most. I had my own offices, two rooms on the tenth floor of a building in Wall Street, and two assistants.

I had the private work of several important offices—on one side Senator Bellars's, and on the other the work of the husband of my friend of the pink slippers, Mr. William Falsworth.

Mrs. Falsworth liked me and was as kind in her way as I would let her be, but as I had refused the tea the day of the pink slippers, I always refused everything that she offered. But I worked for her now and then in the evening. Her husband was away; we grew friends before he came home.

Minnie Falsworth was made up of dress and pink slippers and reports of School Boards and Home Boards and of little extravagant things. Will Falsworth was made up of just plain flesh and blood. When he came to look for his wife, there was such a lot of *Things* to brush away before he could find her; and when he did find her he was

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I HELD MY UMBRELLA OVER HIM FOR A LONG TIME.

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"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. WHAT'S THIS FOR?" AND HE TOOK UP THE REVOLVER.

such a *real man* that he used to make her shudder. I don't think he had cared for her for a long while; and when he was off on his business trips, he dictated his letters to her, and lots of times she had to ask the butler for his last address.

The first time Mr. Falsworth saw me, I was working in the upstairs sitting-room. He had come in from the West, where he had been traveling for nearly three months, reorganizing his mines. He came in as if he expected to be met by his wife, but she was out.

I always think of people as I see them for the first time, and after that the image of them just moves back and forth to or from the first impression. But Will Falsworth's stays just the same. He was middle-sized and very good-looking—eager and bright and hopeful. He came in, I couldn't but think, like a man from the war, glad to be back home again, glad to come to a woman who would welcome him. Business is a good deal like war, anyhow. It takes it out of people; even if the wounds and scars don't show, they are there all right. Mr. Falsworth wore a light gray suit, and I thought he was awfully handsome and swell.

"So you're the girl who has been sending me all those letters, are you?"

Then he sat down and ordered some sandwiches and beer, and insisted that I should have something with him while he waited for Minnie to come in. She didn't come until eleven o'clock, and by that time Mr. Falsworth had told me all about his Western trip, about his success with the Wild Wood Mines.

There was a lot of work to do, about the reorganization of the mine, and I used to go into his office and take dictation mornings from nine till twelve. He wouldn't have any of the other girls, and by and by I wouldn't have let any one else go.

One day when I stopped writing and looked up, it was two o'clock. He felt dreadfully, and to please him I accepted his invitation to go out and have something to eat. We went to a little restaurant near the Battery. It was a hot day, and we walked along down past the steamship offices to the Green. We had a big lunch, oysters first and chicken, ending up with mince pie, coffee, and ice cream, and when we came out it was four o'clock. Then we went to the Aquarium together and saw the queer, pretty fish. The person doesn't live who could get me to go there again. . . . The day was clear as crystal, and the port full of ships. Will Falsworth took hold of my arm and said:

"Esther, I want to go on one of those ships and take you along with me. Will you come?"

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He had never said one such word to me before, although I had been alone with him for hours at a time, but now it seemed natural. At first, when he made his startling suggestion about sailing out from the Battery, I just thought I would go! He led me over to a seat; no one was there but ourselves, and we sat down and he talked to me a long while, and I felt like crying. I looked at the boats and the water so long that I could draw pictures of every boat there was in the harbor that day—big and small. When we got up to go at last, it was dark. We had stayed four hours, and it had seemed like a moment. I hadn't said more than a few words myself, but I made him leave me there. I wouldn't go with him nor let him take me to my ferry. I made him go off alone, and I got out of him a kind of promise to do just as I said. I thought I was stronger than he. When I watched him cross over to Broadway to his car, I walked toward Chambers Street, crying hard as I went. The tears just rolled down like rain.

I hadn't taken off my things next day when he appeared with a letter to dictate. I refused to go to his office, so he sat down and gave me the work at my desk. He looked pale and troubled, trying to talk to me between the sentences, but I kept the machine going hard. At last he read out to me from one of his letters: "I am going to Colorado to-night to be gone for several weeks"—and I stopped writing.

"Will you go with me, Esther?"

"Certainly not."

He folded the letter. "Then I won't go to Colorado," he said. "And it means a loss of a pile of money to me and to a lot of other people."

"You have got to go, or I will never speak to you again as long as I live."

He repeated under his breath: "But I will speak to you, Esther, as long as I live."

"It won't do you any good."

"We'll see, little girl, we'll see."

Will and I were alone. He began again, and I had to listen, his letters on the machine before my eyes—the burning words he said going in with the dry terms on the page about gold and assaying.

"I married some one," he said to me, "but I didn't get a *woman*, *I want a woman for a wife*. Every decent human man wants the same thing. I don't drink and I don't gamble, but I want a wife, Esther. I want a wife."

I put these words down because they go in with my story. It doesn't matter so much what he said about me or what he thought. He was very blind. He was lonely, above all—that's what he was! and he was a flesh-and-blood man and I understood him from the start.

I took his letters out of the machine and folded them. I put them in their envelopes as he directed me, and I hadn't said one word; and he wound up with:

"Won't you speak to me, Esther?"

And I told him that if he didn't go to Colorado that night, I would never speak to him again.

Here both the girls came back at once, and Will took his letters and went toward the door. He said out loud from the doorway:

"All right, good-by. I am off to-night, Miss Carey."

Then right there he wrote something in his notebook, tore out the slip, folded it up, and handed it back to me by Miss Frame:

"Here's my address—send along any other letters you may have, and don't forget to mail me *that last one.*"

He repeated, "*That last one to-night, Miss Carey.*"

When he had really gone and all three of us were hard at work again clicking away, I looked at the slip he had given me. There was the address of his hotel in Chicago, the address of one in Denver, and Salt Lake; in fact, every city he passed through where he was going to stop. And some other things—just a few words.

The next day I got a wire from Buffalo; it only said: "*Speak to me, Esther.*"

CHAPTER VI

EVERYBODY knows about Senator Bellars. He had just proposed his famous Tariff Bill in the Senate. The day after Will Falsworth left for the West, a boy came for me to go for some dictation in the senator's offices. I was awfully excited, for though I had worked for important business men I had never seen any one so big as Senator Bellars.

He was walking up and down the floor of his own private office, shut off by thick green doors. He made me take one of the big leather chairs, and dictated walking up and down in front of me, in a loud voice, as though he was arguing or addressing the

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Senate. I took his work for months after that, and it was always the same loud, hard voice crying out words at me. When I left, it was a long time before I could get the sound out of my ears. Senator Bellars's private secretary was sick, and that was why he had sent for me. After a few letters to different people in Washington, he walked up near me and stood right in front of me, staring down. I thought he was going to speak directly to me, and I was scared to death, but his face was hard and set in anger, and before I had time to be much more scared he began:

"MY DEAR STEVE [Then I saw he was not thinking of me at all.]: I am sick and tired of saying the same things to you, so I'm not going into the old matters again. You have run through three fortunes, and I don't intend to hand you out a fourth. You may come here to New York and do as I say, or you can stay where you are and go to the devil. You are thirty and no fool, and you can work. If there is anything that sickens a man who sees machines run and watches the nation's progress, it is to come against a poor performance. Now I don't intend to stick up for failures of any kind. I like success. You are a damned poor painter, and so far you have been a poor citizen. Now I'll help you, but I will do it in my own way. You've got a magnificent education, and you can use it. If you will pitch your sickening daubs out of the windows, and quit drink and cards and women, and come to America, I will give you a job. You can work right here with me. I enclose a check to pay up your debts in Paris and get you here. Don't spend money on cables. Come.

"Your uncle,

"STEPHEN BELLARS."

He had me address the envelope to Stephen Kirkland, care Morgan, Harjes & Co., Paris. And before I left he made an appointment with me to do his private letters. I wrote for him every day for more than three weeks. I admired and respected him, though he was cold and hard: a splendid old man, with thick, shaggy hair like a bush, and a gruff voice. He made me think of a powerful engine that runs a great machine.

"Are you the head of your office on the tenth floor?" he asked me as I went in one morning to take his work.

When I said I was, he looked at me as though he didn't believe me. He probably thought I was too insignificant-looking to be the "head" of anything!

Except for these few remarks, he never spoke to me when I came or went. I don't think he thought anything about me except that I was a good servant. Over and over I recalled what he'd said in his letter to Mr. Kirkland—"I don't like failures: I like successes"—and it made me careful to be the best I could in my position.

One day when he called me up to his rooms, I found a man there, sitting in one of the chairs by the window, and before I left he came over and stood near us by the table. He was fully six feet tall, and very thin, and bowed at the shoulders. It was a hot day, and he wore a white flannel suit, with a red tie. His face was burned very brown, and he had a dark beard and thick, straight hair. His face was slender, and his eyes were big and dark. I noticed his thin, brown hand as he stood playing with a paper cutter while Senator Bellars talked to me. Senator Bellars didn't speak to him, but when I went out I knew it was Mr. Kirkland, and that he had decided to take his uncle's advice and come on over to New York.

CHAPTER VII

THE next time I saw Mr. Kirkland was when he came into my office a few days later with some work. He stayed for a while in the office, talking, and complimenting the view from our windows. "It would make a splendid room for a studio," he said. Mr. Kirkland smoked a long black cigarette. They were Italian or Swiss make, and after that I never saw him without one in his mouth or his hand; those long, thin, black cigarettes are as much a part of Stephen Kirkland to me now as his thick, straight hair and his thin, brown face. He interested me as he talked there with Miss Long; though I felt it was a kind of disloyalty to know as much about him as I did—a sort of professional disloyalty. Just the same, it made me furious with his uncle when I remembered what I had written about "drink and cards and women"!

While I remembered these things, Mr. Kirkland was talking with Miss Long, and I noticed that he had a kind laugh, like a boy's, and was the most *mannered* man I ever saw: real old-fashioned polite. He spoke to my typewriter as though she were a friend of his on whom he was making a society call, holding his long cigarette in his hand and not smoking, just out of politeness. This day he had on flannel clothes, and carried an old and very dirty straw hat under his arm—his shoes weren't polished like Will's.

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Pretty soon Mr. Kirkland strolled over to the big window as though there was nobody but himself in the office, smiling and smoking, while he looked out as though he were studying the view.

"Imperial spires and terraced roofs, broad bay and hospitable sea—What are they going to make of it all, Miss Carey?"

I told him I heard that they were going to tear down the house next to us and build an office building eighteen stories high.

"Perfectly horrible!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Too, too horrible! If they could tear *us* all down now and build *us* up, why, that might be worth while."

Then he went out, and Miss Long said: "Oh, *isn't* he perfectly elegant, Miss Carey? So handsome, and so *queer*. I guess he's traveled a great deal, don't you? He looks as though he spoke all the foreign languages."

Mr. Kirkland called for his work the next day when the girls were out for lunch, and I knew there was something wrong with him the minute he came in. He was as pale as death, and his eyes were as red as his cravat, which was twisted around under his ear.

He wasn't the first man I had come across under the influence of liquor, but the others had disgusted me—whereas I felt sorry for this one. He was able to talk, though his voice was excited, and he went over and stood in the window and began to go on about the view. Standing there, he gave me a little talk, like a lecture, on "The Psychics of Art." It was lovely. When he had finished, he went over and drank two glasses of ice water.

"I've never had a better audience, Miss Carey, and yet I have lectured before people of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris."

I hoped he wasn't going up to his uncle like he was, and it was a relief when he stopped on the doorsill and turned to me:

"I'd like to take a walk—and I'd like you to go with me. Maiden," he asked, just like out of a book, "will you be my staff?"

I put my hat on and went with him. When we got into the street he led the way, and we went straight to the Battery. I would rather not have gone that direction, but I didn't say anything, and when he staggered I caught his arm and gave him his balance. Then he took my arm and walked so, though I was quite a little shorter than he. As I look back, I cannot think how I ever came to go. Mr. Kirkland was talking all the time about "Madonna eyes" and stars and poetry, and he recited a verse or two every now and then. In Bowling Green Park I made him sit down on a bench, and as I had done with Will Falsworth, I sat down by his side.

"I shall call you Penelope," he stammered. "You seem to me to have been formed to sit and spin—to weave and spin against fate." He asked me if I knew anything about Penelope.

"I shall give you the 'Odyssey' to-morrow. To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow."

After a little I saw that he was going to sleep. I kept thinking all the time of Senator Bellars and of his letter to Mr. Kirkland, and what the result would be if he should see his nephew in this state. I made him as comfortable as I could, and held my umbrella over him for a long time. No one bothered us. It's funny how little any one matters to the folks around unless they give trouble.

I didn't mean that Mr. Kirkland should wake up and find me, for I was sure he would rouse sober and be able to look after himself. So I finally got him laid down on the bench and covered his face with his hat, and then went away and sat over where it was easy to see him wake up, which he did about four o'clock, dazed, and looking all around in surprise and stretching out his arms. He was all right, that was plain, and I got a sandwich and a glass of milk in the German restaurant, and returned to the office in time to close up.

CHAPTER VIII

It makes things lots easier in your work if you are your own mistress—and nobody had a right to ask me a single question.

On my machine the next day there was a bunch of flowers. I'd got in early and put them in water before the girls came. Will appeared about an hour afterward, and out in the hall I said to him: "You mustn't give me any more flowers. It's against my rules."

"Why, I didn't send you any flowers. I wouldn't have dared to send them here." And his whole face changed. "Who the devil did, though?" he asked. And he gripped my arm, right there in the hall. "I have been gone ten mortal weeks, and you have never written me a line or a word. Now if this is a case of *man*, Esther, I'm likely to make short work of him right here in this building."

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I must have turned white and looked very angry—for he stopped and laughed. "There, there, that's all right, little girl. Go back in, or somebody will see us. But this shows you how I feel."

I couldn't tell him then how he made *me* feel, for I had to go in and write for hours on a contract for the buying up of wheat fields in some Western state.

Senator Bellars was then buying a railroad with some other big men, and he was financing important schemes as well, and one day it happened that I had to write an offer from him to Will Falsworth for a right of way through some of Will's land. The same day Senator Bellars dictated a letter to his sister in San Francisco:

"Stephen has decided to pick up here. He is in the office for the present; we'll see how it turns out. I have already given him the charge of important matters, and his handling of them is masterly. He's got something of the same kind of mind that I have, only mine is fixed on tight, and Stephen's turns on a pivot. He's got twice my education and talent, but he lacks a compass, and will be a hopeless derelict if he doesn't find his chart pretty quick. They haven't brought him home drunk *yet*, though, and I hear no tales against him. For his mother's sake I'll be as patient as I can, and if Stephen continues steady and stands by me, he will be invaluable in the next campaign. He could get anywhere he likes, if he has the grit and the control. Of course, he's no painter! He is really a born politician with a screw loose."

CHAPTER IX

The next Sunday I got up early to go out and breathe, for the house was like an oven. Night was the only time I had to see about my own affairs, and sometimes I couldn't sleep for thinking about them and thinking about Will. I walked down to the pond this morning early, before the sun got red hot.

I got rested in the cool air and sat out quite a long while, and then climbed down into the old scow and pushed out and picked some water lilies to fetch home. I remember what I had on that day. I had bought some blue-and-white stuff in Fourteenth Street one evening as I was going to the ferry, and had it made up at home. It was a plain wash dress, with a blue belt, and it was clean and fitted me.

As I started home, Fanny came along the path to find me, and she met me at the corner of the street.

"Esther, you've got a call."

My heart beat, for I was sure it was Will Falsworth, and I was scared to death. "Who is it?"

"I don't know, but he's awfully stylish. He's on the porch with the boys." And there, sitting rocking and talking—perfectly at home—was Mr. Kirkland, with the little boys. I introduced him to Fanny.

"I've been telling these boys about Ulysses, Miss Carey. We were just coming out of the Cyclops' cave, the lot of us."

The twins were real shy, and not used to having stories told them.

"And you can go on with the adventure after you have read this." He gave me a book: It was the "Odyssey," and, though he didn't say a word, I understood that he remembered about our own queer adventure.

Fanny took it for granted that Mr. Kirkland was calling just on me, so she went and sat down on the porch steps, and the boys played baseball near us in the vacant lot. He lit his long, black cigarette, and smoked and rocked in the green rocker, while I sat with the lilies across my knees—and I can smell them now—and his black cigarette.

"I like it out here immensely—" he looked around at what he could see of Bracketsville from our piazza. "It's so remote—so unique——"

Everybody was out on the front steps or in the yard, it was so fearfully hot; and I didn't think it was a bit "remote!"

"There's something about it," he went on, "that brings me peace."

Then he smoked for a little while. I was wondering why he had come out, when he asked me: "What are you thinking of, Madonna of the Lilies?" And when I said I was wondering if he had brought me extra work to do, he laughed out loud.

"*Work!* Does Labor pursue us even to this garden—to this temple—to this Elysium?" Then next minute: "You think I am a little crazy, don't you, Miss Carey?"

"No, not at all."

"Come now, what *do* you think? Tell me."

He hadn't the least idea how timid I was or how embarrassed, how, knowing all I did about him, it seemed too strange for anything to have him sit there, smiling and going on.

"Come, what do you think?"

"I think you're joking."

"*Joking!* Crazy, perhaps, and all the rest, but I'm the most deadly serious person you ever saw . . . my dear girl."

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Then he asked me about each of the boys, and where they went to school, how old they were, and what they wanted to do. I told him as soon as they had finished the public school we would get them work in New York.

"One of them—Tommy, I think—wants to go to West Point," Mr. Kirkland said.

I guess my smile was a little sour then. "And the others want to be kings," I said, "don't they?"

Mr. Kirkland looked reproachfully at me. "Well, *they didn't tell me so.*"

I reminded him about the work, and he answered: "Yes, I brought you out a lot of work, but I won't give it to you to-day. I'm not sure that I will give it to you at all, or that it is worth while."

I saw that he was still joking, and I was hoping he would go before dinner when I saw some one coming down the street from the railway station. It was Will Falsworth. For a moment I was scared to death. It seemed to me that I would freeze, hot as it was, and I couldn't move hand or foot until Mr. Falsworth came up the steps straight to where we sat. I didn't have to introduce them—they knew each other. Mr. Kirkland got up as polite and as smiling and as gentlemanly, but Will just nodded to him and was dreadfully rude, and I never felt so small and stupid as I did between them.

Mr. Kirkland offered one of his queer cigarettes, and Will laughed harshly and refused.

"No foreign stuff for *me*, thanks." He leaned back on the porch rail as white as a ghost.

Fanny came up just then, and the boys, too, hot and dusty, and asked if they couldn't have some lemonade, and I was going in to make it for them, when Mr. Kirkland said good-by. He left cheerful and pleasant, and the little boys went down to the gate with him. When he had really gone, Will said to me:

"Let your sister go in and make the lemonade and you stay out here with me."

I was glad to see him, even if he had been mad and rude. He looked so cool and clean, as if he had just been to his barber's, all shaved and smelling good. When he took off his gloves, his nails and hands were clean as pins.

"Find your hat, Esther, and let's get out of this infernal street with its clatter, and go down to the pond." It made me smile to think our front porch wasn't remote enough or wilderness enough for Will!

No one was around when we got down to the water, and we sat by the edge over near the woods, and I kept off the mosquitoes with Will's hat.

"What was that man here for, Esther?"

"He came to bring me out some work."

"I don't believe it. A man like Kirkland doesn't carry copy to his stenographer."

"Well, you don't suppose he came to call on me, do you?"

"Just that; and he mustn't come here again."

I spoke thinking out my words, for it was always hard for me to talk. "What do you suppose he thought, seeing you here, Will?"

"I was going to say that I didn't care what he thought, Esther, but that wouldn't be true."

"You didn't act that way."

"No, I did not; and if I come across Kirkland with you again, I'm not likely to leave him in ignorance of how I feel. He would compromise any decent woman he was seen with. Do you know what kind of a man he is? (I knew better than Will did). He's a drunken brute, a rake, and a gambler."

Somehow his attack on Mr. Kirkland made me angry. "I don't see so much of you, Will, that it is worth while to talk of another man and run him down."

"There," he cried, "stand up for him; that puts the finish to it, Esther! I don't run him down; he has run himself down into the gutter long ago."

I asked him to tell me something about his Western trip, and then he turned to me and begged my pardon for his crossness, and when he finished talking to me he said:

"That drunken chap is free to marry you, and it makes me crazy to see another man near you. No man could see you in that blue dress, with those lilies in your lap, and not be wild about you. You don't know what a woman you are, Esther!"

I know that Will thought a lot of foolish stuff, and I was troubled more than ever that day as to what was going to happen to me if he kept on, for when I was with him I forgot everything else, or that there was any reason why I couldn't go away with him, as he said, to some other country, and let him give me pretty things.

CHAPTER X

Mr. Kirkland brought us in all his own novel to do, and the girls were crazy about

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him, he was so kind and pleasant and always making curious remarks. He talked like a book, and if he hadn't been so kind you would have thought he was making fun of everybody. He kept sending me books, one after another, and I read them on the ferry and in the train. I never knew how fond I was of reading till then.

I felt sorry for him.

He came in one day, just as I was closing up the office. "Would you be so good as to come up again at once?" he asked me. "My uncle wants to see you——"

But when I had followed him out as far as the elevator, he stopped me. "Don't go up." And he stared at me strangely. His eyes were like the picture of a man in torture. "My uncle doesn't want you. I do."

I thought he was crazy; especially when he put his hand on me with the same kind of grip that Will Falsworth had done.

"I want to ask you to come with me—to come out and walk with me. Don't refuse."

He didn't make any excuse or any threat; but I was perfectly sure if I didn't go it was all up with him. I had my hat on—I was all ready to leave the building.

"All right," I answered. And we went right down in the elevator to the street.

I don't know what he thought I was made of. We started up Broadway, cut through to the west, and walked up through Sixth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street, and crossed to the Park. It was hot and dusty, and a man was selling lemonade at the gate. I asked Mr. Kirkland if he wouldn't have some lemonade, and he stared back at me and said, under his breath: *"My God!"*—nothing more. He drank four glasses of lemonade, and then we walked on. The Park was quite full, the children were skipping ropes and rolling hoops, and he stopped and looked at them, smiling. I could see that he liked children. He didn't notice anything else. We walked to Seventy-second Street, through to Fifth Avenue. I could see that his face was set, but it didn't seem white—it seemed black as if it had been forged out of iron. "It's far worse for him than for me," I thought, and it kept me up. My legs soon got just like cotton, and my feet like air cushions, and by the time night really came, I actually don't know where we went!

By and by we got in a stage and rode. Then we got in a car, and by and by he was putting me on my train over in Hoboken. His face had sort of broken up, and softened, and I could see that the horror had passed, for the time, at least, and I was so glad! I fell asleep on the train. The conductor knew me and woke me up at Bracketsville. I took a hack home, and it was past one o'clock when I got in the house.

CHAPTER XI

Will was writing me all the time. I wouldn't let him come out to Bracketsville, and I wouldn't see him anywhere but in the office. If I was busy, he would stay on until I was free, and it used to make me so wild and nervous that I didn't know what to do. At last I said that I would go with him to the Park and Museum on Saturday afternoon. He met me up on Madison Avenue and was waiting at the curb as I got off the car. He had a hansom cab waiting, and lovely flowers for me, and I couldn't but think of the difference between this excursion to the Park and the other.

Certain things stand out in a woman's life as if they were magic, and no matter how long she lives or what kind of a life she leads, those pictures are the same until she is old. There must be real witchcraft in them, I guess, to fasten so to the mind—they seem to keep their colors and their perfume and to be alive when all the rest is dead. I can see the grass now, all covered with sheep—and how the trees shone in the sunlight, and the gay-looking people in their summer clothes, and how the road ran out before us as our hansom drove over it. It was my first ride in the Park. . . . I can see Will so big and strong and so good-looking, with a little rose from my bouquet in his buttonhole. He never smoked when he was with me, although he was devoted to it. He said he "never smoked with a woman he liked." *He needed all his time for her.*

He told me that he had made his plans to leave New York for good, and to live out near his mines. He wanted me to go with him the next week, and to meet him at the Grand Central Station on Thursday. "Minnie could get a divorce," Will said, and she would be "glad to do it," for she never cared for him anyway, and his "life was hell with her." Then we would be married, and I could have the boys out there with me and look out for them. Will said we had "a right to our own lives," both of us: that

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I had been a slave ever since I was sixteen, and he was going to set me free. He told me he would make a wonderful success there with me to help him—"to comfort him." He repeated that sentence a dozen times. He said there wasn't anything in his love for me but such as a man could have for his wife and the mother of his children.

I didn't say anything. We walked around among the statues and the pictures in the Museum, but I couldn't take them in very well. It wasn't easy to think of art with Will bending over me all the time. I was happy. I didn't think of Fanny or the little boys or duty or mother or father or right or wrong.

"Minnie isn't a human woman or wife, Esther," he said. "How can a charity enthusiast living on Fifth Avenue know what *a live man needs*?"

Will had asked me to wear the blue-and-white striped dress, and I had done so. By and by we came up to a certain picture and stood in front of it.

"There—" Will nodded (it was the only picture he had mentioned or that he had seen at all). "There, Esther, *that's* the ideal thing—that is the whole game!"

It was a picture of a soldier in the old days, coming home from the wars. He was covered with laurels, and he carried a lot of wreaths on his arm; but he was wounded, and a woman was close to his left side. He was leaning against her—her arms were around him.

"There she is," Will Falsworth said, "and you see how he brings her everything—his victories and his defeats."

It was funny, but the picture made me think, just for a second, not of Will or what he was saying, but of the night I had walked out of the Park entrance, Mr. Kirkland leaning on my shoulder with his heavy hand. But I didn't think of him long, for Will led me on, and by the time he had put me in the hack at the Bracketsville station—for he never left me until I got out home—by that time I had promised to go with him in less than a week.

CHAPTER XII

THERE was such a rush of work that week that there was no time to think of anything else, and it didn't let up at night, either.

Half the time I couldn't look at Miss Long and Miss Frame, and whenever I did they seemed to reproach me. Each morning I said to myself, "Well, I am going to fix up the office work to-day, anyhow," and I'd put it off until the next day each time. Things were kept pretty well balanced, though, for I was very particular about it. There were only a few outstanding bills, and our credit was good.

There were the home people to think of, too, but I just didn't dare, and each time I tried to think out any kind of a plan, I had to give it up; I couldn't get around even to the fixing of my clothes.

Will kept his word about not coming into the office or writing me, and I liked him better and better for it, and whenever I had a minute to think I wished he would come in . . . and then the idea of him scared me so, that I trembled at my machine.

I went up Wednesday for the last dictation from the Senator. Wednesday night I went to bed for the last time at home. I was to meet Will at four o'clock the next day at the Grand Central.

I didn't go.

At four o'clock I sat working at my machine, and my head ached so I couldn't see the keys. Miss Long had gone to Senator Bellars to tell him that I was busy, and I sent Miss Frame to collect some bills outside. I was positive Will would come directly to the office. I could hear his step all the way down the hall on near to a run. He slammed the door so the glass shook, and the letters "Miss Esther Carey, Law Stenographer," seemed to dance. I guess I must have read it upside down a hundred times that hour. Will threw his stick and gloves down on a chair and didn't take off his hat; he was as pale as death.

"So you have cut loose, have you?"

His eyes were on fire.

"Will, I couldn't come."

"Why not?"

"Because it's not right!"

He laughed perfectly dreadfully. "Oh, that's a good one! Not right? It's all right to treat me to this, I suppose."

My mouth was as dry as sawdust, and my lips like straw. He had never been rough to me or rude.

"Now, look here." He was more quiet. "You don't want to drive me to hell, do you, little girl?"

And I answered: "That's just where I would drive you if we did this."

"You will if you don't, Esther."

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I must have looked so set and hard at him that he lost hope at the start; but he argued and urged and talked and begged, and I clasped my hands in my lap and kept saying over and over to myself, "It isn't right—it isn't right."

"Very well," he cried. "If you're so good as all this, you'll have to take the consequences. I won't live without you," and he took a revolver from his pocket.

I guess I screamed and ran at him, for he caught me. "Don't be afraid, it's not for you, Esther. I'm just going to end this hell here right now."

But I had hold of his right arm by both hands, and he couldn't move without hurting me. He put the revolver down. I begged him to go home and get rested and to quiet down and not to be crazy like this. We would talk it over. Somebody would come in, I told him.

He looked at me in a way I shall never forget. Then he kissed me and walked over to the window and sort of huddled there, but it couldn't have been a minute after my scream when the door opened and in came Mr. Kirkland, looking scared.

"I thought I heard you call, Miss Carey." Then he saw Will in the window. Mr. Kirkland had come from Washington, and his bag was in his hand. "Is this man annoying you?" he asked me in a perfectly awful voice.

"Oh, no—no," I said, but I must have looked queer enough.

"I don't believe you. What's this for?" And he took up the revolver.

I told him it was all right and to please go.

"No," he said in the same awful, impressive voice, "not until your companion goes."

Will turned around then; he had been crying, but he was so angry at Mr. Kirkland that it gave him spunk and nerve.

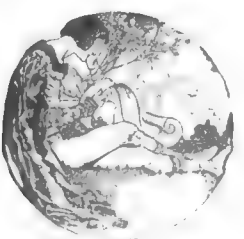
"Miss Carey's 'companion' will go when he gets ready, and he doesn't need a drunken reprobate to send him, either."

Mr. Kirkland didn't answer him. He put the revolver in his pocket. "I shall wait outside, Miss Carey, while you talk with your friend, unless you ask me to stay, which I am quite ready to do." But I begged him to go, and he went out. Then Will said to me:

"You've given me my walking papers for that low drunkard? That's what it is; and I am going now. I won't trouble you any more, Esther, but I tell you to look out for him. Some day I will kill him."

I was trembling so, and so faint, that I couldn't find any words to say, and I didn't want Will to see how I felt, or what it was to me to see him go like that. I just sat down again at my machine, cold as ice. I didn't speak to Will or say good-by, but he stood a moment there by me, staring down, his face marked with anger and tears; then he picked up his cane and gloves, and I heard him go down the hall to the elevator. His step didn't stop, so I knew he hadn't met Mr. Kirkland on the way.

The Second Instalment of **A Successful Wife** will appear in the April Number.



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The Ballad of the Comforting

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Mary smiled on her little Son,
"Now, why hast Thou left Thy play?"
"But to touch thy hands with my hands, Mother,
Lest sometime there come a day
When I may not close them within mine own
Though they fall as hurt doves may."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
"Now blind would'st Thou have me go
That mine eyes Thou hast closed with kisses twain?"
"My Mother, I may not know,
But I fear a day when they look on pain
And I may not close them so."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
Close, close in her arms pressed He,
"O Mother, my Mother, my heart on thine
Lest sometime a day may be
When I may not comfort nor make it whole
Though it break for love of me."

Now think you that by Calvary's hill
Whereon her Son was slain,
She felt upon her eyes that touch
That veiled them unto pain,
And filled her groping hands, and bade
Her torn heart beat again?

BISHOP OGOWANNA

By THOMAS SAMSON MILLER AND BILLEE GLYNN

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

IT was as if the sky had settled down on earth. Illimitable stretches of gentle, laughing blue reached from the starboard plates to merge imperceptibly into the sky, where the declining sun sank toward evening, and again from the port rail to the fringing line of the Gold Coast, where foaming white rollers, breaking into life, pounded the bleached sands with the sullen booming of a distant naval engagement. The R. M. S. *Warragona* hung heavily on one anchor, her ready furnaces trailing a smudge on the still, clear air and throwing a cloud shadow over her white decks and double awnings.

Two men, leaning on the taffrail of the promenade deck, idly watched a company of Housa soldiery, spread about on the forward hatches, cleaning their accouterments. One was a slight figure in frayed khaki with a lieutenant's shoulder straps. The other

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THE BISHOP GREW MORE AND MORE FLUSTERED AND ANGRY.

was a thicker-set man in spotless white duck mosquito armor and with the close-cropped, bristling hair affected by palm-oil ruffians. They were arguing with considerable heat.

"Rats!" rudely answered the young officer to the other's contention. "If the army withdrew from the country, your trading stations would be looted in a night."

"It helps your conscience to think so. But let me tell you those trading stations looked after themselves very well before either army, government, or missionary came with their make-beliefs, forcing their creeds, hut-tax, and civilized notions on the native with magazine rifle and field gun, and so disturbing the natural peace of common commercial interest. The Trader Johnnie foots the bill."

The officer made no immediate reply, but rested his eyes pridefully on the natty red fezzes and scarlet zouave jackets of his soldiers. He had raised his head with a tantalizingly vapid retort on his lips, when his eyes were arrested by a speck on the far southern horizon. He idly forgot the argument in the new interest, swung up a pair of binoculars, and focused them steadily on the distant ship. Finally he snapped the glasses, announcing with relief: "Here comes the branch-boat. We'll be away in half an hour."

"She'll be bringing Kroos from the Oil Rivers, and that will mean a muss-up with your Housas," the trader remarked thoughtfully. "If I were you I would order in those side-arms."

The officer tartly rejected advice that reflected on the in-drilled obedience of his command. "If you were in my place, Mr. Dixon, you would do nothing of the sort."

The trader made no retort. He had offered the suggestion out of his experience of the bloody shambles resulting from certain mix-ups of Kroo and Housa. A generations-old tribal feud between the two had been accentuated in the coming of the white man—who had dressed the Housa in gaudy uniforms and army swagger, and had given to the Kroo only the hard-labor part of the social arrangement. Oddly enough, this antagonism in the colored world reflected the big divisioning of the two white classes; the jealousy of the traders who looked up enviously out of their long years of unrelieved fever, treachery, and merciless trade competition to the short-termed, salaried, holidayed, lavendered life of the government

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and army sinecurists. The trader was all bitter with disrupting criticism of authority; the officer was naturally all satisfaction with things as they were.

The branch-boat came up rapidly, and the contention was left unresumed in watching the seamen rig baskets, called "mammy chairs," to the derrick booms for the transfer of passengers. Then the purser stepped from the companionway and accosted the two disputants. The officer asked him how long the transfer would take.

"Twenty minutes. But we don't get away before we've picked up Bishop Ogowanna."

"Bishop?" gasped the officer.

"Yep; the wireless has just caught a message from the agent. If you lend me your glasses, maybe I can spot his boat."

The officer gave up the glasses, and the purser searched the surf at the foot of a cluster of flat-roofed, white houses. Dixon answered the lieutenant's amazed look.

"You must have heard of Bishop Ogowanna, the Experiment?"

"No, never. Why the Experiment?"

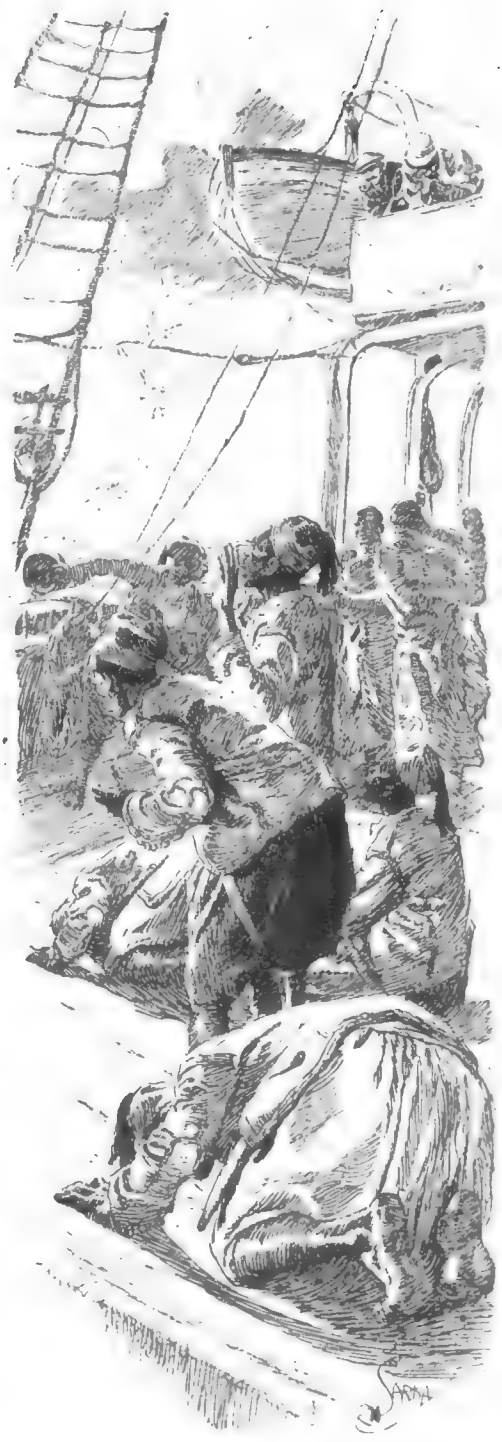
The trader snapped viciously. "Because it is an experiment when you take a savage with the inheritance of generations of rapine and slaughter and think to translate him to Sermon-on-the-Mount altitudes in a dozen brief years of theology. Why, it is the boast of your class that it takes four generations to make a gentleman—and a Christian, I take it, is something infinitely superior. You've heard the song of The Rivers——"

> "The kink in his hair
> And his stink are there,
> And he still walks the slime
> His fathers trod——"

But the lieutenant called the doggerel "beastly bad form," and would not be drawn into the discussion. He turned to the purser: "See anything?"

"Yep, there's a boat putting off—she dances to the surf like a cork." He closed the glasses and returned them to the officer, asking, with a look of worry, "Have I got to 'My Lord' the nigger?"

The trader laughed in huge enjoyment of the purser's discomfiture. "Sure! And white men will handle his baggage—and white girls will wait on him at home. I'll wager anything you like," he slashed out vindictively to the lieutenant, "he'll show the barbarian before we reach Plymouth."



"THE HOUSAS WERE MAKING OSTENTATIOUS DISPLAY OF THEIR MOHAMMEDANISM."

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The lieutenant put the matter aside acidly. "Thanks. It's a subject I don't care to bet on."

At this moment the branch-boat came to a stop as close to the *Warragona* as the swell permitted. A gigantic, half-naked negro at the winch expertly worked the levers in quick manipulation of the "mammy chairs" and their human freight. The whites at the taffrail forgot the Bishop in the amusing scene before their eyes. First came "mammies" rich from three years in the Niger factories and determinedly hugging their treasures—a small sewing machine, or maybe a gramophone, which the debarkation officer wanted to send over in the freight mat. One by one they were rattled into the air, shrieking and clutching the basket, and were ungently dumped on the hatches. Next followed gorgeously garbed Sierra-Leonese clerks, returning to blissful, idle years in their home towns after long service in the white man's trading stations. Lastly came the happy-go-lucky Kroos—the Irishmen of the colored world—arrayed in *opéra-bouffe* bravery of gaudy blankets, brilliantly colored umbrellas, black derbies, and simple loin-cloths, and carrying little tin trunks filled with the trinkets for which they had given three years' contract labor. As they scrambled out of the basket, one by one, their laughing faces changed into sullen scowling as their eyes fell on the Mohammedan Housas—disdainfully withdrawn from contamination with their hereditary enemies and gleefully criticizing their strange dress. The Kroos withdrew in a cluster around the donkey engine, muttering and cursing in low tones.

The captain of the branch-boat called to the first officer on the bridge of the *Warragona:* "We've got about one hundred tons palm kernels and half a dozen mahogany logs."

The first officer flung back: "Give 'em to the intermediate—we've got to make time."

The branch-boat backed slowly away and disclosed a swiftly approaching surf-boat driven by naked, muscular blacks sitting athwart the gunwales and timing their paddle strokes to a chant in monotone. But all eyes were for the figure squatted in a split-cane chair in the middle. A broad, podgy, good-natured face with bloodshot, white eyeballs, and the tribal mark of the Kroo scored down either cheek, showed beneath a shovel hat; three thick laps of chin rested on a celluloid collar, which buttoned at the back of a frock coat and imprisoned a thick, bull neck of great strength; a bounteous stomach displayed a plain gold cross, and enormous calves, in their struggle for freedom, burst buttons from a pair of Episcopal gaiters.

The paddlers brought the boat to a sudden stop with strong, back-water strokes that threw the Bishop from his seat to his knees. The accident ruffled his dignity considerably. An awed hush fell over the watching faces on the R. M. S. *Warragona* as the negro at the winch dropped the mammy chair.

It required a bold, quick action on the part of the Bishop to catch the basket at the precise moment that the boat rode the top of the swell. But years of fat living had given him avoirdupois, and robbed him of the agility and fearlessness that were his in his wild youth. Ever at the crucial moment, his courage failed him; the boat slid down into the trough of the swells and the basket dangled high and away. Again and again he essayed the feat, but always fell back into the cane chair while the basket remained tantalizingly out of reach.

The Housa soldiery seized on the humor of the scene, cheering derisively and yelling ironical encouragement. The uproar brought grimy heads to the lower portholes and a line of stewards to the rail.

The Bishop grew more and more flustered and angry. The veins of his big face were tied in purple knots, and he started bullying his crew. Meanwhile, the first officer irritably bawled directions from the bridge, and seamen stood on the fo'c'sle ready to weigh anchor the instant the Bishop boarded. But His Lordship had forgotten the basket in his anger at the Housas. He shook a fist at them and called them sons of the Evil One. The Kroos joined him, and one rascal shouldered a broom and did sentry-go with exaggerated swagger. The Housas menacingly laid hands to bayonets and taunted the Kroos on their ju-juism and their "woman's work." At last the impatient crew of the surf-boat caught up the Bishop and threw him into the basket. In a trice he was in the air—for a brief instant his frightened face peered downward like a passenger in the car of an uncertain balloon—then the negro at the winch, grinning broadly, sharply released the reverse lever and de-

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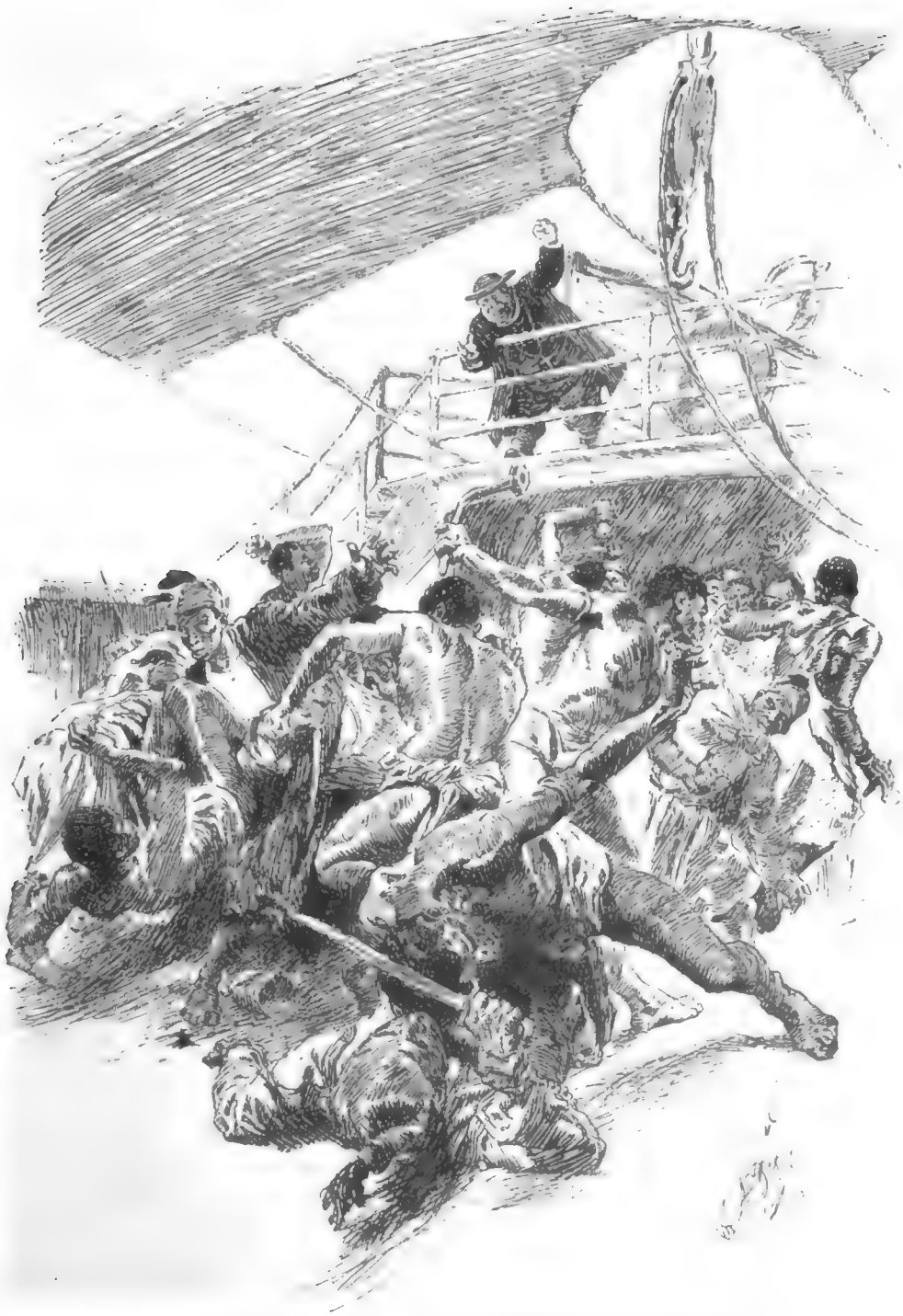

"SMITE THE PHILISTINES, HIP AND THIGH! *ARRA UMBUDDI*——"

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posited the Bishop on the promenade deck at the feet of the whites, with a jolt that jarred him to an agonized groan. The purser offered a helping hand.

An awkward pause ensued. The purser was grounded on his "My Lord" problem. The lieutenant was in a faltering conflict between his respect for established authority and a miserable consciousness of the arrested verdict of his interested soldiers. The trader was mentally comparing the Bishop with the squat, bow-legged, bloated chieftains of the Niger villages. The situation was opportunely relieved by the wireless operator, who approached the lieutenant and gave him a telegram, explaining, "We've just picked this up from Cape Coast Castle."

The officer unfolded and read: "R. M. S. *Warragona*. Officer commanding Housa detachment. If possible, land guard of honor to receive Bishop Ogowanna. Object, impress natives."

The lieutenant's hesitation vanished. He gave the telegram to the Bishop, and, expressing regrets he did not feel, placed himself at the Bishop's disposal. The angry Bishop seized on the officer as a victim upon whom to unload his invective for the incivility of the ship's officers in failing to drop the accommodation ladder.

Meanwhile the purser and the trader, maliciously enjoying the lieutenant's enforced civility and boredom, turned their attention to the quarrel on the hatches. The Housas were making ostentatious display of their Mohammedanism, prostrating themselves before the crimson and gold glory in the far west and calling loudly on Allah, while others were preparing the evening meal. A Kroo accidentally cast his shadow over one of the cooking pots. Its owner contemptuously threw the contaminated mess overboard, fingering his short bayonet suggestively. The incident heightened the quarrel.

"If I know anything of Kroo nature, there'll be hell to pay before long," the trader remarked.

His utterance was caught by the first officer on the bridge. He elevated his voice with evident suggestion to the lieutenant: "I wish they'd take away the beggars' side-arms," he said anxiously.

The young officer threw a careless glance to the hatches, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, dismissed all interference and returned his attention to the Bishop's story of conversions and parochial troubles.

The trader caught the arm of the purser. "Come, let's have a smoke before chop."

They crossed the deck to a small smoking-room. A big, shock-headed man in cotton trousers and undervest sprawled on the lounge.

"You've missed it, chief," said the purser. "We've shipped a bishop—gaiters, collar, frock-coat, the whole thing." The purser laughed.

The chief engineer suddenly shot erect. "What!"

"Sure! The Experiment."

"Aye—Ogowanna! Man, he's na expeeriment—he's the finished article. I mind we took him home in eighty-seven." The chief settled back on the lounge to comfortable reminiscence. "He was just frocked then and with never a thought of a bishopric. A young white missionary was nursing him into civilized behavior, 'tendin' to his knife-and-fork work an' teachin' him to take steward's service without 'Thank you.' He was na so bad sort when we come to know him. He'd grip your hand with an enthusiasm that made you wonder what would happen if he got to smashin' up things. He was a simple child o' nature those days. But, man, we brought him back a verra different personage. You canna stan' perpetually afore applauding audiences without developing an opeenion o' yersel'. Maybe you mind he made somewot of a stir among the innocents with his stories of the bloody ju-ju fetichism out of which 'his dear white brother' had called him to the 'Light of the Glorious Truth,' and so on. They spoiled him with pink teas and bazaars and gush—y' know the sort o' thing—" The chief broke off as the lieutenant came in, chuckling daintily over some joke.

"By Jove," he trilled, "the Bishop is getting mad as a hatter with my Housas." He raised his hand for silence. "Hear him!"

A deep, chesty voice was rasping denunciation. "Raping Mohammedans, ye are. Men of blood and lies!"

Derisive laughter and irreverent criticisms cut the quiet evening in response. Then one flung a vile epithet at the Bishop with all the ferocity of fanaticism.

The Bishop changed his tactics. His voice reached the smoking-room in gentle, exasperatingly superior tones of reproof. He was deeply pained, his heart bled for the "infidels"; he exhorted them to "the true fold," "poor children of iniquity."

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The Housas were without the guile to meet this new attack. Their derisive laughter took on an uglier phase. Deep curses and vicious threats overtured the promised drama.

Correspondingly, the Bishop triumphed. He held forth in approved sermonizing—pathos, inflection, persuasion, and text—and with an emotionalism that duped even himself.

Suddenly the anxious voice of the first officer cut into the peroration. "Oh, let 'em alone, sir—you're working them to mischief."

The Bishop quieted; for a while the Kroo mumblings and Housa tauntings held the stage. The Bishop's championing had advanced the quarrel to the last stage short of fighting.

The purser, voicing the general uneasiness, expostulated with the lieutenant. "You really ought to order in those side-arms—the Kroos won't stand the ghost of a chance when the rumpus comes."

"Don't fear, purser. My men are too well drilled to play the hooligan."

"Drilled!" The trader contemptuously snapped his fingers. "You are not dealing with schooled, browbeaten anæmics—spirit-broken, parade-ground Cockney scum. You've got SAVAGES who yesterday were raiding, burning, and playing the devil."

"Good Lord, listen to that fool Bishop!" exclaimed the purser.

The Bishop had been again enticed into the quarrel through his sympathy for his Kroo brethren. He started to encourage them by a recital from the tribal minstrelsy, a pæan of superstition and of war, punctuated with tribal lamentations for the glories of the past, and rehearsing wistful pictures of the village of thatched huts by the river, the gliding canoe, the moonlit tom-tom dance, the soft, white dawns and golden sundowns. Unconsciously he had slipped back into his youth—as an Irish boss might dream himself into a barelegged child of the bogs and hills again.

The Housas received the pæan in an ominous silence.

The lieutenant fidgeted, but after his boast he was strongly disinclined to interfere.

Suddenly the Housa silence found its due climax. Thirty throats shrieked vengeance—a yell vitalized with demoniac passion. The Kroos flung back their war-cry. On the strained ears in the smoking-room came the panting, gurgling, gasping pandemonium of men in murderous conflict, annotated with flesh-smudged blows and dreadful, drawn-out *a-ahs*.

The lieutenant rushed out on deck, followed closely by Dixon, the purser, and the chief engineer.

The hatches presented a shambles. The Kroos had cast aside their gewgaw clothes and fought savagely with open hands—gaunt, ebony, terrific figures from a Doré illustration of Dante's Inferno—clutching, clawing, strangling. The Housas, sun-coppered, lithe, panther-quick, eluded their terrible embraces with eel-like twists and squirms, but always leaving a crimson-streaked chest or bared skull behind them—so "drilled" were they in the use of the bayonet.

Over the rail, above the fight, hung the Bishop, urging the Kroos on in a mixture of native and English. "Smite the Philistines, hip and thigh! *Arra umbuddi, imbulu*. Use that crank-handle."

His huge hands gripped the rail; his chest rose and fell like the sweep of the sea; his breath came in half sobs; the veins stood out in dark channels on his forehead; his nostrils dilated in time to the furious stamping of his feet; and his eyeballs rolled frenziedly in their orbits.

The lieutenant yelled to him, "Shut up, you fool," and vaulted over the rail to his men, where his voice piped like the lost cry of a gull over a storm-lashed sea.

Suddenly the Bishop discovered the rail in his hand to be a screwed-in section. He wrenched it out with a triumphant yell and leaped down to the aid of his tribe. He laid about with tremendous, felling sweeps which drove the Housas to a corner. There the reenforced Kroos fell on them in bloody revenge.

It had all happened so quickly that the ship's officers were paralyzed into inactivity.

Then a massive, calm man appeared on the bridge from the captain's cabin on the top deck. He ran his hand through his hair after the manner of one rudely awakened from sleep. Then, a man experienced to crises, he coolly summarized the situation and commenced issuing authoritative orders.

"Mr. Hendricks," he called down to the chief engineer, "get a couple of men to train a fire-hose on them—give them all that's coming." He turned to the first officer. "Cut away that canvas." He pointed to an

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awning that sheltered the hatches. "Drop it on them, smother 'em." He caught up a megaphone and tried to warn the lieutenant, but put it down again, apostrophizing the young officer, "Then take your sousing." Then he caught the glint of a little brass saluting cannon in the bows and was instantly inspired. He megaphoned to a group of awe-struck seamen on the fo'c'sle, "Train that gun on 'em. Give 'em a full charge of blank powder."

The sailors swung around the gun. The watching whites raised a cheer to the skipper's strategic play on the negroes' well-known fear of powder. The maniacs on the hatches looked up, caught sight of the yawning muzzle pointing destruction on them, and dived as one man for what cover the hatches afforded. The men fired the gun simultaneously with the rush of deluging water and the down-settling of the cloud of canvas.

Up through the smoke came the half-smothered gasps and choked gurglings of struggling victims, fighting for self-preservation. The vapor slowly cleared, disclosing to the anxious whites two lines of black fingers clutching the bulwarks, and hinting at figures dangling overboard; legs peeped from barrels where heads dived, ostrich-like, in fancied security, and a heaving mass fought for the protection of the canvas, and presented the appearance of nothing so much as a huge octopus with a thousand lashing tentacles and a pain-tortured body flopping against the hatches. Up the derrick mast a cluster of forms were clinging, like bats to a barn rafter. Against the donkey engine leaned the dripping, exhausted lieutenant, trying to realize what had happened.

The trader voiced the dominating thought. "Where's the Bishop?"

"Overboard," said one.

"Under the tarpaulin."

"In the water barrel."

"In the middle of the scrum," said the purser.

His surmise proved correct. The mass of black bodies disintegrated into units, disclosing the Bishop's tattered figure hugging the deck. He got to his feet and looked around frowningly, trying to collect his scattered senses. Then his eyes reached to the line of whites above. He flared out angrily:

"Who fired that gun? We were beating 'em, we had 'em down."

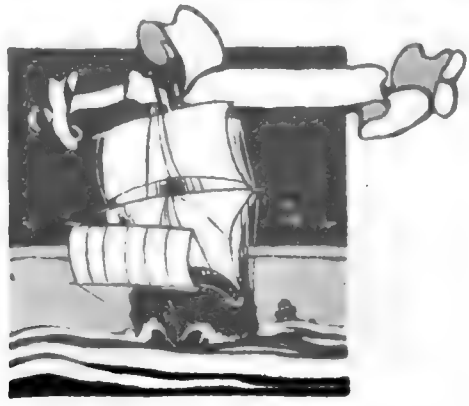
The chief engineer answered with a leer. "Sure, Bishop, you were knockin' hell out o' 'em."

The Bishop swept the down-turned faces as if for sympathy, but everywhere he met the amused look with which an elder will watch the antics of a child. His hands wandered over his torn coat, and his face was one large bewilderment. Then his fingers touched the little gold cross that had miraculously survived the struggle. Recollection came in swift, terrible, conscience-probing leaps, sweeping him into an agony of self-hate and bitter remorse. He threw up his hands to his face and dropped, sobbing, to his knees. The look on the faces at the taffrail changed to shamedness, then the men began dropping away.

The skipper turned to the purser irritably. "Baxter, why the devil don't you show the Bishop to his cabin?"

As the purser slipped down to the hatches, the thin voice of the lieutenant piped to a discomfited, sullen soldiery:

"Sergeant Okuku, take up the side-arms."



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WHOSE DOLLY IS YOU?

By BURGES JOHNSON

Painting by Mary Sigsbee Ker

I

Whose dolly is you?
Dearie me! I declare
Your eyes are tipped up
and they've pulled out your hair;
And your snub little nose,
and your fingers and toes
And your curious clo'es
Kind of frighten me, too!
Whose dolly is you?

II

Whose dolly is you?
Dearie me! Can it be
They are tired of dollies, 'way
over the sea?
Does nobody care for a baby
out there,
But cuddles a bear
Or a doggie or two?
Whose dolly is you?

III

Whose dolly is you?
Did they send you to me
'Cause they know I'm as lonesome as lone-
some can be?
I'd like to have dollies like me, for a while,
But I've gone out of style—
I'm nobody's, too!
Whose dolly is you?

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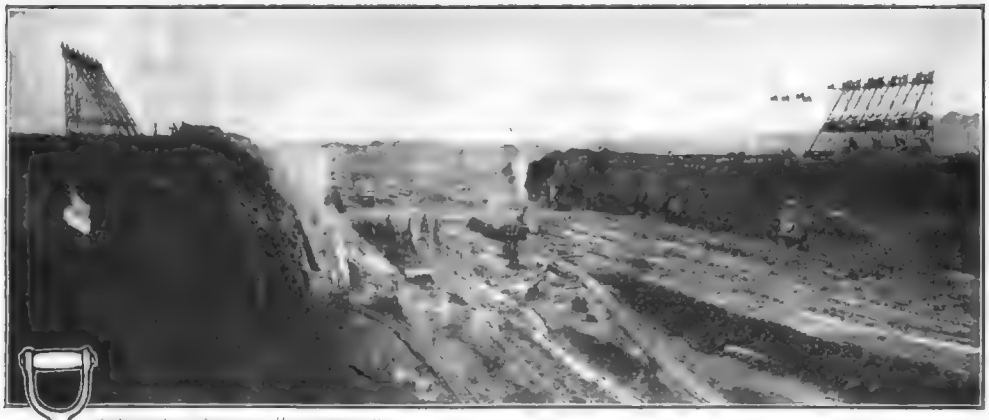

GATUN LOCKS, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION PLANT AND ANCHORAGE.

EXILES OF INDUSTRY

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

"YOU must feel pretty good, you people who are digging this Panama Canal." I included my hostess as well as my host in this remark. "You are making history, you know. This is the biggest job in the world, just now—in the century, most likely—and you are getting away with it."

They had given me an excellent lunch; the cigar was above reproach; the big, round, wicker chair and the wide, deeply-shaded veranda were exactly adapted for a lazy, tropical Sunday afternoon. The steady, gentle breeze was cool, though it came to us across the steaming, blue Caribbean. I was mightily content, and out of my contentment I had spoken.

"Oh, yes," said my host, rather wearily. "I suppose we are getting away with it. One forgets that at times."

They were both young, these two. He was one of the district judges on the Zone, and his name was, I knew, a power for righteousness. I had already heard one story about him: that he had sallied forth in his pajamas at two o'clock one morning and personally arrested and driven to the police station a carriage load of roisterers who were profaning the quiet of the night and the respectability of Cristobal. It is required by the police that roistering be done in the Republic of Panama, where they don't mind, and not in the Zone, where they do. The judge authenticated the episode when I asked him about it, and he looked as if he had enjoyed it. Anyway, it must be more fun than picking up the beginnings of a sober law practice in New York City. So it was hard to see why they weren't more enthusiastic, he and this pretty, pale young wife of his.

"Besides getting away with it," I went on, "you have this paradise of a place to work in. It's the only place I've ever found where the delights of the tropics are combined with the solid, civilized comforts of back home."

They were looking at each other and smiling, rather wryly, I thought, over my enthusiasm. "Yes," they said, "it does rather take one like that, at first."

So I saw that there must be some disillusioning secret; one, anyway—perhaps more—and I inquired what it was. "It will be hard for me to believe it," I warned them. "Sitting here in this delightful breeze . . ."

"This isn't a breeze," said the judge. "It's the trade wind. It's been blowing like this, exactly like this, ever since the beginning of the world. It never stops, except for a while in the rainy season."

"And," put in my hostess, "we get to feeling, always about this time of year, that we would give a month's salary for one still day. I suppose that sounds silly to you."

It didn't sound silly. It sounded so interesting that I changed the focus of my mental camera all in that minute.

I had come down to Panama for no other reason than that they were busy with the

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greatest job of digging since the day of the first spade. I had brought no graft gun along, for pot shots at big game or little. I merely wanted, before they had finished making islands of the two Americas, to have a look at the process.

But that word about the trade wind suggested something new. The job seemed as interesting as ever. But what if one could contrive to see it as it looked to the people who were putting it through!

It soon became apparent that this would not be very easy to do. In the first place, the sight of another writing man, come down to write them up, causes an intense weariness to the big men "on top of the job." Some of their subordinates take an unholy delight in it. One I recall particularly, who beguiled me with a cigarette and a demure hospitality while I was waiting to see his chief. With an air of seriousness and the utmost respect, he asked me whether I supported the lock project or the sea-level, and wanted to know what I had seen so far—he knew I had been on the Zone less than a day—that seemed to me to call for immediate rectification. I looked him steadily in the eye, and presently his whole face widened into a perfectly electrical grin.

But it is no joke to the heads of the big undertaking. It seems to be an accepted fact, in the Zone, that we people back home believe that the whole job is going to the devil; believe that there is graft in it; believe that the men who are going through the motions of building it know that it never can be completed; believe that there are engineering skeletons rattling in every filing case. Of course I protested that this was not at all what we thought, but the protest was pretty much a waste of breath.

"Understand, we don't blame you for thinking such things. You don't hear anything else," said one of the commissioners to me as we discussed the subject. "We make a new record for yardage excavated in a month, and the home papers give it three inches at the bottom of an inside column. And then some reporter starts some wild canard that he has picked up from a drunken, discharged employee in a Colon saloon, and it goes on the front page, with a scarehead wilder than the yarn itself."

There was truth in that, of course. The latest of these feats of imaginative journalism had been to the effect that the Gatun dam had slumped bodily into a mysterious subterra-

TYPICAL QUARTERS FOR NEGRO LABORERS AT PANAMA.

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THE TIVOLI HOTEL—SHOWING CHINESE MARKET GARDENS.

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PANAMA—EAST 12TH STREET AND NORTHERN AVENUE BEFORE THE CANAL WAS BEGUN.

AFTER THE SANITARY DEPARTMENT HAD FINISHED WITH IT.

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nean lake. For days after the publication of this story the people who happened to be working in that division got telegrams asking frantically if they were still alive. All that had happened was that a railway embankment had slipped.

I tried to tell him that this sort of thing simply bore out my contention that people back home took it generally for granted that the job was going well and that in good time it would be done, according to specifications. "It's because of that belief," I insisted, "that yarns like this have a news value. News is simply the abnormal and unexpected. If they ever get to spreading the front pages of the newspapers with scareheads to the effect that all is well on the canal, then God help you!" But I don't think I made him believe it.

They read the home papers down there, generally the *Picayune*, because it comes from New Orleans and is two or three days fresher than the New York papers. Also, it has more Panama news than any of the other papers. And I made a surprising discovery. The only news they read in those home papers, when they get them, is news about the canal! In that respect it is precisely like a military post. One seizes his paper and scans the columns. "'Peary discovers the North Pole'—Hm—'Bleriot flies across the'—Hm—Where in the world is it, anyway? Oh! Here we are! 'Lieut. Snodgrass of the S'teenth has been detached'. . . ." They are just like that on the Zone.

And the same thing is true in talk. An engaging young matron said to me across her tea table: "It's good to have some one from home to talk to. We get so deadly tired of hearing nothing but the canal from morning till night. No one down here will talk of anything else."

I wanted to talk about the canal, or rather to hear her talk about it, but her request was so heartfelt and so reasonable that I complied. I began, with what vivacity I could compass, an account of a successful play that I had just seen in New York. She played rather absently with her tea things for a minute, and then asked:

"Did you hear, up there, that Stevens is to be sent back here to supersede Colonel Goethals?"

Newspaper reporters and magazine men are not the only sorts of visitors to turn up on the Zone. There are some plain tourists, who are likely to be English, in which case they come armed with such imposing letters of introduction that the commissioners and division engineers themselves have to turn in and act as guides. Many of these may be said to pay their passage by leaving a joke behind them. The Zone is still laughing at one conscientious engineer who spent one long, toilsome day conducting a motor-load of tourists about his division. He had explained it from the geology up. When he got through, he mopped his brow and said:

"Now if there's anything else you'd like to ask about or go back to see again, just tell me."

Whereupon, a vivacious lady, who had been hanging on his words with an expression of the most intense intelligence, said: "The most interesting thing I've seen all day is the way you turn this funny little automobile around. Won't you do it for us just once more?"

So they adjusted the portable turntable, turned the car around, turned it round again, and went their way. And the lady wondered why the engineer was so strangely silent.

There is one sort of visitation, though, that no one can take as a joke; that is an investigating committee from Congress. They come down, sometimes, in a specially chartered ship, and stop off for a week on the Zone between Kingston and Nassau. They ride the line of the canal once, in automobiles, and then make a pretty thorough investigation of the Tivoli Hotel. After that they look wise, do a bit of slumming in Panama, and go back to Washington. The program was once even simpler, before the healthfulness of the Zone had been demonstrated. They stayed out in the harbor on their ship and brought some selected witnesses on board. And the portholes were all screened with mosquito netting.

Well, the men on the job wouldn't mind that, nor yet the speeches that the Capitol always reverberates with afterward, if only the committees would forbear tinkering with the big, complex machine about which they have taken the trouble to learn so little.

It was in this connection that the men down there told me the story of Dr. Pierce, who is chief quarantine officer on the Atlantic side—a big, deep-chested man in khaki, with black hair and beard and eyes, and a skin turned khaki color by the sun.

The story runs that one Congressional committee, bent upon investigation, had decided on the way down that it would be amusing to stop at Belize, in British Honduras, and they

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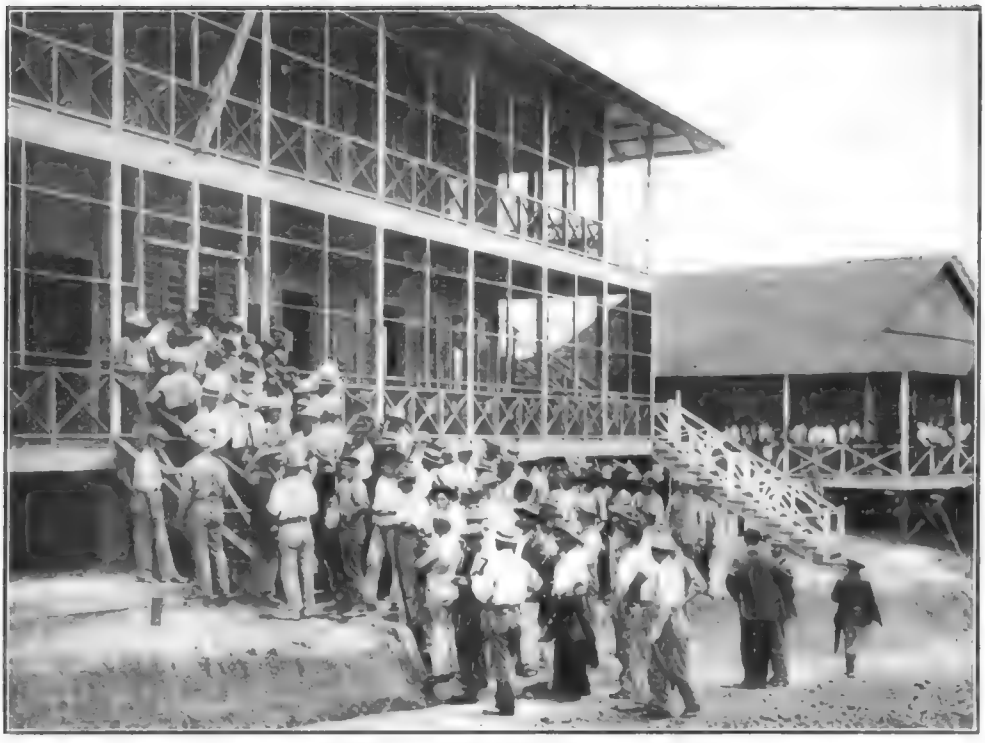

DINNER TIME AT A COMMISSION HOTEL— GORGONA.

were not deterred by the fact that the sanitary department of the Zone had quarantined against this port. When the Congressmen cast anchor off Colon, they were informed that they would not be allowed to come ashore for a week.

They were outraged. They said that they were a Congressional committee come down to investigate the Canal. That did not make any difference. Congressmen could carry disease as well as any one else; and until they had made it clear that they did not, they could not come ashore.

The ship's wireless sputtered with appeals to Colonel Goethals, with appeals to Washington. It did not do any good. Dr. Pierce had quarantined against Belize, and so long as he remained quarantine officer, nobody who had come from Belize should land in the Isthmus until after a week's detention, Colonel Goethals, or Washington itself, to the contrary notwithstanding.

So the Congressmen waited a week and confined their investigations to the palm-punctuated shore of Colon in the distance, and the yellow quarantine flag at their masthead.

I do not guarantee the justice of the attitude of the typical man on the job toward his inquisitive and bothersome visitors. It sometimes happens that a superficial observer will see something that escapes the more accustomed eye. It is even conceivable that a committee of Congressmen might do a real service. However that may be, it is the intense wish of the man on the job to be let alone. And perhaps if you and I had lived four years or so in the Isthmus of Panama, if we had thought Canal, lived Canal, eaten, drunk, and slept Canal all that time; if we had come through malaria and yellow fever, and could now see, looming ahead, symptoms of neurasthenia—the man I am thinking of particularly cannot sit down with his back to a door, and his case is no uncommon one—then I think we should at least understand the irritation they feel over the sort of investigator who, at the end of seven days, is satisfied that he understands it all—and knows better.

Naturally, then, they are reticent of their confidences and secrets before an inquisitive young man with a notebook and a soft pencil. Confidences are nearly always a by-product, anyway. So for ten days my tele-

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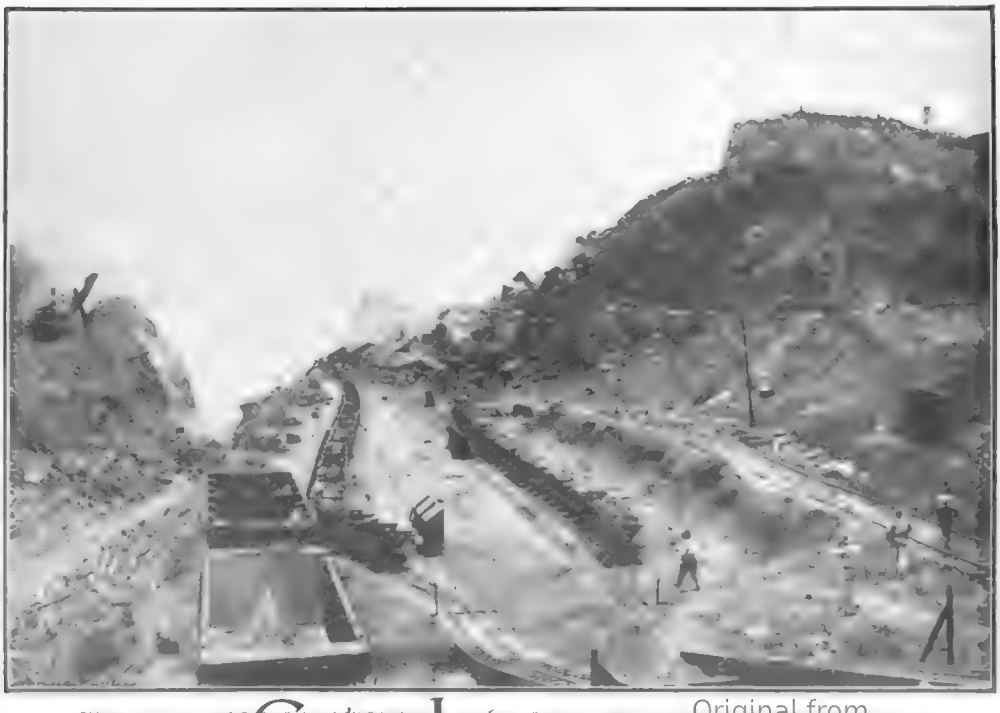
EVERYTHING READY FOR A GIANT BLAST AT BAS OBISPO—9,600 POUNDS OF BLACK POWDER IN FOUR DRILL HOLES, EACH SEVENTY-EIGHT FEET DEEP.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION—20,640 CUBIC YARDS OF ROCK WERE DISPLACED.

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phone called me every morning at five forty-five, and the six-thirty work train took me down the line, and until seven at night I walked uncounted and interminable miles along the bottom and up the sides of the great ditch. I grew so accustomed to dynamite that I almost liked it. They use dynamite on the Zone just as a woman uses a hairpin, as a handy instrument for doing odd jobs. So far as I know, they never cook with it. But if anything is too big to break with a hammer, or too heavy to lift with a shovel, they lay a bit of dynamite on it, cover it with a handful of 'dobe clay, and proceed to annihilate it.

Man after man took me over his own particular part of the job, and night after night I struggled back to the Tivoli, a little more footsore and blistered than the night before.

At last, to my delight, I found a man who I thought looked easy, a plump, spectacled, rather lazy-appearing man who never wore anything but white, and always, when he was in town, rode about in a victoria. He ambled ahead of me, at a rate of about five miles an hour, through a section of the work where the line of the canal and the bed of the Chagres River seem to be trying to play at cat's-cradle and to have tangled themselves up. The river, at least, is drained, or diverted, or dammed in some new place every morning. Walking through this section of the work consists in charging up a slope of loose sand that comes tumbling down on you and buries you halfway to the knees; stopping at the top of the ridge in time not to fall into the river on the other side; crossing the river, on a single plank, and getting adjured not to fall in, as the place swarms with alligators; scrambling up another bank, sitting down on a bit of railroad track you find at the top, to pour the sand out of your shoes; and sliding halfway down again to avoid getting run over by a string of dirt cars that happen to want that bit of track just then.

We brought up about half-past five in the afternoon at a station on the railway line, and I thought we were at the end of our tramp. But the plump, lazy-looking official, who always wore white and rode around in a victoria, glanced coolly at his watch, remarked that we had forty minutes before the train was due, and that it was only three miles to the next town—and led the way down the track.

But life wasn't all strenuous. It contained, even during those ten tremendous days, the equivalent of beer and skittles. Cool, green-stained, veranda-surrounded houses, to come into out of the glare—dripping, dust-streaked, as you are, with the reverberations of detonated dynamite still in your ears; a cool, delicious-looking lady in a white lingerie frock, who meets you and tells you that you have time, if you like, to tub before luncheon, and who gives you what she announces as the only "real" drink that it is safe to take in the tropics—an ingenious blend of lime juice and a particular sort of rum. You have earned the hour that follows. You are still not one of "us," still an outsider. But at least you have cared enough about our big job to get tired and sweaty over it. You haven't treated us like a mere photograph album. And you get your reward in glimpses of the way the biggest job looks to the people who are doing it.

A visiting card which you find on your return to the hotel at the end of a long day in the ditch, informing you that the man who left it dines at seven-thirty, and with the word "White" scribbled in one corner, may be the passport to more real understanding of what you are looking for than all the miles you have walked to-day have led you to; but without that mileage it would admit you to nothing.

"White" means that you are not to torment yourself with a dinner jacket or a spiketail.

Dress on the Zone perplexed me for a long time. It was surprising to see people who were living the year round in one of the hottest places in the world, going about as they would in down-town New York; to see the boss of a railroad yard or the superintendent of one of the shops going about his work in a derby hat, an alpaca coat and vest (unbuttoned), an umbrella, and a pair of red suspenders. At last I asked about it.

"Well," said my informant dubiously, "you see we have Northern clothes when we come down here, and we naturally wear them. And when we get new ones we buy things that we can go back North in."

I told him that this answer wouldn't do. A khaki suit, in the bazaars of Panama, cost four dollars. And you could buy white suits for from three dollars up. And the Government laundries did things at cost. So he tried again:

"I'll tell you. It's like this. If you see a man going around in khaki riding breeches and gaiters, a tunic, and a Panama hat, you can be pretty sure he's a stenographer."

That *was* the answer. It was just the curiously boyish American shamefacedness about "dressing up." Whatever your job, whether

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digging a canal, or driving a taxi-cab, or writing stock quotations on a blackboard, don't wear a uniform. Try to look as if you really did something entirely different. The Zonian has a uniform, though, in spite of himself. It is the umbrella. By reason of its universality, it deserves a place in the great seal of the Commission.

The Tivoli Hotel is one of the things on the Zone which make it hard to realize that the nearest point in the United States is a thousand miles away. It is run by the American Government on the American plan; but these facts are insufficient to account for the intense American-ness of it. In this case it is not a matter of dress, either. The architecture of the hotel is admirably adapted to the tropics. Its green-stained wooden walls, the cool grass mattings on the floors, the spacious height of the ceilings, the great, unshuttered windows, opening from your chamber upon a wide veranda—so that in a rather literal sense you keep open house all night—these things are tropical enough, in all conscience. But I defy any one to go up to the desk and ask the clerk a question, or lounge for fifteen minutes in the lobby, or buy a picture post card from the candy-and-cigar girl, or go into the dining-room and survey the bill of fare—without becoming intensely incredulous that he is in the tropics at all, rather than in Kansas City or Syracuse.

Certainly there is a puzzling naturalness about the Zonians that goes deeper than any question of clothes. They haven't undergone the transformation that Northern people who go to the tropics have always undergone heretofore. They are building the canal as if it lay in latitude forty instead of latitude eight. Spiritually speaking, the Zone is a little strip of the United States, inset in the Isthmus of Panama.

The reason for this is the Panamanian.

There is an *opéra bouffe* in three acts, of which the second is now playing, called "The Republic of Panama." The citizens of this state are a small, meager, languid, lusterless folk with a skin the color of *café au lait*. They are civilized in the sense that they have about them nothing of the simplicity of the savage nor the energy of the barbarian, but it is a civilization under a blight. The Panamanian is complacent to the point of entertaining no feelings but one of rather sullen contempt for the barbarous, mad Yankees who have invaded the land, and who know no better, evidently, than to spend their lives working.

A French traveler on the Isthmus observed that the chief industry of the Panamanian is love-making. It is his only industry in the sense that it is the only vocation which he pursues industriously. He never works on the canal. He is addicted to no form of agriculture or manufacturing. How he manages to keep alive is a mystery which is not wholly solved by the reflection that it is never cold in Panama, that one can buy clothes enough to keep him out of the clutches of the police for ten dollars a year, that there are plenty of fish in the sea (Panama, being interpreted, means "Plenty fish"), and that a banana tree will grow anywhere.

As a governmental principle, Despotism tempered by Revolution may have something to be said for it; but as a practice in the Central American "republics," it is based on the curious belief that the state is the actual source of wealth. The "administration" consists of those who are getting it, the "opposition" of those who are waiting for it. That is the whole philosophy of their system of government.

When the time drew near for the election of a successor to their first president, the entire stock of firearms in all the shops in Panama was found to have been purchased by patriotic citizens in preparation for the event. The half dozen companies of United States marines who occupy permanent quarters at Camp Elliot, midway on the Isthmus, in anticipation of just such contingencies, were "mobilized" in the grounds of the Ancon Hospital, and it was announced at the same time that the United States would guarantee a peaceable and bona-fide election. Whereupon the administration candidates withdrew in disgust—for of course no administration candidate could be elected except by force—and the opposition installed its ticket.

A tale was told me—and I have the best of reasons for believing it true—which illustrates as well as possible the state of political enlightenment among the leading citizens of the Republic. It happened two or three years ago that both the chief engineer of the canal and his second in command were simultaneously absent in the States, and the general direction of affairs devolved upon a much younger man, whose name sounds as if he might be Irish. At once he became the recipient of the most polite and hospitable attentions of old General Three Star, a distinguished Panamanian who had covered himself with glory during the revolution. These

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attentions were politely returned, and at last the General, with elaborate precautions for secrecy, broached the following project: The engineer was to head a revolt against the United States and make himself dictator of the Zone. With the assistance of the General, he was to seize the cities of Colon and Panama and reign supreme on the Isthmus. And by way of reward for his share in the business, the General was to be made Chief of Police.

This being the nature of the Panamanian, it happened that the men who came to the Isthmus to prepare the way for building the canal found what may be called, speaking humanly and socially, a vacuum. There was no local labor supply, for the Panamanian would not work. There was no local food supply. So they brought an atmosphere along with them. With marvelous organizing skill, they foresaw and provided for every need of the army that was to come and live here a half score of years or more.

The employee of the commission is housed in a manner that befits his condition, he is fed, furnished, physicked when necessary, laundered. In short, all his physical wants, and, so far as is humanly possible, his spiritual wants as well—churches, schools for his children, club rooms—all are provided for. If he falls sick, he is taken to as fine a hospital as any in the world, is cared for free, and his pay is kept going all the while. Not only the man himself, but his wife and children are cared for in the same way; so that a disease like appendicitis, instead of being a luxury of the rich, is within the reach of everybody.

"It sounds like a pretty Arcadian, care-free sort of existence," I remarked to the two young people who sat facing me across the veranda. "Short of losing his job, a man can't have very much to worry about."

"A man *can't* lose his job—not unless he's a total loss himself. You're perfectly safe so long as you're any human good at all. Longer, if you've the right sort of friends." It was my host who said this, indifferently.

"Then," I persisted, "will you please tell me why this place isn't paradise? It's lovely to look at. And what I've seen of the climate isn't bad. Unless it gets a good deal hotter than this."

"Oh, no. This is a hot day for us. It's never like New York in summer. We nearly die when we go North." This from my hostess.

"And it isn't unhealthy—according to the figures, at least. And I haven't been bitten by a mosquito since I landed. It *is* a paradise. But where's the snake?"

It was my hostess who turned loose:

"How would *you* like living in a glass house all the time? We don't care about throwing stones ourselves, but there are plenty of people down here who do. And we all live in glass houses. You needn't have come down here at all so far as we're concerned. You could have found out all about us in a book. Once you knew our salary, you'd know all the rest.

"When you know that, you know exactly what the plan of our house is like," she went on, "because there's a certain type of house that goes with every size of salary. And there's exactly so much furniture thrown in—like boiled or mashed with every meat order in a restaurant. And if Mrs. Smith comes to call on me, and her husband has the same salary that mine has, and she sees a card table or a salad bowl that she hasn't got one exactly like, why, she goes to the quartermaster and complains.

"Why, there's a woman living at Empire who went to spend the day with a friend of hers down at Porto Bello, where they hadn't put in electricity yet. And the woman who lived there without electricity had a student lamp that was rather good-looking. And her friend came back to Empire and complained because she hadn't a student lamp, too.

"That's what we talk about, we women. Our dark suspicions that Mrs. Terwilliger has six more spoons than she's entitled to by her husband's salary—or an extra pair of sheets—or a better-looking dinner set. Or else there's great indignation because Mrs. Abijah Jones had asparagus at her luncheon on Thursday, when *we'd* been told at the Commissary, on Tuesday, that there wasn't any. And no ship in the meantime!

"There isn't anything to eat except what comes out of the Commissary, and it's all in a printed list with the price attached. When we ask people in to dinner I can always imagine them saying, 'I wish she'd bought the sweetbreads instead. They'd have cost her the same.' That's why it's such a comfort to invite you. *You* don't know. Really, we might just as well send out a bunch of Commissary coupons to our friends instead of asking them in at all.

"It must sound petty to you," she concluded. "But you must charge it up to this

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'heavenly climate' that you've been talking about. This is the dry season, when it rains only every two or three days. But in the rainy season, when it rains all the time, when nothing you touch and nothing that touches you is really dry, and big slugs crawl up the walls and eat every bit of clothing that touches them, and you have to keep an electric light burning all the time in the piano to keep the wires from rusting clean away—then it gets to be another story."

My host knocked the ash out of his pipe. "I don't think it's the climate," he said slowly. "Or at least that's not the worst. The real trouble is with us. We're all alike. We're all working on the same job. There's never any one to talk to who has a new, different set of interests to talk about. Nobody who doesn't care a hoot about the Panama Canal. Nobody whose day's work doesn't touch ours at some point or other. And that's true the year round, you understand. We're a long way from home, so far that we've lost interest in what's happening back there. We pretend it isn't true, and we try to talk about it, but really it's just a matter of form. It scares us when we realize that it's true, but we can't help it. We irritate each other, and our eyes get to be microscopes for seeing defects, and we knock, and we realize that other people are knocking us—which doesn't help any. There are just two things that I feel pretty sure you haven't heard disparaged since you've been down here: one is the work of the French, and the other is the work of Colonel Gorgas and the sanitary department."

He was perfectly right about it, and the fact, so far as it concerned the work of the French, had been a great surprise to me. For I had thought of the French attempt to build the canal as a rather cynical sort of farce. Really it was a tragedy. It was one of the chief engineers on the canal, and a member of the Commission, who had put me right on this subject as we walked along the bottom of the ditch one day.

"There were three things against the French," he said. "To begin with, they had a bad administrative organization. One might almost say they hadn't any. They didn't know what they wanted, nor what they were buying, nor when they had bought it. That made them a prey for all the swindlers in the world. You could come down to the Isthmus with a cargo of second-hand sewing-machines and steam radiators, and sell it to them as machinery. And then you could go away without unloading it and come back in ten days and sell it to them again. It was all chaos from the beginning.

"In the second place, they were a private concern, *concessionnaires* under the Colombian Republic. They hadn't anything like sovereignty. Without that, we should fail, just as they did, only not so badly. At every turn there was a new palm to grease. They couldn't police their own construction camps.

"And then they didn't know about the mosquito. That bit of ignorance made the battle not a fight but an ambush. They did what they could, fumigated, quarantined, but they never even saw the real enemy.

"But in spite of all that, they took eighty million cubic yards out of the prism of the canal. Their engineering was almost infallible. We get a brilliant idea, and send out a surveying party, and they find French stakes that were put there twenty years ago. We are using French machinery to-day that lay buried in the jungle twenty years. We could use more of it if we weren't working in larger units than they. Ancon Hospital is as they built it, and there are hundreds of their buildings across the Isthmus, with the original, unpainted, galvanized iron roofs that the French put on them. Our own roofs are riddled in two years."

The tragedy of the French defeat is still a matter of memory in the Zone. The track they left across the Isthmus is strewn with grim memorials, and men who can remember are still there to tell grim stories.

One of the construction camps now in use was built, just where and as it is, by the French. Of the first detail sent there to live, all had yellow fever, and nearly all died. They destroyed everything that had been used to furnish the houses, fumigated, and made a fresh start. The same thing happened that had happened before. They tried a third time, with an equally fatal result, before they finally abandoned the place as a death trap. No one thought of the wriggling, swarming mosquito larvae in the swamp at the foot of the hill.

Grimmest of all in its immense irony is something that Colonel Gorgas told me. He said that in the French days the patients in the hospitals were fearfully plagued by ants. They swarmed everywhere, into the food, into the beds. The only thing that held them back was water. So, under every bed-post, every chair-leg, everything that touched the floor in the hospital, they placed a little bowl

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of water. No one thought of oiling the water, nor of molesting the little wriggling larvae that swarmed there as they did everywhere else. "And," said Colonel Gorgas, quietly, "if they had set about devising a way to spread yellow fever, they could have hit upon nothing more certainly deadly than that." All by itself, that story would be enough to explain the French failure.

As for Colonel Gorgas himself, he is the man who avenged that great defeat.

Back in the fifties, when they built the Panama Railroad, the forces of civilization won a partial and fearfully costly victory over this rocky, swampy neck of land which for three centuries has looked so tormentingly narrow on the map. It was a strip of rails and ties less than fifty miles long, from Aspinwall, as they called Colon then, to Panama, and it used to be said, in those days, that they paid for that victory, besides their millions, a life for every tie that bound the rusting rails together. And for the first part of the way from the swampy island of Colon, across the bottomless marshes toward Gatun, the saying must be almost literally true. But in the end, it was a victory. That, however, and the disastrous rout of the French, was the history of civilization on the Isthmus. The place was one of the pestholes of the world.

Its death rate this year will be about fifteen per thousand. The man who has made the change is Colonel Gorgas.

To do it he has had to use a combination of knowledge, daring, organizing skill, infinite patience with details, and another quality not easy to describe, which shows itself in his subordinates. Do you remember Dr. Pierce, who wouldn't let the Congressmen come ashore at Colon? Well, the same man made a speech at a public dinner a little while before I came to the Zone, that went to this effect: "I want to say that if yellow fever and plague are found at any time in the Zone, it will be my fault. They aren't here now, and if they ever get in they will have to come past me. I don't intend that they shall get past."

The same vigilance and the same willingness to accept responsibility seem to characterize the rest of the men who work under Colonel Gorgas. Keeping the Zone healthy is now chiefly a matter of detail, and in this they are almost incredibly minute. I have seen a laborer rebuked in good, round terms for leaving a wheelbarrow right side up during a shower. They take no chances with standing water. I think it is the idea of the people on the Zone that when the whole job is done and we get a historical perspective upon it, the feat of making the Isthmus of Panama a possible place to live in will look even bigger than the feat of building the canal. At all events, my friend of the veranda was quite right in saying that the sanitary end of the job is the one part of it that enjoys immunity from disparagement.

Perhaps disparagement is too strong a word; "knocking" fills the bill a little better. They do knock. And most of them lay it to the climate, which is, no doubt, partly responsible. And the isolation—one might almost call it insulation—which the man on the veranda spoke about does its part in the business. But there is something else, unless I am mistaken, which is as potent a factor in the characteristic nervous depression among the men on the job as either of these, though I never heard one of the Zonians speak of it. That is, the scale of the job, the mere crude, Titanic bulk of it.

I shall never forget my own first real look at the canal. It was at the end of a day, about five in the afternoon, and I had set out to walk from Empire to Culebra along the brink of the great Culebra cut. This section is perhaps the most dramatic in the whole work. When ships sail through here, the passengers on the decks will look up almost five hundred precipitous feet along the sliced, red side of Gold Hill, to the crest of the Continental Divide.

The workmen were all out of the ditch now, and it was time to fire the big blasts. I waited in some trepidation, for the notion of an amount of dynamite that can be stated in tons, being shot off at one time and in one place, was rather appalling. And what happened was appalling, though not in just the way I expected. My eardrums have been more seriously assaulted on the Fourth of July by a four-inch cannon cracker. The quality of the noise made by that blast is rather indescribable. It was immensely vast, a sort of Titanic grunt; the great rocky ridges which formed the bottom of the trench heaved up bodily, under a sudden cloud of brownish smoke. When it had blown away, those defiant rocky ridges were gone, and in their place was chaos.

Figures don't mean much—millions of cubic yards, and so on. But the great trench I was looking at did not look man-made at all. The men who were straggling back into it looked like ants. The steam-shovels, ar-

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rayed *en échelon*, seemed hardly bigger than big black beetles. And a belated dirt train crawling up the incline out of the cut might have been a caterpillar. It seemed impossible that their puny nibblings could have made that gap in the backbone of a continent. It looked, rather, like the doing of Nature in one of her paroxysms. No, not quite like that! It looked like a crease from the fingernail of Almighty God.

All the time I was on the Zone I was liable to sudden, momentary recurrences of this feeling, a sudden loss of all sense of scale—as if the magnitude of the work had overflowed the retaining walls of my own mind. When I asked old-timers on the canal if they didn't suffer from the same sensation themselves, they recognized what I meant, but said, "Oh, you get used to it."

But I don't believe they do. Along with the languid monotony of the climate, and the isolation and artificiality of the social life, I believe that a sense that the job is, after all, rather more than man-size, has a good deal to do with the growing prevalence of neurasthenia among the higher paid and more responsible employees on the Zone. That feeling is probably at its height just now. For they are just about at the crest of the up-hill half of the job.

It was about one o'clock in the morning of my last evening in the Zone, and we were in the billiard room at the Tivoli. Four men were playing a languid game of pool, and the rest of us sat about in high chairs and drank seltzer lemonade. You can't get a "drink," in the technical sense, at the Tivoli. There were an agent for a powder company, a machinery salesman, and myself, all outsiders. The rest were old-timers on the job, who lived in a barrack of bachelors' quarters just around the curve of Ancon Hill. Of course they were talking about the job. And because the palate gets jaded in the tropics to milder flavors, there was a strong spice of pepper.

Division by division, they combed the Zone, and every man big enough to be caught between the teeth was submitted to a vivid character sketch by some member of the company and unanimously consigned to the discard. And then they came down to details in the management of the commissary, the laundries, the quartermaster's department, the Tivoli. The defects they found were microscopic indeed. It occurred to me rather suddenly that they were proceeding from the assumption of an efficiency of one hundred per cent. And that what I was hearing was perhaps the highest compliment to the wonderful, big, human machine down there that it would be possible to pay.

It was late, time for my valedictory. I made it, shook hands all around, and then I spoke my mind:

"I want to make this bunch of knockers one prophecy. When the canal is finished, and you've all gone back North and taken ordinary jobs, where all that is expected of anybody is plain, ordinary human efficiency, and where nobody takes any responsibility for your health and happiness beyond paying you your salaries as long as they think you earn them; when all that has happened, and a lot more—then you fellows will be talking of the days when you built the Panama Canal as the Age of Gold."

One of them, a rather youngish man with gray about his temples, put his cue in the rack, stuck his hands in his pockets, and, with a rather wry grin, answered me:

"When a man's been down here three or four years, and knocks all day, the way you've heard us do, and curses the climate and the job and talks about 'God's country,' what do you suppose he thinks about when he lies awake at night, and sweats, and feels cold at the pit of his stomach? He's saying that it will all be over, some day; finished. And he'll have to go back North, where there are coal bills and doctor's bills, and where the rent comes round. And where he can be sacked off a job on a word and a week's notice. And then he wonders how he'll get a job in the first place. They're running the country well enough without him, aren't they? The big jobs are all full, and he'll be too old to get any of the little ones. Who wants a tired man of forty, anyway? We've put in all we've got, down here, and we'll leave it here.

"No, he'll have his little bronze medal to wear, with service bars on it. He'll be a veteran, all right, and he'll see people sidestepping his stories about 'How We Built the Panama Canal.' The Age of Gold? Right you are."

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THE BURGLAR

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," "Phantom Wires," Etc.

Illustrations by Blendon Campbell

HE was trapped. His retreat had been cut off. He had calculated the margin of safety with too fine a nicety, and here, at the last moment, they had him cornered.

Some one's hand had cautiously turned a key in the door, from the outside. There was no doubt about it. He was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner within the four walls that surrounded him. He had heard the click of the lock-bar into its socket. It had clicked decisively, disquietingly, like the snap of a sprung trap.

The second door, he knew, was out of the question. It had been closed and bolted from the first. The windows themselves were mullioned, and grated with a deceivingly airy scroll-work of steel, shutting him in as securely as cage-bars shut in a zoo captive. And those scroll-work gratings, opening, as they did, on the roof of the one-storied conservatory, were always kept locked. He could have told them that weeks ago, when he first began his study of their house.

This study had been a leisurely and yet an elaborate one. It was Schlaum, *alias* Illinois Oscar, who six months before had tipped him off as to the obsolete rosewood-paneled wall-safe in the Alfred Duyster mansion. Schlaum had had the good fortune to enter the Duyster household as second man. But an over-interrogative Central Office had learned of his intrusion and compelled him to a hasty migration westward long before he could make his haul. Yet he carried away with him, ironically enough, a duplicate key to the rosewood-faced safe.

The knowledge he had thus gained lay dormant in the mind of Gentleman Dan, *alias* Denver Daniel, *alias* Rambler Roberts; and when that worthy worked his bumper-riding way eastward with Sheeny Chi, and funds gave out, he decided to act on the tip that Schlaum had given him.

So for three weeks he had kept watch, quietly and unostentatiously, with a patience equaled only by that of the true fisherman. For three weeks he had studied the gray-stone house-front, the habits and movements of its owner, the location and character of its entrances, the coming and going of its servants, the hours of their retiring and rising—from the liveried coachman who "slept out" to the mild and thin-cheeked lady's maid who dropped letters in the mail-

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box at the corner and passed the time of day with the policeman on the Avenue beat. And a fortified quietude of stone and brick, carrying all the outward appearance of solidity, was slowly translated for Gentleman Dan into something about as vulnerable as a ripe and succulent muskmelon.

For his weeks of careful observation had equipped him with a rather serviceable fund of information. Adding to this divers sagacious deductions and certain more or less logical conclusions, it might be said that his twenty-day reconnaissance had furnished him with even a startling familiarity with regions wherein he had never set foot. It had confirmed his earlier impression that the front of the building, with its unscreened street door and its burglar-alarm circuit, was practically impregnable. It had served to decide him on an attack from the rear.

To this end, when the chosen night arrived, a night when the master of the house was in Washington and practically all the servants had been given a leave of absence, Gentleman Dan entered an onyx-pillared apartment hotel in the rear of his actual point of attack. There he took an upholstered and many-mirrored elevator to the top floor, waited until the cage descended, and then cautiously made his way out by means of a rear window and a fire-escape. From this with equal caution he swung himself across a cat-teaser that surmounted the back area-fence of the Duyster lot, removing his coat to cushion the iron spike-ends.

Then he stood face to face with the frugal little apology of a conservatory. The soft-leaded panes were extremely easy to cut out, and ten minutes of quiet and unhurried work enabled him to push his way in between the rather sickly and attenuated tendrils of a Lord Penzance hybrid briar-rose. Then he hunted about for the telephone wires, and, when he had discovered them, sawed through them with the blade of his pocketknife.

His next task was to remove his shoes. They were fantastically narrow-toed, military-heeled shoes of patent leather. One of them he stowed away in his left coat pocket. The other he retained in his right hand. Time and much experience had taught him that a well-ironed shoe heel makes a safe and effective weapon. He always made it a point, in fact, to carry neither firearms nor flash light when doing "city" work. He had no hankering to be caught with the egregious "yegg" gun on his person. He had also come to learn that jimmies and blackjacks seldom paved the way to prompt acquittals, helpful as they might sometimes be in moments of stress. His favorite tool, to take the place of the ever-damnatory "L," was the slightly bent king-bolt of a wagon, with the end apparently worn to a point.

This seemingly innocent and easily disowned vehicular necessity gave him excellent leverage when it came to a matter of obstinate sashes and resisting doors, and at the same time carried with it none of those malodorous associations so prejudicial in the eyes of the law. In fact, Gentleman Dan took a pride in his eccentricities of equipment, just as he rejoiced in his idiosyncrasies of professional attire. He affected no black peaked cap and face mask, but clung always to the conventional derby hat and an inconspicuous suit of blue serge, to say nothing of the somewhat dandified accessories of dogskin gloves.

So Gentleman Dan had advanced from the conservatory to another room equally dark, with a calmness and precision which only years of practice could make possible. It took but a moment or two of groping about this room to come to a second door. This, in turn, was opened with extreme caution. Once more utter darkness confronted the intruder. He stood listening, inhaling like an animal on the alert and with its nose "up wind." Then he let his gaze slowly circle the blackness that engulfed him.

He had almost completed the circle before he discovered the thin pencil of yellow light, low down on his left. It was nothing more than a faint crack of luminosity along what must have been a door bottom. He tiptoed stealthily toward this door. Then he crouched low, with his ear close to the panel, to listen.

It was at this precise moment that the door opened, suddenly, and quite without warning. An oblong of light flooded the room. As it did so, Gentleman Dan fell back with the outswinging door, until he was flat against the room wall. He could see a figure step out through the light, a ponderous figure in knee breeches and stockings, and a service coat with silver buttons and yellow facings. It was the Duyster butler with a pile of damask table napkins over his arm.

Gentleman Dan waited a second or two,

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grasping his narrow-toed shoe as he did so. The door swung shut, and he heard the click of a light-switch.

He sprang forward the same moment that the light flooded the room, at the same moment that the startled butler's glance fell on his crouching figure. The man in the anachronistic knee breeches had scarcely time to cry out. Nothing more than a grunt escaped his lips. Then the well-aimed boot heel descended on the white-fleshed, close-clipped head. It was the third blow that sent him down. The man with the boot watched him as he fell with a moan and a familiar convulsive movement or two of the body. Then he calmly and deliberately raised the boot heel.

A fifth blow would have been unnecessary, after that fourth impact, directed with such well-chosen savagery, obliquely above the ear. The ponderous body in the silver buttons and yellow-faced uniform no longer moved. Gentleman Dan dropped to his knee and promptly pried open the relaxed jaw, very much as a fish dealer pries open an oyster shell. Then he knotted two of the damask table napkins into a gag. Two minutes later, the fallen servant was gagged and trussed and rolled half under the table that stood in the center of the room.

Gentleman Dan waited only long enough to glance about the four walls and switch off the lights. He saw, in that hurried glance, that he was in the Duyster's dining-room. He made a quick mental note of the location of its doors, and passed on deeper into the strange house which lay so dark and still about him.

After that, everything was plain sailing. He followed his path to the wall-safe as casually as a pilot follows a well-charted waterway. He knew when to veer and turn and when to stop Then came a moment or two of quiet exploration, another moment or two of cautious prying, the insertion of Schlaum's duplicate key, and the job was done. All that remained was to gather in the wealth that lay at his finger tips, tie it up in a somewhat soiled yellow silk handkerchief—for among his own sort Gentleman Dan was always spoken of as a "natty dresser"—and make his get-away. There had been no noise. There had not been a misstep, from first to last.

Then the beguiling thought of an empty boudoir or two above-stairs had come to him. It had all seemed so easy. The coast was so obviously clear, and the hallway so invitingly darkened. So he groped his padded way up the wide staircase, depending now largely on his sense of smell.

It was his nose, once the stairs lay behind him, that caused the intruder to turn to the last room on his right, pervaded, as it was, with its subtle yet indisputable atmosphere of femininity, its indescribable perfumes of refinement, its vague odors of cosmetics and cut flowers. And he was busily at work exploring the top drawer of a hard-wood chiffonier when the door was quietly closed and the turn of a key sounded in the lock.

It was then that Gentleman Dan awoke to the disturbing consciousness that he was trapped, miserably and meanly trapped with his "swag" on. A wave of abject and unnerving fear went through him, as he stood there in the silence, trying to peer through the darkness with straining and quick-moving eyes. Then he quickly stooped and slipped his feet into his shoes. Effective as a boot heel might be for secret assault, it was a very poor weapon of defense in open combat. And Gentleman Dan wanted to be quite ready for flight.

Then the quietness was broken by a sound. It was the sound of a step, light and quick, but unmistakably a step. Gentleman Dan retreated, involuntarily, until his back was against the wall.

Then came a second sound, even more startling. It was the snap of an electric switch. The sound was followed by the instant flowering of soft-tinted globes, filling the room with light.

Then Gentleman Dan actually laughed a little. For in front of him was a woman, in a cloud-like dressing gown of white, with ribbons of pale rose at the throat and sleeve ends. She was still a young woman, midway between twenty and thirty. Her skin, where the loose-fitting gown fell away from her throat and arms, was white and soft, like a child's. Her eyes, at the moment, were unusually large. The unstudied disarray of her hair, as she stood there with one hand resting on a polished teakwood table, only added to her attractiveness. Even Gentleman Dan could see that she was beautiful.

But her appearance did not especially interest him. His attention was fixed on the magazine revolver which she held in her right hand as she stood facing him. Yet intently as he watched this, he also observed that his involuntary laugh of relief had

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startled and puzzled her. He realized, disconcertingly, that she was not openly afraid of him. It was almost curiosity that he saw written in her wide-eyed stare. And he saw, to his infinite relief, that she was not going to shoot. He was absurdly afraid of women. They were to be abhorred even more than house-dogs. It was always women who, armed with the bravery of utter ignorance, faced revolvers as indifferently as a child would face a rattlesnake. It was always a woman who clung screaming to a burglar, forgetting that one finger-pressure could snuff her out, just as it was always a woman who clawed and scratched like a wild cat until she was either choked into quietness or pounded into insensibility. And this woman, knowing who and what he was, had deliberately locked herself in with him!

So Gentleman Dan, being a man of reasonable wit, first ceremoniously doffed his black derby hat and then repeated his laugh. He caught at his cue like an actor. He promptly and unequivocally *became* an actor —for all his career had been histrionic. He compelled himself to laugh aloud, as unconcernedly and as merrily as the situation would allow. He moved forward a little as he laughed—carelessly.

Then a voice, clear-noted and crisp, brought him up short. It was the woman with the automatic revolver who spoke.

"Don't move!" she cried. "Don't move, or I shall have to shoot you!"

She raised her right hand as she spoke. He could see the gleam of a diamond or two on her fingers. He could also see that she was holding the gun quite steadily, and that its barrel was pointing directly at his body. He would have preferred having it point at his head, where the chances of a hit were so much smaller. He had an active and wholesome fear of that automatic revolver. He knew its power of spraying lead very much as a garden-hose sprays water. He would have been willing to chance a stray bullet or two, but the thought of a steady stream of projectiles, directed at him with one finger-movement, made him wince.

He could not fathom why she had confronted him. He could not get at the bottom of that strange encounter. He could not make her out. Intuitively—for his mind was neither an analytical nor a constructive one—he felt the necessity of meeting her on her own ground, of combating her with her own weapon of mystification. So he folded his arms and gazed at her, with an assumption of admiring whimsicality, of merriment, of careless inquiry. But under his folded arms he could feel his heart thumping like a trip hammer. So he stood there, awaiting the next move, for the simple reason that all he could do was to wait.

It was the woman with the pale rose ribbons who made the first move. She came several steps closer to him. But the revolver was still balanced in her right hand.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded in her clear and confident voice. It was a well-modulated voice, with just the slightest *tremolo* of excitement in it. It was also authoritative. It was the voice of a woman who was used to being answered invariably with promptness and usually with honesty.

"What are you doing here?" she repeated, this time more peremptorily. Yet at that precise moment Louise Duyster was experiencing a distinctly odd and thrilling sensation along the nape of her softly rounded neck. For she knew she was face to face with a burglar. She realized that the situation had its dangers. But what those dangers were she could not see. She had never been driven to a realization of the complexity of the social machinery which surrounded her. She knew that a bell ring brought service, that a telephone call brought companionship, that a word of alarm brought immediate protection. All life's procedure and tradition had made her existence an upholstered one, cushioning and muffling her against every discommoding shock. Seldom, indeed, had her dependence on others been brought home to her. There was even a tingle of delight in the thought that for once she was acting unaided and alone, that she was looking Danger in the face without peering across footlights to find it, and then finding it only second-hand. The situation translated itself into Romance. It was worth the risk. So she continued to face her undecipherable opponent with the naïve interest of a puzzled child. Then, for the third time, she calmly inquired the meaning of his presence there.

"Curiosity alone, madam!" was Gentleman Dan's unexpected answer, as he once more essayed his theatrically profound bow. For the man facing the pistol was crafty enough to guess at her more obvious emotions. And he, too, was not without his vanities. He knew that his profession, with

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its unerring instinct of nomenclature, had not called him "Gentleman Dan" for nothing. It was true that he had not always been in this business: he had begun life as an ironworker, then he had labored as a plumber's assistant, and had been a traveling mechanic and a strike-breaker long before he had turned his hand to the calling of the "keister-cracker" and the "yeggman." His spare figure was not ill-proportioned, and about his lean and pallid face was a look which might easily have been construed as asceticism.

At odd times, too, his calling had imposed on him the careful study of persons in higher walks of life. His two years as a Middle West "bank-sneak" had made it necessary for him to simulate the bearing and speech of the man of means. He had also acquired a flashy fastidiousness of apparel and certain graces of the person, after a lean and dull and otherwise unprofitable winter in a Cleveland barber shop. And during a season or two as a summer-hotel waiter, where the monotony of tray-wielding was varied by numerous exercises of the pickpocket's adeptness, he had come more or less in touch with men and women who made ordinary concessions to the amenities of social intercourse. So he waited with a certain touch of almost disinterested curiosity to see just how the woman with the pale rose ribbons would receive his Chesterfieldian sally.

It did not impress her. At least, she gave no outward sign of being impressed. She merely looked at him with wondering contempt.

"You're a thief!" she declared. He wondered, suddenly, just how much she had discovered, below stairs, just how much she actually knew. One glimpse of that gagged and trussed butler would put a stop to the whole business.

"Scarcely a thief!" he had the temerity to correct her. She tried to cut him short with a gesture. But he went blandly on. "For, as you see, I have taken nothing!"

"But you intended to take something!" was her quick retort.

He had already measured the distance between them and was watching every movement of her hands, waiting for his chance. "But, madam, if that was my mission, why should I have taken nothing?" He swept his arm about the richly laden dresser, with its arctic glitter of cut-glass and silver. "And with all this wealth lying so close about me."

He knew, at once, that she had not discovered the broken safe and the butler. A puzzled look crossed her face. She was examining him more intently.

He played his next card by forcing a wistful and melancholy smile to his lips; it was a smile which had done considerable misleading in its time. He was helped out not a little by his blanched appearance. That facial peculiarity known as "prison-pallor" had lent to his countenance a beguiling air of delicacy.

The woman in white gave a sudden open and audible gasp. "I know!" she cried. "It's the Romney!"

"What's the Romney?" asked the bewildered intruder.

"*You came after the Romney!*" she declared, with a second gasp of enlightenment.

Now Gentleman Dan was not quite sure what a Romney was. So he decided to say nothing. Yet something expectant in her face, something almost pleasurable, led him to feel that it would be bad policy to enlighten her as to the error of her belief. She wanted to believe it was the Romney. Of that he was sure. So he did his best to look inscrutable.

He watched her as she crossed the room to the push-button. But she was very clever about it, much cleverer than he had expected. Never once did she forget the revolver in her fingers nor take her eyes from his face. He could even hear the prolonged purr of the bell, subterranean and muffled, as she stood with her finger against the button. He wondered, with a nauseating sinking of the diaphragm, if there was any one besides the trussed butler who was expected to answer that summons. He could hear his heart beat as the seconds dragged away. But no one came to the door.

It was soon plain to the eye that this fact was causing Louise Duyster some concern. She watched her opponent, with sidelong intentness, as she waited, and shot a sudden question at him over her shoulder, a little contemptuously. "How did you intend getting it away? And how were you going to tell it from the Gainsborough copy? Or the Corot?"

Gentleman Dan was at once enlightened. The Romney was a picture. He had once "yegged it" with an old Adam Worth gang forger who at different times had spoken of "Little Adam's" *coup* against the Agnew Gainsborough. So light came to him. He

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saw that she was demanding largeness of him, that she was raising him above petty thievery into the realms of the romantic. He had no wish to disillusionize her. So he remained adequately inscrutable of face. In the meantime, however, he was frenziedly sounding for his biggest and most impressive words. Then he once more forced his calm and quizzical smile.

"Might not even I have some slight appreciation of art?" he mildly inquired, with a pretense at calmness.

"How refreshing!" murmured the woman in white. Her tone was dangerously near a scoffing one, yet there was a note of curiosity in it. She crossed slowly to a dark-wooded writing table. On this stood a desk telephone transmitter. She quickly lifted the instrument to the farther end of the table. But her eyes never left the face of the man who was watching her, even when her left hand lifted the green-corded wire and "plugged in" on the wall-extension. He could see that it was a familiar movement with her. She lifted the receiver from the hook, spoke into the instrument, and then impatiently rattled the receiver hook again. He watched her, still smiling, for he knew there would be no answer to her call.

His attitude, in fact, was more and more piquing the woman at the writing table. It surprised her that he should make no movement toward escape. It puzzled her that he should betray no desire for a prompt and unequivocal freedom. She even ceased to worry over the fact that her telephone call remained unanswered. She did not altogether regret that they were to be a little longer alone. The entire experience was so novel, so dramatic, so rich in possibilities for future recountal!

It relieved Gentleman Dan to see that she was vaguely titillated by the situation, that she was studying him with that same confident curiosity with which a beribboned and overpetted lapdog regards an intruding and unkempt street cur. Louise Duyster had even inwardly remarked that her visitor's linen was not quite immaculate. She was debating if it would be seemly to offer him some of her husband's. Instead, she asked him if he wouldn't prefer sitting down.

He thanked her, punctiliously, and, after an uncertain glance about the room, chose a chair and sat in it. But in that glance he had quietly estimated certain distances and weighed certain chances.

"Why did you want the Romney?" the woman in white was asking of him.

"For no particular reason," he answered.

"Then why did you come here after it? Why did you take such risks to get it?" Her conception of the criminal was an ardently imaginative one. She knew the type only through the pink-tinted glasses of Broadway's politer melodramas.

"Let's call it the pure love of the game!" he suavely suggested. He could see the flash of appreciation in her clear and wide-opened eyes. She was trying to put herself in his place. He wasn't the sort of sneak-thief who carried off rings and silverware. He was above that. There was something appealing in the thought of trying to capture an "old master."

"How could you have carried it away?" she asked, with her inconsequential abruptness.

"Very simply," he told her, remembering certain things which he had picked up in his earlier days with the Adams gang forger. "You simply take a pocketknife and run it along the inside of the picture frame. Then you roll up the canvas. And providing you meet no radiant ladies in white, you walk away with it under your arm!"

"How interesting!" said the wondering woman at the writing table. "And would you mind telling me if you—er—if you always choose a more or less costly painting as the object of your attack?"

"I rather run to art!" he said, with his calm and modest smile.

She laughed this time, quite openly, careless with a splendid contempt.

"Art for art's sake, as it were!" she suggested. Again he wondered why she was so sure of herself, why she should be so offhanded and at home.

"I suppose it's really a sort of intoxication?" she was inventively asking him. "A sort of passion, like gambling, or smoking? A sort of craving for excitement? A hunger to take big risks, just for the sake of the risk?"

Gentleman Dan agreed with her that it was, even while he knew it was caused by a quite different sort of hunger, the sort of hunger that a decent fifteen-cent meal could usually knock galley-west! He smiled a little, at the rhapsodical thought that his activities were in any way identified with glory. He had his rooming-house cot to pay for, his drinks to buy, his grafting "bulls"

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THEN HE TORE THE RINGS FROM HER LIMP FINGERS.

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to appease. He knew there wasn't much glory in it. He might have told her that no "slough grafter" or "con man" takes to the game for the game's sake, but is driven into it as cattle are driven into a stockyard corral. He knew they were all starved and lashed and hounded into it, ignominiously, as rats are harried into a sewer. He was in it because he had to eat, because he had to keep warm, because he had to wear clothes, when he had lost the trick of earning them. But he had no intention of pricking her pretty bubbles of illusion. He noticed that she was smiling again, with the ironic deference of an assured superiority.

"Isn't it true that gentlemen of your calling read the society columns to find out people's movements? What jewels they are wearing, and all that sort of thing?"

Gentleman Dan was able to return her ironic smile. "I was not altogether ignorant of the fact, madam, that your husband had occasion to take this afternoon's train for Washington."

"That's very interesting!" she said, with meditative impersonality. Her earnest and inquiring eyes were once more studying his face, his long, melancholy, almost contemplative face that so reminded her of Dürer's portrait of himself.

"And I was equally aware of the fact that there are several imperfect stones in the third strand of your dog-collar. One stone, in fact, is not genuine."

"How do you know that?"

"I have no personal or active interest in such things, of course. But I think your jeweler will confirm my opinion to-morrow, if you care to consult him."

It was marvelous! As marvelous as crystal-gazing and spirit-rapping! Louise Duyster's eyes were bright with something more than interest, with something more than amusement. She was luxuriating in a new world, without even stepping from her boudoir. She was face to face with all the excitement of a slumming-party without the inconvenience of leaving her own white and gold walls. It was drama enough for a month. A spirit of genial audacity crept over her. He was almost a gentleman. He had not been rude. She even began to wonder what ill-luck had dragged him down to such a life. And at the precise moment that she was wrinkling her delicate brows over this unanswerable enigma, Gentleman Dan himself was somewhat grimly speculating as to just how she would look when they eventually found that dog-collar of hers in his pocket.

A moment later, however, she was once more studying his pale and pensive face. The wistful hunger which seemed to brood over it touched her into a quick and indefinable pity. She moved forward a little, checked herself, and then, for reasons he could not fathom, ended the entire maneuver by turning on him one of her engagingly solemn smiles.

"I've been neglecting my duty," she began, with a tentative flutter of a laugh, "my duty as a hostess. I—I feel sure that you are hungry—I mean that you would like, that you would enjoy, something to eat!"

He could see that she was quite serious about it. But it was as foolish as offering food to a herring in a pound-net. The one thing he wanted to taste was liberty. Yet any movement, any change, was better than the stagnating inactivity which was enmeshing him. It would be a new shuffle to the pack of Destiny, and he knew it ought to bring up a new card. So he returned her smile with his own constrained and mournful smile.

"With you?" he asked.

His audacity brought her up short, for a moment. But he could see that she was game, game right through.

"With me, of course!" she answered, in little more than a whisper, while an impulse of recklessness sent a new tingle of nerves up and down her responsive body. For deep in her own mind she was already dramatizing the future narrative of what was to be a rare adventure. She could plainly foresee what an atmosphere of the exotic it would carry into the fag-end of an afternoon *musicale.*

"That would be a very great pleasure!" replied Gentleman Dan, though gratitude had little to do with the nervous tremor in his voice. He was worried, sickeningly worried, at the memory of how time had been slipping away.

Then he remembered the butler. And again he sickened a little. It made him giddy to think that she was surely going to ask him to go below stairs with her. And once there she would stand face to face with discovery. And that meant the end of his rope!

He let his eyes rest on the magazine revolver. Then he looked up into her face,

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searchingly, wondering how he could withdraw from this newer predicament on which he had not reckoned in time. He waited for the woman opposite him to speak. But the woman, in turn, found it hard to frame in words just what she wanted to say. So Gentleman Dan, as was his wont in moments of doubt, fell back on his mysteriously hungry and wistful smile. Then the smile faded from his face: it darkened as oddly and as quickly as an unfixed photograph-plate stricken with sunlight, for even before he could turn his head a sudden and unexpected sound was bathing his body in a cold sweat. The sound was that of a knock, quick and light, on the closed door.

Gentleman Dan felt that it was the end. He did not actively resent it. He resented only the way in which it was coming. Being trapped, after all, was part of the game. Those who elected to follow his particular calling had to count on being captured now and then. He could not always hit the bull's-eye. He had to figure on so many misses, on so many "falls," so many convictions. He had to take his luck as it came, good or bad. But he always gagged at the thought of another dose of jail-life.

"Come in!" the woman at the table was crying in her clear-noted soprano. The next moment she remembered the locked door, and was quickly crossing the room, her white drapery fluttering about her like a silver-birch tree shaken with wind. Gentleman Dan crouched back and watched her, as she turned the key in the lock and recrossed the room to the writing table.

The door swung open as she did so, and a second woman stepped quietly yet quickly inside. It took but a moment for Gentleman Dan to see that she was alone. He could also see that she had been wearing a brown hat and veil, but her hands were at her head removing these even before she stepped in through the door. The natural pallor of her face was reddened a little, either by the high wind or because she had been running. And Gentleman Dan was watching this face with all his eyes. He knew, the moment she passed the door, that it was Mrs. Duyster's maid, who should have been visiting with her sister in Brooklyn.

But her advent was no longer a source of terror to him. He felt, in his blurred, instinctive way, that she was of his own class and could be combated with his own weapons. She would never bewilder him. Yet there was no heaviness, no dullness, in her thin-cheeked Scottish face. There was no taint of servility about her. He could see, however, that she had none of the high-spirited initiative, none of the wayward note of authority which marked the younger woman in the pale rose ribbons. Yet she would have to be watched. She was to be feared, if only for the reason that a new factor in the problem naturally meant a new danger.

And even as he peered across the room at her he could see the look of anxiety in her eyes as they passed from the woman at the writing table to the oddly-dressed stranger opposite her, and then back to the woman again. For a second or two no one spoke. The maid and her mistress merely gazed at each other. There was no open challenge and retort, no visible sign of inquiry and rebuff. But something mystic and fluid passed between them, a something which humbled the newcomer.

"I—I tried to telephone, ma'am," explained the lady's maid, hesitatingly, with the slightest hand-movement of troubled deference. "I tried and tried, but they couldn't get the house!"

"Yes?" said the woman at the writing table.

"So I thought it best to come back, right away. I didn't know but what something was wrong!"

Again the maid's eyes traveled questioningly to the strange figure in the chair. "I—I thought something might have happened, ma'am!"

Gentleman Dan was crafty enough to feel that the woman in white was not altogether overjoyed at this unlooked-for deliverance. There was something almost like annoyance on her face. But he watched every move and glance between mistress and maid, to make sure no secret message was given.

"There is no need for alarm, Clements," the unruffled lady of the house replied. "Nothing has happened!"

She was not even explanatory. Gentleman Dan could see that she would never be apologetic. He also began to feel that he had not quite reached the end of his rope, as he had feared. She was actually lying for him. She was trying to shield him.

"I want you to bring up something to eat; cold meat and things; and a bottle of Burgundy."

"In this room, ma'am?" inquired the bewildered maid.

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"To this room, please," was the quiet answer. "And dishes for two."

Still again Gentleman Dan thought of the butler, and still again he realized how closely peril hung over him. All he could do was to wait his chance.

He did not move until the door closed behind the departing maid. One unwelcome factor, he knew, was forever out of the problem. He at once turned to his persecutor, for, little as she imagined it, she was indeed persecuting him.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked, with a quaver of anxiety in his voice. It was hard for him to sustain the rôle.

"What do *you* intend to do?" equivocated his companion in deception.

He sat in deep thought for a moment or two. Then he forced a nonchalant smile to his lips.

"Since you are safe, and the Romney is safe, I assume it would not be unreasonable to make the triangle a complete one!"

Still again the woman laughed. "I see you don't trust me," she said; but her glance was without enmity.

"Pardon me!" murmured the burglar. "I trust you completely, implicitly. You are a brave woman. And all truly brave women are generous."

She was glad he hadn't spoken of her appearance. That would have made it quite different. She could see he had the fine taste to attempt no uncouth coquetries—Gentleman Dan, indeed, had never been a "moll-buzzer"—and she was not without a vague gratitude for the impersonality of his address. Something about the look of patience, of humility, of suffering on his thin face touched her into a gush of pity. A quick little thrill of impulse ran through her body. She put the revolver on the table. She knew that she could trust her instincts. The world had not used him honestly. He had never been given a chance.

"I'm going to trust you!" she said, with sudden conviction. "I'm going to trust you, because I know you're a gentleman, at heart!"

A HAND REACHED OUT . . . AS QUICKLY AS A CREVICED BLACKSNAKE STRIKING FOR A FIELD MOUSE.

Then she deliberately opened the writing table drawer, placed the revolver in it, and deliberately closed it.

Gentleman Dan did not move. He was too puzzled to stir. There was something so incomprehensible about the entire situation that he could not even think. He was not used to studying high-spirited women at close range.

Then reason came back to him. He bowed a deep bow of gratitude. But all the while he was wondering just when the maid below stairs was going to stumble on the butler and give the alarm.

The intoxication of another benignant impulse was sweeping through the woman at the writing table. She glanced toward the door, almost guiltily.

"I'm going to give you some money," she said. "Enough to keep you from—enough to make you avoid—er—danger like this. Then I want you to come to me here, tomorrow afternoon. For I think I can help you. I *know* I can help you!"

A miraculous dull flush crept up through Gentleman Dan's thin-blooded face. Only a thief, a professional thief, could have comprehended the source of his shame, his humiliation. She was making him a "panhandler." But the woman in white saw

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that flush, and she at once knew that she had not been mistaken. He was really a man of sensibilities, of fine feelings.

Then a sullen joy suddenly took the place of Gentleman Dan's shame, for he saw that the woman had risen and was crossing the room to her dressing table. She was actually leaving the cursed revolver shut up in the drawer. He rose to his feet with an apparent murmur of protest.

The woman stooping over the low dressing table stopped him with a gesture of her white hand. She took up a gold-meshed purse and opened it. As she did so, Gentleman Dan's trained ear caught the sound of a muffled call from below stairs. It was then that he wheeled about and faced the woman in white.

She saw him coming, and looked up as he stepped toward her. Her muslin-clouded body was still a little stooped over the low-topped dressing table, and the purse was still in her hand.

Then, even before she could see the movement, the bony, clenched fist of the burglar struck like a mallet on her face.

She went down, with a look of startled wonder still in her eyes, a look of inarticulate protest against treatment which she could in no way understand. She fell full length on the floor, and lay there without moving.

Gentleman Dan turned her over with his foot. Then he stooped and caught up the gold-meshed purse which her fallen body had first hidden from sight. Then he tore the rings from her limp fingers, snatched up the little jeweled watch from the writing table as he crossed the room, switched out the lights, and dodged into the darkness of the hall outside.

The way was still clear. He darted for the stairs. He went down the wide staircase three steps at a time, for the lower newel-post lights were now burning. Then he wheeled about, before an open door on his right where he could see clothes hanging in a deep hall-closet. He picked out a hat of English felt, and threw an Oxford gray paddock-coat over his arm.

He was sure of himself by this time. He began to exult in his deliverance. He felt like a swimmer who had breasted a rapids and had been flung out into safety.

He even turned and looked back at the stairway that led upward into the gloom, very much as a swimmer might look back at watery perils through which he had passed. The one thing that impressed itself on his mind was the quietness of the house. It lay heavy and silent about him, like a tomb. He casually wondered, as he stepped back to switch out the newel-post lights, what had become of the lady's maid.

He knew, as he stepped to the street door, that he was now a free man. He opened it quietly, a foot or two, and slipped outside. Then he as cautiously closed the door after him, for he was now in the full light of the street lamps. He sidled over to the protection of the heavy stone balustrade, and went guardedly down the broad slabs of gray stone, step by step.

When he reached the sidewalk he crouched in under the shadow of the ponderous decagonal step pillar, turning about to study the movements of a gray-uniformed Holmes's watchman, half a block away.

As he did so, a hand reached out from the other side of this shielding decagonal pillar. It reached out for him as quickly and as quietly as a creviced blacksnake striking for a field mouse.

It was the mere touch of that hand, even before he saw the flash of the buttons and the blue of the uniform, that galvanized Gentleman Dan into a frenzy of action. It resulted in an explosion of force, instantaneous, ungoverned, as though a brand had been thrust into a powder keg. There was something ludicrous in the ferocity of that brief fight as the two interlocking figures went down. They rolled over and over, grunting and whimpering; they struck and twisted and kicked; they grappled and fought like terriers.

And as they fought, a terror-stricken figure that had been clinging to a near-by step-rail and foolishly whimpering over and over again, "'Tis him, sir; 'tis him!" ran screaming into the middle of the road, trailing a brown hat and veil after her. Her animal-like wail for help rang through the quiet midnight street like a steam-siren.

Gentleman Dan, in that last dull lassitude of exhaustion which was leaving him indifferent to even the weight of the triumphant blue-clad knee on his chest, dreamily remembered that it was the second woman who had done it all, that it was the unconsidered and common-minded snip of a servant girl who had put the kibosh on his *game!*

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THE MAKING OF "K," THE WOOL SCHEDULE

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The increased cost of living worries us all. Even the government! Yet swollen fortunes continue to increase. What connection is there? Here is one link—the system that makes us pay top prices for shoddy goods. Now read some plain truths about the men who forge this link. We pay the bill; why not examine just one item?

THE Capitol of the United States shone white above its hill of green. It was June. A soft touch of breeze rustled among nodding flowers planted in the beds below the broad steps, and up these steps two men climbed, one an old newspaper correspondent, the other a younger man who carried his head high the better to inhale the light aromas of the spring.

Presently the two had mounted to a level where sat a third, drying his forehead with a huge silk handkerchief, while his dust-specked hat reposed beside him on the step. A moment before he had seemed a thing of little consequence on the background of the massive, dome-capped edifice.

WILLIAM WHITMAN, THE CHIEF SHAPER OF A WOOL SCHEDULE WHICH OPPRESSES US, THE CONSUMERS.

Worthiness, now and then, makes an unmistakable stamp upon a human face; any one could have told that behind this particular smiling, informal sort of countenance there was that strength which means patient, honest, lifelong toil, a joy in simple pleasures, and a grave obscure but honorable. The man was one who carries burdles without fearing to lose dignity; one who earns away mortgages, washes his hands in cold water, and has invested all prospective luxuries for himself in actualities for a brood of children: an unusually average citizen

Now his eyes, looking up to meet the casual glance of the other two, were bright with some new enthusiasm. As if to explain, he pointed over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Never been to Washington before," he said to the two strangers, who had stopped to take breath. "Never seen the Capitol before! No, sir. But I've just been all over it. Seen it *all!* Listened to debate. Makes you realize, I tell yer! This is *some country!*"

The young man smiled back and nodded. But the old newspaper man waited till they had reached the top of the steps, at the doors of the mighty building, before he pointed back at the unusually average citizen sitting there below. As he spoke, a repulsive leer of cynicism came about his mouth.

"That one," said he, "is another of a

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class we see here so often—the sentimentalists. He is one of the 'ultimate consumers' that you hear mentioned once in a long while in these tariff debates. He thinks that all this—buildings, chambers, debate—belongs to him. Thinks he's being represented. Probably goes back home and talks about 'statesmanship.' He is the same old goat. If he only knew the truth!"

If he only knew the truth! Well then, what is this truth about our tariff-making? Suppose attention is given to the story of one schedule of the tariff. Suppose that, without any desire to emphasize evils, we go ahead, curious to know how Schedule K was made and whether the unknown citizen who sat on the Capitol steps wiping his brow and whose eyes shone with his faith in national legislation, was wise in his pride or merely an inconsequent and negligible "ultimate consumer," who had been fooled by his own cheap little sentiment about the glories of representative government.

Schedule K, which was carried over with changes of no consequence into the revised tariff, is loaded with follies and even with noxious and iniquitous provisions. It has been examined already in the pages of EVERYBODY'S; to describe it here, it will be necessary only to state the chief aspects of its evil effect upon us all. They are such as to cause President Taft to say that "the woolen schedule is indefensible," and to cause even "old line" protectionists in Congress to heap upon K abuse and ridicule, or to defend it with silence or with petty bickering and evasion.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

S. N. D. NORTH, WHO AS CLERK TO A SENATE COMMITTEE, WAS PAID BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOOL MANUFACTURERS.

K is "indefensible" because it deprives a nation of an adequate supply of wool and woolen goods, but gives special privileges to those who make manufactures of wool to sell at an unreasonable profit. It is indefensible because it allows a privileged class of manufacturers a competition-killing advantage over another class by reason of its arrangement of duties on wool—the raw material of the makers of woolen goods.

K is indefensible because *it assumes as facts* false assumptions, which are known by all who have knowledge of woolen manufacture to establish unreasonable duties—duties which are not to be defended on the ground of protection to industry and which bear with great weight upon the cost of necessities. At the same time K cheats the woolgrower of his protection, the carpet maker and carded-woolen manufacturer of a fair price on raw material, and the clothier and the consumer of "honest" wool goods. It places disproportionate burdens upon woolen products of least value, and makes the poor man bear the heaviest load. Furthermore, these burdens—not the burdens of "protection," but the burdens of *prohibitory duties, special privileges, and gratuitous subsidies*—go to the benefit of the "trust" branch of the woolen industry, and at the same moment deprive the government of revenue.

The one fact about K which needs to be emphasized most is this—that, regardless of any theory of "protection," K is founded on untruths and doctored facts, and is the result of an incompetent method of tariff-making.

Jokers and "snakes" with which it started out over forty years ago still persist. The "revision" of 1909 showed only that the tactics and tricks by which it was built, the "interests" and deals by which it is maintained, are still active—*and successful*.

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It is much better to watch the working of the smooth machinery of to-day than to review at length the history of K's manipulation. But to understand why K and its provisions are stuck up before us, like a sore thumb and four bandaged fingers, it is necessary to know that the Civil War and its heavy expense caused a high duty to be put on wool, and an internal-revenue tax to be put on woolen manufactures. To compensate the manufacturers for the higher price on raw material and also for the internal-revenue tax on their product, high compensatory duties were put upon wool and woolen imports which might compete with our home woolens.

In other words, these extra duties on manufactures of wool were supposed to equalize the difference between the situation of the foreign manufacturer who could buy his wool cheaper and was free from an internal-revenue tax and the situation of the American manufacturer who had these burdens. The compensatory duties are properly called *extra* duties, because they were in addition to duties on woolen manufactures which were intended to protect home industry against the cheaper cost of production abroad. *But, in spite of the fact that the internal-revenue tax was afterward removed, in spite of the fact that the population, the value of land, the country's consuming power, and the processes and art of manufacture have changed, in spite of the lapse of nearly half a century, the schedule now called K hangs on the same old frame and has been safely piloted by its "beneficiees" through the "revisions."*

At the very beginning, the woolgrowing interests and the woolen manufacturers stood together, as they have stood, with but few interruptions, ever since. The representatives of the sheep herders and of the mills traded out the tariff between them at meetings in Syracuse, New York, in 1865, in Washington in 1866. The two interests decided what sort of a schedule would suit them and drew up such a schedule. The pressure brought to bear by their lobbyists was sufficient; *they obtained their tariff.* And when they found that, by clerical error, the words "Canadian long wools" had been left out of the drafted law, they went back to Congress *and had those three important words inserted by a special act.*

There was at least one party in interest

THE NEW MILL OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN CO., AT LAWRENCE, MASS.—THE LARGEST WORSTED MILL IN THE WORLD.

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ARLINGTON MILLS, AT LAWRENCE, OF WHICH WILLIAM WHITMAN, THE FATHER OF SCHEDULE K, IS PRESIDENT.

who had nothing to say about this proceeding. Said John Sherman, speaking with gentle sarcasm in the Senate at that time: "I trust that in the present tariff this arrangement between the woolgrowers and the wool manufacturers will be carried out. I would take them at their word; I think their demand is a reasonable one, and I would be willing to give it to them as they ask it, so that, if there is anything wrong with the practical working of their scheme, they themselves may have the responsibility of it. It is said that there was a very important class of people not consulted when this arrangement was made. That is true. The consumers were not consulted. And the consumers have to pay the increased cost." These words, spoken on January 23, forty-two years ago, described the situation then, and might have been used at any time to describe the situation as it continued; and they still apply after the "revision" of 1909.

It has been said that tariffs are now made, not in Congress but in the corridors of the Willard Hotel. More interesting is the fact that Schedule K is made, virtually, not in Congress but in conferences between the interests of the National Wool Growers Association and the interests of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, held in convenient meeting places, as, for instance, in Chicago, in 1908. *Still more picturesque is the fact that this important schedule has been shaped by a single personality.*

It is, indeed, grimly amusing that the Supreme Court of the United States should have established the well-known rule of constitutional law which forbids the *formal* delegation of legislative power. For the *informal* delegation of discretionary powers may be given with apparent impunity, as in the case of this Schedule K, to the beneficiaries of tariff legislation. And it is given with the result that the largest part of the supposedly legislative discretion has been held for years by a single man. It bears strangely upon our much-prized doctrine of "*No taxation without representation.*"

We are prone to blame personalities rather than faults in our systems of government. Nevertheless, let it be known that the one man who has had more to do than any other with providing the nation with a woolen schedule which has always been favorable to him and is to-day doing a great

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wrong to all consumers of clothing, carpets, and blankets, and to one great branch of the woolen industry, is William Whitman, of the Arlington Mills in Massachusetts. No grain of evidence of actual corruption has ever been brought against Mr. Whitman. His knowledge of wool and woolens, of tariffs and tariff drafting, of political paths and legislative strategy has been admirable. His business foresight has been praiseworthy. His shrewdness is too keen for sneers. His intelligence was of that comprehensive sort which omits nothing. He has even played his part with some dramatic ability; and if we go on to see how he played this part, it is only to question the system of tariff-making which allows single selfish interests to mould national legislation.

Mr. Whitman has for years been the leading spirit in the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and with him in this last tariff upheaval stood the interests of William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, the so-called trust which controls one-third or more of the business of the country. The National Association has a large-sounding name suggestive of the purposes of the usual trade association; but the first and foremost apparent function of this particular association, in which the truly active membership is small, has been to handle legislation. The handling of this legislation by enlisting the help of the woolgrowers, by stimulating sufficient and effective campaign contributions, by stuffing the tariff hearings with testimony, and keeping friendly relations with the departments of the government where statistics are drawn up, is left in large part to the direction of Mr. Whitman himself.

He has had a long experience in one kind of lobbying, directly and indirectly. It is amusing that there is some doubt whether he is a "tariff maker" because he is a worsted manufacturer or a worsted manufacturer because of the peculiar advantages that he found he could obtain for the worsted industry through his activities in connection with legislation.

Let Mr. Whitman's own testimony, taken in a lawsuit in Boston, now speak, both as to the question of his early connection with Schedule K and, incidentally, as to his character as a witness:

Q. Now you say you were never a lobbyist? Lobbyist is an elastic phrase. You went to Washington; you have been on to Washington a good deal to interview committees and members of Congress in support of certain legislation, haven't you—tariff legislation? A. I have never solicited. I don't know just what you mean.

Q. Perhaps you can just listen to my question. I think my question admits of an answer yes or no. (Question read by the stenographer.) A. I have interviewed committees, yes.

Q. And members of Congress outside the sessions of committees? A. I don't think I ever did.

Q. How long were you in Washington at a time? A. I have been in Washington two and three weeks at a time.

Q. And do you mean to tell me that you never said anything to members of Congress outside of the committee room? A. I never asked anybody in my life, anybody connected with Congress, to vote for any specific thing in my life.

Q. And that you are willing to say? A. It is the truth.

Q. Now, you yourself, haven't you been paid for your services in connection with tariff matters when you first went on there? A. No.

Q. Do you mean to tell me that you did not receive compensation from other manufacturers when you first went to Washington in regard to tariff matters? A. I will tell you all about it, but if you ask me the question in that form I will say no, I was never compensated for anything.

Q. Very well. If the form of the question permits that answer, what do you mean? What is your explanation? A. Why, much to my surprise there was somewhere about 1883—I think it was in 1883—a few gentlemen got together and made up a small purse to help me, and gave it to me. I have forgotten how much it was. But I had been paying my own expenses there and had been there a great deal. That was 'way back twenty years ago.

Q. You say you were paying your own expenses? Do you mean that those were paid by the Arlington mills? A. What?

Q. Do you mean you were paying them, the Arlington Mills were paying them? A. I don't know. I don't remember now who paid the expenses.

Q. I thought you said you had been paying your own. A. I paid them myself. Whether I was reimbursed by the Arlington Mills or not for my expenses, I don't remember.

Q. I often pay the expenses of witnesses. A. Well, in traveling, you know, and those kind of things, you hardly ever collect.

Q. You generally collected from the Arlington Mills all your expenses in Washington, didn't you? You would not undertake to say that all this work that you did in the tariff was a waste of time? A. Well, if I have not collected my expenses I have been very remiss.

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

SENATOR ALDRICH OF RHODE ISLAND,
DEFENDER OF K.

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SENATOR DOLLIVER, OF IOWA,
OPPOSER OF K.

It is not probable that Mr. Whitman and the other manufacturers of his Association could by themselves have exercised so complete a dictation over the wool tariff as they have done, had they not enlisted the woolgrowers in an alliance for mutual benefit. Of course, there was an apparent conflict of interest between the woolgrower who wanted a high duty on wool and the woolen manufacturer who wanted a low duty to make his raw material cheaper. But there is no longer any mystery as to the trick by which the two interests worked out their special privileges. The most powerful woolgrowers, politically, were those who grew wool which *shrinks heavily in cleaning;* the most powerful manufacturers were those who used a *light-shrinking wool* to make worsted cloth. A tariff which placed, as Schedule K did, the same duty on light and heavy-shrinking wools, *by the pound,* is satisfactory to both these parties. Such a duty allows the light-shrinking wool a great advantage over the heavy-shrinking wool in bringing it into this country. And this protects the grower of heavy-shrinking wool and yet allows the manufacturer of light-shrinking wool to obtain his raw material at a lower "duty cost" than his competitors.

In other words, this worsted branch of the woolen industry could get its scoured wool cheap, and its competitor, the carded-woolen industry, which uses the heavy-shrinking wools, has to deal with an almost prohibitory duty on its own raw material. As to the growers of heavy-shrinking wool, they are protected, but the welfare of the grower of light-shrinking wool is traded away by them to the worsted manufacturer. *Certainly this has nothing to do with the theory of protection.* It is merely a situation in which one branch of the woolgrowing industry and one branch of the manufacturing industry arrange with each other to produce a favorable schedule, which, in fact, discriminates against their competitors.

It was this alliance to which President Taft referred, when, at Winona last September, he said that the combined interests were strong enough, through their representatives in Congress, to have their way or defeat the whole tariff bill as it was reported. The situation is particularly interesting, not only because the consumer is hurt by it, but

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because a part of home industry is hurt by it—and sheep growers, carded-woolen manufacturers, carpet factories, and manufacturing clothiers, despite their protests, all suffer.

This tariff-making outside of Congress has gone on year after year, and the parties to the transaction have tried to surround their activities with a cloud of secrecy. But from time to time there comes to the surface evidence such as is found in the following passage from the letter of Theodore Justice, who represented the woolgrowers in the last "revision." He was writing to the former secretary of the manufacturers' association. "Schedule K of the McKinley Act," says he, "was the result of that convention [of the two interests] in which you and I took an active part." Senator Dolliver said with truth of this passage and its context that it was a vivid description "of how poor McKinley, bewildered by the intricacies of the wool schedule, *turned the whole matter over to the parties in interest to fix it up between themselves.*"

At the time of the campaign which resulted in McKinley's election, Mr. Whitman went all the way to Canton, Ohio, the home of the future president, and, says the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter*, "after this interview interested himself in securing Republican contributions in New England." What connection may be found between Mr. Whitman's campaign work and the presence of his representative as a confidential clerk in the employ of the Finance Committee during the framing of the Dingley tariff no one can with certainty say. Publicity has already been given to the fact that this confidential clerk was S. N. D. North, before that time secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers and afterward director of the United States Census Bureau. *In his position as clerk to the Senate Committee he was remunerated, not by the people of the United States, but by the Association of which he had been secretary.* This knot of men paid him $5,000 for his labors in behalf of a tariff that should be "correct"; and it might be asked of Senator Aldrich whether or not he knew at the time of the true character of North's activity.

Letters which passed between Mr. Whitman and Mr. North during that period are interesting. Some of the series give a quaint

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN, OF WYOMING.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

SENATOR REED SMOOT, OF UTAH.

SUPPORTERS OF SCHEDULE K.

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atmosphere to the doctoring of the wool schedule. Parts of them are worth reprinting. They help to show "how it is done." They reflect the mental attitude of the "insiders." The italics did not appear in the original letters.

North to Whitman.

April 4, 1897.

Now about the tariff. I cannot, after what has been said to me in reference to my confidential relations with the committee, keep you posted as I would like to do. *But if I find that it is desirable that you should come on here, I will telegraph you* that the situation requires attention, and you will doubtless have no trouble in finding out what is the matter.

In the meanwhile, let me ask this question. Should tops at a 24-cent line have the same compensatory duty as yarns at a 30-cent line? Should tops at a 24-cent line have a compensatory duty of 27½ cents? Putting that value line so low was unfortunate, in view of the appearance it presents of making the compensatory duty alone more than 100 per cent. I am aware that the same thing occurs in cloths at the 40-cent line; but this tops is a new paragraph, and will get closer scrutiny on that account. *I do not want you to intimate to any senator that I have written you on this subject*, but to consider whether you cannot, when the time comes, suggest raising the value line in the top paragraph, to meet this kind of criticism.

I am well, although I am kept at work from 10 A.M. until midnight. There is an immense amount of detail, and I have not sufficient clerical assistance, as yet. *I am the only person whom the committee allows in its meetings, and it makes it very hard, but I expect to pull through all right.*

Whitman to North.

Boston, April 6, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. NORTH:—I have received your letter of the 4th, for which I am obliged. I suppose there is nothing for me to do but accept the situation as regards your keeping me posted, *although I had supposed that, in reference to the interests you represent, you would be at liberty to communicate freely with your associates.*

Whitman to North.

Boston, June 2, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. NORTH:—We all depend upon you to *watch closely our interests, to see that nothing is overlooked or neglected by our friends on the Committee.* I have no doubt they will do all they can do, but, with so many interests to look after, our *special representative* must see to it that our interest receives proper attention.

And again:

"Bear in mind that I am depending upon you wholly to look after my interests in connection with the tariff bill."

North to Whitman.

June 10, 1897.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN:—I have your letter and the mem. for Senator Aldrich regarding cotton yarns. *I am somewhat at a loss to know what is best to do these days. Senator Aldrich has been seriously sick.* . . . What will happen when the textile schedules are reached (which ought to be by next week) I cannot say. *I will do the best I can with Mr. Allison when the time comes, but he knows nothing about the understanding I have with Aldrich on the worsted yarn schedule.* The cotton manufacturers, I understand, are coming next week to demand additional duties on certain paragraphs because of the 20 per cent. duty on cotton. . . . . .

Please say nothing to anybody about what I have written as to Mr. Aldrich. I have said it to no one else, and I may be all wrong, as I trust I am.

North to Whitman.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
June 20, 1897.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN:—It is lucky I was here, and just in the position I am. It has given me a whole day to work on the matter, and get it right, and with Aldrich away, there is no one on the committee who knows anything about it. But Allison and Platt trust me, and I expect they will both agree to what I have asked. I went all over the matter with them last evening.

Whitman to North.

Boston, July 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. NORTH:—I am unable to go to Washington and have no one to look out for *my interests* there but yourself, and I depend upon you. *Of course Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need.* I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns and tops.

Incidentally, the explanations of some of the details of this transaction, and the correspondence, both taken from the testimony before the Ways and Means Committee, and shown below, have points of difference, which are here, perhaps needlessly, emphasized by italics.

Mr. Whitman.

Mr. Clark. Now, as a matter of fact, after it was all over, did you make him a present of $5,000 for the services rendered?

Mr. Whitman. *Not for that service.*

Mr. Clark. For any service?

Mr. Whitman. That man had been working for a small salary, and *we thought that he was entitled to a larger one, and we gave him* $5,000

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to make up for arrears, just as I would do for any faithful servant of mine, or any company with which I am connected.

Mr. North.

"Following my return to Boston, after the passage of the tariff bill, *the officers of the National Wool Manufacturers' Association informed me that, in recognition of the arduous and responsible work which I had performed for the committee* and the serious injury to my health, which had resulted from *an assignment entirely apart from my duties as secretary of the association*, they believed I had been underpaid and, accordingly, as an expression of their personal good will and regard, they presented me with the sum of $5,000. Shortly afterwards my salary was increased from $4,000 to $6,000 per annum."

Mr. Whitman.

Mr. Fordney. Do you say those letters were stolen?

Mr. Whitman. Copies were.

Mr. Cockran They were a published record, I understood you to say, produced in court?

Mr. Whitman. My books were, and these were extracted from them.

Mr. Cockran. *They were stolen;* that is, a part of the evidence was stolen?

Mr. Whitman. *Yes.*

Mr. North.

"*All the correspondence* which Mr. Bennett obtained from Mr. Whitman's files, *by order of the court*, in the libel suit against a Lynn newspaper, was published at the time of the suit, some eight years ago, and commented upon in the newspapers."

Some one did look after the matter of yarns and tops for Mr. Whitman! The duty on tops, which Mr. Whitman manufactures, had been placed by a "joker" at a higher rate than the duty on yarns which are made from these tops. The "joker," which was carried into the Dingley law, took "tops" out of the phraseology of the bill and let the paragraph which includes all wool "in advanced process of manufacture," not otherwise provided for, cover tops, because tops were not specifically mentioned anywhere else. This little whimsicality in our tariff allowed the privileged manufacturer a fat advantage in both the top and the yarn business. Says one eminent student of tariff history, considering that this result could not be charged to actual corruption, "The outcome is much the same as if there had been corruption." And elsewhere: "The details of legislation had been virtually arranged by the persons having a direct pecuniary interest in the outcome."

Of course, the power of special interests to dictate tariff legislation has existence for some reason. Taxation of necessities without the real consent of the governed, when it is not even left to the true discretion of representatives, means that representatives are either bulldozed or bought. It is not necessary to find that actual threats have been made by powerful combines or that money has been passed, to show that such legislation as has just reënacted old Schedule K is a gloomy extravaganza for which a hundred million people must pay in dollars, cents, and faith in their government. There is not a scrap of evidence to support any yellow notion that Schedule K resulted from what is called "rough work." Schedule K was maintained by *smooth* work. It is not at all plain that those who have helped to maintain it are punishable or even villainous. Selfishness is human. When it becomes skillful enough to push a piece of "privilege" legislation through, we are often ready to vituperate the personalities that are running the affair and wish to see them drawn as blackguards. Individuals are not very important. They are important only as they help to make out a case against a method of tariff-making that has been so great a failure as to be associated with Schedule K, both in the past and in the revision of 1909.

Let us go on, however, and look a little further into "how it is done." Of course, a large part of the power to make Schedule K came at one time or another from campaign contributions. In 1908 the National Republican Committee was forbidden to take money from corporations, and was forced to publish contributions. But there is another committee to which campaign ammunition goes. This is the Congressional Campaign Committee, and it persistently refused to disclose the names of contributors during the tariff session. Demands were made upon Senator Lodge to ask for the publication of these contributions, and these same demands were also made upon other representatives in Congress, without result.

If the worsted trust and its associates made their welfare sure in this manner, of course it was by contribution to this latter committee fund or through some individual. If this was done, somebody may sooner or later find the evidence, may, indeed, have it

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already. Denials indicating that such evidence is not possible have already been issued by Senator Lodge, by Representative W. D. McKinley of Illinois, treasurer of the fund, and, curiously enough, by single individuals interested in the worsted industry, who have failed to see that their assertions that contributions were not made may invite a question as to where they received their knowledge of the unpublished lists.

The control of Schedule K is not gained by this method alone. Besides campaign contributions, and the "party discipline" resulting from such contributions, something more is necessary. It is necessary to gain control, if possible, of the sources of information upon which Congress draws and upon which tariffs are supposed to be based.

The government figures which bear upon Schedule K impress the outsider as being, at times, erratic and peculiar. The Department of Agriculture, for instance, publishes a report of the number of sheep and lambs in the country. These figures are used to show how the industry suffers in the absence of a duty on wool and how it thrives under such a law as Schedule K of the Dingley Bill. But let us compare with these figures the figures on the wool clip. The result is mildly surprising.

	Number of Sheep and Lambs.	Pounds of Wool.
1893	47,000,000	348,000,000
1903	64,000,000	287,000,000
	17,000,000 more sheep;	decrease in wool clip = 61,000,000 pds.
1894	45,000,000	325,251,000
1908	54,000,000	311,000,000
	9,000,000 more sheep;	decrease in wool clip = 14,251,000 pds.

It is not possible to charge that the government figures bearing on Schedule K are really doctored; it does not reflect upon the character of any one that for years some former officer or agent of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers has been at the seat of government statistics-making. Mr. North went out of the Census Bureau, and a "general agent" of the Association, William S. Battison, was chosen to be the government's special advisory agent assigned to the textile division in census taking. If men with former associations of this kind were not of the highest integrity, none of us could be sure that we should be able to form opinions or to procure legislation on honest figures. For there is no doubt that it would be tempting to certain special interests to have the statistics "made to order."

Of course, as to the testimony before committees, on which the tariff schedules like K are of necessity partly based, there can be no question at all that practically all of it comes from the interests that possess the largest pecuniarily selfish desire to "color the facts." *No one has been before the committees provided with a brief for the ordinary consumer of carpets, blankets, and clothes* except Mr. Theodore Justice of Philadelphia, who insisted that he represented the consumer and then naïvely added that he spoke also for the National Wool Growers' Association and a group of woolen manufacturers.

Who is there to speak for the consumer? What one of the millions is to appear to represent the others? Who will pay his hotel bill or his railroad fares when he goes to Washington to wait around and try to find out when, and when not, the Ways and Means Committee is going to give something more than a "technical notice" of hearings on the woolen schedule? Who will hire the clerks to gather data for him to use in case he can find adequate opportunity to use it? What assurance has he that his testimony given before the House Committee may not be controverted behind the closed doors of the Finance Committee of the Senate, into whose Star Chamber mysteries only the "very interested" are assured entrance? *The truth of the matter is that the so-called interests are organized to stuff the hearings; citizens are not.*

The result is plain enough, even from a glance over the hearings on Schedule K in 1897 and in 1908. The representatives and associates of the woolgrowers and those of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, although their anxieties were confined only to a part of the schedule, succeeded in filling nearly half the pages of the testimony. The representative of the Wool Growers' National Association even offered as exhibits, to be printed, long letters which he had written in the course of newspaper controversies. C. H. Grosvenor, wise, perhaps, through his former experience as a member of Congress, asserted that he appeared in behalf of the woolgrowers of Ohio, and then spent a large part of his energies as a witness in pleasantries and quips. The whole atmosphere, during a large part of the sessions on

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Schedule K, suggested strongly that the testimony was not of great value because the outcome of the "revision" of that schedule had already been determined.

This atmosphere was present in the House. The Senate reeked with it. Carded-woolen manufacturers who approached members of the Finance Committee, with their case against the discrimination by which K coddles the worsted manufacturer and injures the carded branch of the industry, were rebuffed with scant courtesy. They were told by the committee's spokesman, as he is broadly quoted in the *Congressional Record*, that nothing could or would be done, and that the true remedy for their troubles was to quit a business that had become obsolete.

Certainly no question remained about the reënactment of old K when once it had come before the Senate. To be sure, insurgents, led by Dolliver, who had summoned to his aid two unprejudiced citizens who are authorities on the matters involved, tore the schedule to pieces. No fair-minded person can go to the records of the "debate" on K without being convinced that K was thoroughly exposed. The attack upon it, upon its antiquity, its jokers, its dictators, upon its discriminations and its subsidies in favor of particular interests, was presented with enough facts to remove the contention from the realms of oratory and mere statement of opinion. In spite of the difficulty of exposition, growing out of the complicated technical character of the subject, a case that cannot be questioned was made out against K—a case which apparently fully convinced President Taft of Schedule K's extravagant character. But Senate tariff business is not conducted in a way to take much account of such expositions.

The schedule was already at anchorage. Such defense as was made of it came from Senators Aldrich, Smoot, and Warren. Senator Carter, of Montana, supported K, frankly admitting many of the allegations against the schedule, but apparently taking the so-called "practical view" that rapid progress in producing a tariff must be made in order to rid "Business" of its anxieties and uncertainties. And then, having insisted upon haste, Carter may be said to have joined those who scented a danger in a hurried revision of any kind; as one of the insurgent senators suggested, there were many who did not dare to open the box to see what was in it for fear that they would not have time to get all the contents back again.

The tactics of Senator Aldrich were interesting indeed. He was constantly lying in wait for any attack on Schedule K to overstep the boundary of correct statement. He seemed to be following the idea that an ounce of putting your opponent in the wrong was worth a pound of attempt to prove your own case right. There was not a sign from him that he was a representative of American citizens, dealing with Schedule K as a national measure of *national* business. He was apparently irritated in direct proportion as the discussion departed from enmities and amenities and approached the domain of facts. But he was confident of the final outcome.

Evasion and loose truths were constant. The average voter cannot appreciate them unaided, because he does not understand the intricacies of the subject. Dolliver might attack the iniquities of Schedule K with a vast array of facts, but his only thanks would be perhaps an accusation of becoming a deserter from the cause of protection. Aldrich, Smoot, and Warren might defend K with the most petty and sometimes deceiving bickering, and yet be free from deserved criticism. The situation is one in which the insurgent has all the disadvantages except as to the merit of the argument.

Aldrich took advantage of this. He utilized the chance to paint the protesting group of Republican senators as party traitors and near-Democrats. It is easy to find quotations to show this:

> Mr. Aldrich. I suppose the Senator from Iowa is aware that he is not the original investigator along these lines. The statement which he has just made has been made, iterated and reiterated over and over again in this Chamber and in the other Chamber, by every orator who has spoken against the duties on woolens or wool. It is simply reiterating to-day the Democratic claims which have been current in this country for a generation.

And again:

> Mr. Aldrich. When the Senator gets through, I will put in the Record statements made in the debate upon the act of 1897 by the late Senator from Arkansas, Mr. Jones, and the late Senator from Missouri, Mr. Vest, precisely along the lines of the statements the Senator is now making. They could be taken word for word and read by

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the Senator from Iowa and would produce the same effect.

Mr. Dolliver. I said at the beginning that if I speak the truth, if I confine myself to facts, I will not be diverted by the circumstance that some wayfarer in this wilderness in a former generation happened to strike the same things that have occurred to me.

Mr. Aldrich. I only made that observation for the purpose of showing that the men who are trying to destroy this tariff are still "doing business at the old stand."

Mr. Dolliver. Mr. President, I resent that statement. I am not trying to destroy this tariff. I wish to leave it a Republican tariff that can be defended in the United States.

And it is not hard to find Mr. Aldrich caught in statements which reflect rather strongly on either his sincerity or his reputed thorough knowledge of the schedules and their making. Consider these:

Mr. Dolliver. He (Mr. Aldrich) has himself stated upon this floor that the amendments offered to the Senate by the committee were not the work of the committee, but every one of them made by persons connected with the Treasury Department.

Mr. Aldrich. The Senator certainly does not want to make a misstatement. I made no such statement to the Senate. . . .

Mr. Dolliver. Mr. President, I am now able, without doubt, to state exactly what the Senator said:

(Reading) Mr. Aldrich. If the Senator will permit me just there upon that point, no manufacturer has been before the Committee on Finance in regard to this schedule. Every change that was made in it was made upon the recommendation of the government experts and nobody else, and it is now defensible and will be defended by the members of the committee whenever the schedule is reached.

And later:

Mr. Aldrich. The duty on scoured wool is three times the duty on washed wool.

Mr. Dolliver. I am not talking about the duty on scoured wool. That is not imported. I am talking about wool which shrinks 70 per cent. in scouring after it gets here.

Mr. Aldrich. It does not make any difference whether it shrinks 70 or 700 per cent. The duty is all the same.

Mr. Dolliver. Let me show that it does. If a man imports a hundred pounds of wool that shrinks to 30 pounds, he pays a duty of 11 cents a pound upon the raw wool. Eleven times a hundred is $11, and when his wool shrinks from 100 pounds to 30 pounds, and you divide $11 by 30, what do you get per pound as the duty actually paid?

Mr. Aldrich. But the Senator said the duty on the scoured was 36½ cents, whereas in the case he cites it would be 33 cents and not 36½.

That Senator Aldrich was not familiar with this biggest "joker" in Schedule K, or that he did not know the truth when he said, "It does not make any difference whether it shrinks 70 or 700 per cent," is unbelievable. This is a sample of the tactics used in the statesmanship that now leads a party in Congress. It is on a par with a letter written by Senator Lodge to a voter in Massachusetts in which Mr. Lodge points to a change in the duty on noils from twenty cents to eighteen cents a pound as a matter of importance. Speaking with restraint, it is hard to see how he could possibly have been innocent enough not to know that the two cents a pound difference is of no consequence, because the rate is still prohibitory.

The tariff is one of the important business questions with which the nation, through these senators, in part, has to deal; it is disheartening to find it treated in Congress with glaring inefficiency. It is a thousand times worse to find not only that the making of a schedule like K discloses inefficiency, but also that some tariffs are virtually not made in Congress at all. It is true, at least as to K, that special interests do control, that false foundations are gathered and laid, that upon these foundations is built taxation that is indefensible. It is true that the cost of the wrong done is paid by men whose representation in the legislative body is sometimes only theoretical.

The mere criticism of any privilege-seeking manufacturer or privilege-giving legislator is not important in so large a matter. Facts to sustain such criticism are not given here merely to reflect upon persons. The target is the method of making tariffs.

While tariffs like Schedule K are made in the way they are made, the unknown citizen who sits on the Capitol steps, wiping his brow with a silk handerchief and reflecting on the glories of representative government, remains "the same old goat."

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SHADOW

by GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE
AND ALICE MacGOWAN
Authors of "Return, A Story of the Sea Islands"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES B. FALLS

"SHAD ain't a nigger—he's a dark-skinned white boy."

As Ranny Cable gave utterance to this formula, half jocularly in use among the negroes themselves, he flung back his head and stared defiantly up at the man and woman on the porch above him. The small black boy trotting at his heels paused and dug wiggling toes into the loose gravel of the path, grinning sheepishly.

"I didn't say nigger," young Mrs. Cable reproved, looking down at her offspring. "I said negro. It is the proper word, and the one you must use, Ranny."

Shad looked from one to the other of the three, and wondered at so much bother over so small a matter. He was contentedly a "nigger," or a negro, or a dark-skinned white boy, just as Ranny Cable, the infallible polestar of his course, might direct. He dropped inconsequently down and began rolling over and over in the grass, chuckling. Young Cable followed suit, and the two five-year-olds tumbled breathlessly along the slope of the terrace, scuffling together like a pair of puppies.

"There now, Peyton, you see how it is for yourself," the wife accused. "If Ranny is allowed to play with negroes, he learns their ways and speech—what an outrageous remark that was of his!"

Peyton Cable laughed, lowered his feet from the balustrade, and dropped the paper he was reading into his lap, that he might better observe the pair on the lawn.

"I don't see any harm in Randolph's playing with Shad Johnson," he remarked easily. "That's a piece of your Northern prejudice, Emily. I grew up with little niggers on a plantation. There were no white children about, and I had to have somebody to play with. We used to steal a pone of cornbread and a hunk of bacon and pass the grub around, taking bites of it in turn."

He laughed at sight of his wife's disgusted

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face. "Em, you Northern people can't understand how we feel toward the negroes. I loved 'em—I loved 'em, I tell you—a heap better than I would have loved any white children. There wasn't any competition, you see. It was like playing with little animals that could talk. Why, my father and my uncles each had a negro boy given him for his own when he got old enough to knock about in the woods and go hunting and fishing. Father's boy was Uncle Zeke. You remember Uncle Zeke—he was there when you and I were married. The old man was faithful to father to the day of his death. Freedom didn't mean anything to a man like that. I reckon he'd had all the freedom he wanted all his life." Again Cable laughed, and put his feet up, preparing to resume his paper. "I remember Uncle Zeke used to tell me big tales about how he and father would fight sometimes when they were boys, and when dad couldn't lick him, he'd threaten to send Zeke to the overseer and have him whipped right."

Mrs. Cable's lips shut hard before they parted to say: "Well, I should certainly not want a son of mine to be put in a position where he could be struck by a negro companion. Peyt, I wish you wouldn't tell such stories as that before Randolph. He gets distorted ideas from them, and I have trouble enough to try to keep him away from this Johnson boy. It was different when the negroes belonged to you. It wasn't even the same a few years ago, when they still knew their places and kept them, and were humble and obedient. Shad's mother sent me word that she didn't want her son to play with mine, any more than I did, and that she'd— There she is right now."

A tall black woman, with a switch held in the folds of her skirt, crossed the road and took hold of the pickets of the Cable fence. "You Robe't Shadwell Johnsing, come here to me dis minute!" she called.

The boys dropped apart, and Shad got to his feet ruefully. "Ranny said for me to come over here," he whined. "Ranny say his ma won't let him come to my house, and I must come to his'n."

"Well, is you obliged to mind dat white boy, or is you obliged to mind yo' mammy?" inquired Mrs. Johnson rancorously, displaying her switch. "You hangs after him like a shadder."

"Dat's what he say I is," agreed Shad, hopping mournfully and obliquely in the direction of his parent and the near-approaching punishment. "He say dat's what my name stand for. He say Shad *is* for Shadder. I 'spect he knows."

The woman looked up with helpless fury at the people on the porch above. Cable had buried himself deep in his newspaper, and Mrs. Cable's back was turned. The black mother caught at her son and pulled him toward her.

"Yo' name is Robe't Shadwell Johnsing," she proclaimed in loud, sullen tones, "and you ain't a-goin' to be shadder to no white boy if yo' mammy kin beat it out of you."

II

Out on the Heights, where the Cables lived, and the little Johnson cabin clung, like a hanger-on or some humble servitor, to the lower and more undesirable side of the street, the companionship of the sons of the respective households maintained itself undisturbed by the fretting of their elders. Yet the point of contact is the point of friction, and the childish quarrels of these two, even the unbroken devotion that plainly subsisted through these flickerings, gave cause for exasperation and heartburning in both the black family and the white. Then came the time when both boys were old enough to go into town to the big public schools, which would definitely separate them.

Nowadays the negro schools in Watauga are dismissed half an hour earlier than the white schools, having gathered their pupils that much in advance; and the streets by which the children of each race may leave the buildings are strictly prescribed by police regulation. But Shad and Randolph started in before all these wise provisions were made.

They were coming down the street, three of them, white boys, with their arms over each other's shoulders, and Ranny Cable was in the middle. They were stepping hard to make their heavy school shoes ring on the pavement, and repeating some formula in concert which passed for a college yell, perhaps. Suddenly, Alfy Carey looked over his shoulder and remarked:

"I believe that nigger boy is following us."

"It ain't nobody but Shad. He don't mean any harm," explained Ranny, with a rather red face. "He lives out on the Heights where I do. I know him—when I see him."

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The white boys had faced around. Shad stood stock-still in his tracks and stared at his playmate. He had outgrown the white boy in the past three or four years and was nearly half a head taller.

"I lives up where you does?" he echoed uncertainly, his eyes fixed on Randolph's countenance to see where the joke came in. "I reckon you does know me when you sees me—why, you and me plays togedder all de time."

"Do—do you play with niggers?" inquired Billy Anderson, who had not spoken yet.

"Aw, let him alone," urged Alf Carey. "I used to play with niggers sometimes when I was little. He'll quit it, now that he's got big enough to go to school with us."

He had swung the line around, and they tried to resume their stamping and shouting with the same spirit that had informed it before. Shad faltered a few paces after them. A dozen accusations boiled in his slower mind—poor Shad! after all his mother's fierce revolt, only a shadow cast by something brighter, more creative, nearer to the source of light than himself.

"You, Ranny Cable," he choked out finally, "you gwine be sorry for dis. Next Saturday when you is home alone, an' dey ain't none o' dese-hyer white boys by, you gwine come and baig me to play wid you. You gwine baig me—dat's what you is."

His fists doubled themselves up, without any volition, or any thought of use. He was on the verge of tears.

"Call him a liar," whispered the Carey boy. "I wouldn't let any nigger say that to me."

Upon Ranny Cable's shoulders, a binding yoke, lay the arms of his own race and kind; in his ear was the whisper of the blood. Beneath that touch, at the bidding of that crude whisper, all memory of the years of companionship vanished. Ranny Cable turned and shouted at his shadow to begone.

"I won't beg you to play with me—I won't! I'll never speak to you again!" he cried, baldly. "You just hang around after me and disgrace me—my folks say."

With a bellow of rage, Shad lowered his head, spread his arms, and charged full on the three. His assault was so fairly apportioned among them, that it seemed scarcely unfair that all should answer it; yet it put the odds sorely against the black boy. Seeing this, he bent to pick up a stone; but the street was paved, and, taking advantage of his position, two white boys rolled him over in the mud.

There was a yell and a clatter of feet as somebody started from the corner of the block below to stop the fight. Shad was under, but he fought with such fury and despair that, when they pulled Ranny Cable away from his clutching, hammering fists, the white boy had a broken collar bone.

III

THAT broken collar bone settled it. In the tedious days while it was knitting, Randolph Cable's mother laid what she hoped was a strong foundation of enmity to keep the two boys apart. Shad's mother, lacking any injuries to her son, was the angrier and the more resolute to be the one aggrieved. Between the boys themselves, no more enmity survived than would remain between a pair of pups when, in rough play, one of them gets nipped too sharply. Yet when Ranny was again about, his companionship with Shad was brief, fragmentary, stolen. Occasionally, on Saturdays or in vacation times, the two boys would get together surreptitiously and pick up their intimacy, after the manner of childhood, exactly where they had dropped it. And so the years went on with these two, bringing long seasons of separation, estrangement, hostility, broken by brief periods of association secretly and eagerly renewed.

The summer Randolph was twelve, his mother entertained a house-party for him—four visiting boys from Watauga who came out to the Heights and enjoyed a week of suburban life. They practiced for the Second District baseball team, roamed the near-by woods, and loved best of all to go swimming in the big creek at the foot of the slope.

Shad—poor Shad, tortured by the dog soul within him, which wants always to be at heel following some one—watched their diversions from afar with a sullen eye. He was not asked to join in them.

"Ef dat white trash up on de hill 'shamed of you befo' folks, you better let 'em alone all de time," Shad's mother counseled him wisely. But he could not let them alone. Can the shadow disassociate itself from the sunlight? He hung after the party and watched while Ranny won applause for the skill that Shad had taught him in pitching, or he trailed hopefully in the rear with a can

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SHAD'S SULLEN EYES WATCHED THE SPOT WHERE HE WENT DOWN.

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of bait in his pocket when the boys went toward the creek. What if they should need it and call on him to join them with his supplies?

"Shad can pitch better than I can," Randolph told his visitors in a burst of generosity. "He'd be glad enough to teach all of you, if you'd just let him in and treat him a little friendly."

"Well, we can't," decided Percy Macon, the eldest of the party. "It won't do to have a nigger like that around with you. Suppose we'd meet somebody here on the road—he hasn't got sense enough to walk behind us, where niggers belong. He'd just about trot up to the front and expect to pass himself off for the whole thing."

Yet so desirable was the skill of the negro boy that he was continually admitted to a sort of companionship with his white neighbors, a fitful and dubious companionship that held more bitter than sweet. More often the group of white boys went gayly shouting on their way toward this or that youthful pastime, while Shad sulked a rod or so in the rear, or watched from some remoter vantage point. It happened in that way the morning they went down to the swimming-hole in Coweta Creek. Coweta was almost a little river, and there were rafts at the mouth of it where it flowed into the Tennessee. They were flinging off clothes with a merry chatter of young voices in the deep, green stillness of the wood; the fresh, pink-white, slim forms were tearing down the steep, brown bank and splashing into the greenish-gray, shining water, when Percy Macon dared Randolph to dive from the far end of the raft and "swim under."

"I dare you to do it—I dare you to do it," he chanted. "I've done it twice, and you're afraid to. Aw—fraidie—fraidie!"

Randolph couldn't swim much, but he wasn't a boy to take a dare. He straightened his thin body, put up his hands to shield his head, gave a rather wavering whoop, and off he plunged.

Shad's sullen eyes, heavy with brooding jealousy and resentment, watched the spot where he went down. Rings of fire reflected from the morning sun widened from it, and still no dripping head popped up at the other end of the raft, no shrill, triumphant voice announced that Ranny had swum under it. Suddenly the black boy was plunging down the bank, jerking fiercely at the neck of his shirt—there was nothing on him but shirt and trousers.

"Ain't you boys got no sense?" he panted as he ran. "Ranny's done hit his head on them logs under there. Ye nee'n'to watch for him—he ain't goin' to come up without somebody goes down and gits him!"

Without any flourish the lithe, brown figure shot from the bank itself to dive beneath the logs. Shad was a good swimmer, but he labored under the disadvantage of haste and anxiety. Twice his head came in contact with the raft above him; twice he thought he must give up his quest. And then his foot struck something on the bottom; he doubled himself in an agony of effort, caught at Randolph's close-cropped hair—his arm—and dragged him free from the branch with which he was entangled. His lungs were fire, and felt burstingly too big for his laboring chest; his nostrils stung; the eyes which he had opened beneath the water to see where they were, blurred almost to blindness. Could he hold on? He must. Ranny—why, Ranny'd drown, unless he could hang on a minute more!

With final struggles that were almost unconscious, he won to the edge of the raft, flung one brown arm upon it, and supported Randolph with the other. With a splash the black poll shot up from the water, a drooping yellow head clutched close beside it; with a long, loud, rattling, stertorous gasp, Shad filled his agonized lungs. Oh, the good taste of the air in his mouth, the welcome, welcome sight of the sky, which was for a moment full of shooting stars that flashed and whirled and clashed together to the music of the thunder in his ears. Then came the older boys running across the raft, gasping, sobbing, clawing, clutching at the two with trembling hands, to lay hold upon them and drag them from the water. They carried Ranny, limp and with closed eyes, to the bank, but Shad scrambled out for himself, grunting and dripping. He dropped on his stomach in the mud, while the white boys carried forward the rescue he had begun; Percy Macon—the eldest of the group—getting Randolph across a log in lieu of a barrel, and trying to clear his lungs of water. Shad lay in the mud where he had dropped, relaxed, exhausted, but perfectly happy, rolling an eye now and again toward these operations, and snorting the water from his mouth and nostrils without assistance.

Two of the younger boys had got on some clothing and started to carry the news to Ranny's home.

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Percy Macon, Lloyd Sevier, and the others worked desperately over their half-drowned companion. The water dried on their swiftly moving bodies, and, one after another, they snatched up their clothing piecemeal, and were partly dressed when Peyton Cable came crashing through the grove and down the steep slope on his white horse.

"What's the matter?" he hallooed before he got close enough to see well. "Which one of you is hurt?"

"Oh, Mr. Cable," yelled Percy Macon in desperate relief, "you come help us. Ran dived and hit his head—we've been getting the water out of him the best we could. We" —the young voice trembled—"are we doin' right? There—he's opening his eyes!"

Cable flung himself from the horse and to his knees beside the boy with almost a single motion.

"Yes—yes," he told them hurriedly, "you're doing the right thing." Then as he saw the face, white and sunken, with blue shadows under the closed eyes and around the mouth and nose: "God—how long was he in? Here"—without waiting for an answer—"turn him over so. Percy, take his arms and lift them like this—see?—while I count."

He had laid a trembling hand on the boy's body to second the efforts of the raised arms, when, with the opening of the chest that this gave, Randolph's lids fluttered up, and he fixed his eyes on his father's face.

"That you, dad?" he inquired dazedly.

"He's all right now—he's all right!" cried the father, in an anguish of relief. "Where's the boy that pulled him out? God bless that boy! God bless him!"

He looked around when nobody answered him, and finally Randolph's voice sounded, very low and weak: "It—I reckon it was Shad that got me. The—I reckon the others couldn't swim well enough."

Percy Macon embarked on a long explanation and apology. But impulsive Peyt Cable had whirled, as he knelt, toward the dark, shining body across which one of the boys had accommodatingly thrown Shad's trousers and shirt. He grasped the big-muscled, brown shoulder with a shaking hand.

"All right for you, Shad!" he cried, while tears stood in his eyes. "I'll never forget you for this day's work—none of us ever will."

"Oh, tha's all right, suh—tha's all right, suh," Shad mumbled in blissful embarrassment. Ranny was safe; Ranny and he were to be friends again! Life had suddenly opened out beautiful possibilities.

Peyt Cable was helping his boy to dress when there came a sound of hurrying feet and the clamor of pitiful cries from the wood above them; the messengers of evil were returning with Mrs. Cable. She came running down with them from the house through the grove, her hair disheveled, her frock pulled awry by overhanging boughs and catching brambles, her white face twisted and streaming with unregarded tears.

"Where is he? Where is he?" she cried as she burst through the greenery and ran to her child.

Randolph's father was holding him up, adjusting the last of his clothes. It looked to the mother as though she had been overalarmed.

"I'm all right now, ma," the boy told her with an attempt at sturdiness, mindful of the fact that a boy must not scare his mother. "But if it hadn't been for Shad, I reckon I'd 'a' been a goner. Pa says we're going to be good friends with Shad always because of it."

Mrs. Cable's distorted face suddenly hardened; the tears dried on her cheeks, where swift anger flamed. In that revulsion of overwrought feeling which is characteristic of such natures at such a time, she looked indignantly at her husband.

"He does?" she demanded, trembling, swallowing her sobs. "He says you're going to be a friend of Shad Johnson's? Here I've been for years trying to keep you away from that darky; and now, because everybody got a little scared, you and your father go and undo it all. Where is he? Did you say that to him?"

Father and mother stood close beside their rescued child. Mrs. Cable knelt mechanically to pull on one of Randolph's stockings. The white boys clustered close about them. They might have supposed that the neglected Shadow on the bank could not hear what they were saying.

"You don't understand, Emily," the father explained impatiently. "It was a serious matter. Randolph was in very great danger. Why, I'd have said as much for a dog that had pulled him out. It isn't as though they were white people. You can pay a nigger for what he does, and there's an end of it. I expect to pay Shad—I'll give the money to his father this evening. The boy's a nigger, and he's old enough now to know

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that there can't be any social relations between him and my son." Something hurt the man as he said the words, and made him add with an emphasis that was almost fierce: "I tell you, I'm going to pay him." He looked across his shoulder to where careful Percy Macon was gathering together the last scattered pieces of their clothing.

"Perce," he said in a guarded undertone, "you stay with him—won't you, please?" indicating with a motion of his head the prostrate boy on the bank. "When he gets dressed, you go up to his house with him, and tell 'em all there that we're proud of Shad, and that I'm coming down to—to thank him—this evening."

Young Macon nodded a reluctant assent. Lloyd and Billy had been holding the white horse and patting it. Randolph was tossed up into the saddle by his father's strong hands, and one parent walking on his right, holding to him, the other on his left, his young white companions following in a voluble, wondering little group, the procession made for the road above the bank, the recovered boy riding high in the stirrups, flinging up his arms to grasp at the young leaves above him in sheer joy of youth and recaptured life. Percy hung on his heel, looking wistfully after them.

"Do—you—do you want me to stay here?" he hesitated finally, as Shad did not speak to him, and made no move to get up. "You're all right, ain't you, Johnson?"

"I don't want you," muttered the black boy, in a voice that might have been thick with anger or with tears. "Go along wid 'em—I don't want you."

The white boy, released, sprang away gladly. And back on the bank of the sluggish little creek, Shad, his face to the wet earth, heard their voices receding; he heard the hollow, diminishing sound of the horse's hoofs, carrying Ranny away, away from him, up on to the Heights.

He was not a boy at all—not an individual—only a shadow projected monstrously upon the twilight of an eternal question.

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AN UNFRAMED PICTURE

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Gunhild," Etc.

Illustrations by Frederick R. Gruger

WHEN the assistant in the history department announced to Professor Endicott his intention of spending several months in Paris to complete the research work necessary to his doctor's dissertation, the head of the department looked at him with an astonishment so unflattering in its significance that the younger man laughed aloud.

"You didn't think I had it in me to take it so seriously, did you, Prof?" he said, with his usual undisturbed and amused perception of the other's estimate of him. "And you're dead right, too! I'm doing it because I've got to, that's all. It's borne in on me that you can't climb up very fast in modern American universities unless you've got a doctor's degree, and you can't be a Ph.D. without having dug around some in a European library. I've picked out a subject that needs just as little of that as any—you know as well as I do that right here in Illinois I can find out everything that's worth knowing about the early French explorers of the Mississippi—but three months in the Archives in Paris ought to put a polish on my dissertation that will make even Columbia and Harvard sit up and blink. Am I right in my calculations?"

Professor Endicott's thin shoulders executed a resigned shrug. "You are always right in your calculations, my dear Harrison," he said; adding, with an ambiguous intonation, "And I suppose I am to salute in you the American scholar of the future."

Harrison laughed again without resent-

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ment, and proceeded indulgently to reassure his chief. "No, sir, you needn't be alarmed. There'll always be enough Americans born scholars to keep you from being lonesome, just as there'll always be others like me, that don't pretend to have a drop of real scholar's blood in them. I want to *teach!*—to teach history!—American history! . . . teach it to fool young undergraduates who don't know what kind of a country they've got, nor what they ought to make out of it now they've got it. And I'm going in to get a Ph.D. the same way I wear a stiff shirt and collars and cuffs, not because I was brought up to believe in them as necessary to salvation—because I wasn't, Lord knows!—but because there's a prejudice in favor of them among the people I've got to deal with." He drew a long breath and went on less vehemently, "Besides, Miss Warner and I have been engaged about long enough. I want to earn enough to get married on, and Ph.D. means advancement."

Professor Endicott assented dryly: "That is undoubtedly just what it means nowadays. But you will 'advance,' as you call it, under any circumstances. *You* will not remain a professor of history. I give you ten years to be president of one of our large Western universities."

His accent made the prophecy by no means a compliment, but Harrison shook his hand with undiminished good-will. "Well, Prof, if I am, my first appointment will be to make you head of the history department with twice the usual salary, and only one lecture a week to deliver to a class of four P.G.'s—post-graduates, you know. I know a scholar when I see one, if I don't belong to the tribe myself, and I know how they ought to be treated."

If, in his turn, he put into a neutral phrase an ironical significance, it was hidden by the hearty and honest friendliness of his keen, dark eyes as he delivered this farewell.

The older man's ascetic face relaxed a little. "You are a good fellow, Harrison, and I'm sure I wish you any strange sort of success you happen to desire."

"Same to you, Professor. If I thought it would do any good, I'd run down from Paris to Munich with a gun and try scaring the editor of the *Central-Blatt* into admitting that you're right about that second clause in the treaty of Utrecht."

Professor Endicott fell back into severity. "I'm afraid," he observed, returning to the papers on his desk, "I'm afraid that would not be a very efficacious method of determining a question of historical accuracy."

Harrison settled his soft hat firmly on his head. "I suppose you're right," he remarked; adding as he disappeared through the door, "But more's the pity!"

II

He made short work of settling himself in Paris, taking a cheap furnished room near the Bibliothèque Nationale, discovering at once the inexpensive and nourishing qualities of *crèmeries* and the Duval restaurants, and adapting himself to the eccentricities of Paris weather in March with flannel underwear and rubber overshoes. He attacked the big folios in the library with a ferocious energy, being the first to arrive in the huge, quiet reading-room, and leaving it only at the imperative summons of the authorities. He had barely enough money to last through March, April, and May, and, as he wrote in his long Sunday-afternoon letters to Maggie Warner, he would rather work fifteen hours a day now while he was fresh at it, than be forced to, later on, when decent weather began, and when he hoped to go about a little and make some of the interesting historical pilgrimages in the environs of Paris.

He made a point of this writing his fiancée every detail of his plans, as well as all the small happenings of his monotonous and laborious life; and so, quite naturally, he described to her the beginning of his acquaintance with Agatha Midland.

"I'd spotted her for English," he wrote, "long before I happened to see her name on a notebook. Don't it sound like a made-up name out of an English novel? And that is the way she looks, too. I understand now why no American girl is ever called Agatha. To fit it you have to look sort of droopy all over, as if things weren't going to suit you, but you couldn't do anything to help it, and did not, from sad experience, have any rosy hopes that somebody would come along to fix things right. I'm not surprised that when English women do get stirred up over anything—for instance, like voting, nowadays—they fight like tiger-cats. If this Agatha-person is a fair specimen, they don't look as though they were used to getting what they want any other way. But here I go, like every other fool traveler, making generalizations about a whole nation from seeing one specimen. On the other side of me from Miss Midland usually sits an old German, grubbing away at Sanskrit roots. The other day we got into talk in the little lunchroom here in the same building with the library, where all we readers go to feed, and he made me so mad I couldn't digest my bread and milk Once, just once, when he was real young, he met an American woman student—a regular P. G. freak, I gather—and nothing will convince him that all American girls aren't like her. 'May God forgive Christopher Columbus!' he groans whenever he thinks of her. . . ."

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There was no more in this letter about his English neighbor, but in the next, written a week later, he said:

"We've struck up an acquaintance, the discouraged-looking English girl and I, and she isn't so frozen-up as she seems. This is how it happened I told you about the little lunchroom where the readers from the library get their noonday feed. Well, a day or so ago I was sitting at the next table to her, and when she'd finished eating and felt for her purse, I saw her get pale, and I knew right off she'd lost her money. 'If you'll excuse *me*, Miss Midland,' I said, 'I'll be glad to loan you a little. My name is Harrison, Peter Harrison, and I usually sit next you in the reading-room.' Say, Maggie, you don't know how queerly she looked at me. I can't tell you what her expression was like, for I couldn't make head or tail out of it. It was like looking at a Hebrew book that you don't know whether to read backward or forward. She got whiter, and drew away and said something about 'No! No! she couldn't think. . . .' But there stood the waiter with his hand out. I couldn't stop to figure out if she was mad or scared. I said, 'Look-y-here, Miss Midland, I'm an American—here's my card—I just want to help you out, that's all. You needn't be afraid I'll bother you any.' And with that I asked the waiter how much it was, paid him, and went out for my usual half-hour constitutional in the little park opposite the library.

"When I went back to the reading-room, she was there in the seat next me, all right, but my, wasn't she buried in a big folio! She's studying in some kind of old music-books. You would have laughed to see how she didn't know I existed. I forgot all about her till closing-up time, but when I got out in the court a little ahead of her, I found it was raining and blowing to beat the cars, and I went back to hunt her up, I being the only person that knew she was broke. There she was, moping around in the vestibule under one of those awful pancake hats English women wear. I took out six cents—it costs that to ride in the omnibuses here—and I marched up to her. 'Miss Midland,' I said, 'excuse me again, but the weather is something terrible. You can't refuse to let me loan you enough to get home in a 'bus, for you would certainly catch your death of cold, not to speak of spoiling your clothes, if you tried to walk in this storm.'

"She looked at me queerly again, drew in her chin, and said very fierce, 'No, certainly not! Some one always comes to fetch me away.'

"Of course I didn't believe a word of *that!* It was just a bluff to keep from seeming to need anything. So I smiled at her and said, 'That's all right, but suppose something happens this evening so he doesn't get here. I guess you'd better take the six sous . . . they won't hurt you any.' And I took hold of her hand, put the coppers in it, shut up her fingers, took off my hat, and skipped out before she could get her breath. There are a *few* times when women are so contrary you can't do the right thing by them without bossing them around a little.

"Well, I thought sure if she'd been mad at noon she'd be just hopping over that last, but the next morning she came up to me in the vestibule and almost smiled at me, the funniest little wavery smile, as though she were trying on a brand-new expression. It made her look almost pretty. 'Good morning, Mr. Harrison,' she said in that soft, singsong tone English women have, 'here is your loan back again. I hope I have the sum you paid for my lunch correct . . . and thank you very much.'

"I hated to take her little money, for her clothes are awfully plain and don't look as though she had any too much cash, but of course I did, and even told her that I'd given the waiter a three-cent tip she'd forgotten to figure in. When you *can*, I think it's only the square thing to treat women like human beings with sense, and I knew how I'd feel about being sure I'd returned all of a loan from a stranger. 'Oh, thank you for telling me,' she said, and took three more coppers out of her little purse; and by gracious! we walked into the reading-room as friendly as could be.

"That was last Wednesday, and twice since then we've happened to take lunch at the same table, and have had a regular visit. It tickles me to see how scared she is yet of the idea that she's actually talking to a real man that hasn't been introduced to her, but I find her awfully interesting."

"HE MADE ME SO MAD I COULDN'T DIGEST MY BREAD AND MILK."

III

During the week that followed this letter, matters progressed rapidly. The two Anglo-Saxons took lunch together every day, and by Friday the relations between them were such that, as they pushed back their chairs, Harrison said: "Excuse me, Miss Midland, for seeming to dictate to you *all* the time, but why in the world don't you go out after lunch and take a half-hour's walk as I do? It'd be a lot better for your health."

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The English girl looked at him with the expression for which he had as yet found no word more adequately descriptive than his vague "queer." "I haven't exactly the habit of walking about Paris streets alone, you know," she said.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," returned the American. "I remember hearing that young ladies can't do that here the way they do back home. But that's easy fixed. You won't be out in the streets, and you won't be alone, if you come out with me in the little park opposite. Come on! It's the first spring day."

Miss Midland dropped her arms with a gesture of helpless wonder. "Well, *really!*" she exclaimed. "*Do* you think that so much better!" But she rose and prepared to follow him, as if her protest could not stand before the kindly earnestness of his manner. "There!" he said, after he had guided her across the street into the tiny green square where, in the sudden spring warmth, the chestnut buds were already swollen and showing lines of green. "To answer your question, I think it not only better, but absolutely all right—O. K.!"

They were sitting on a bench at one side of the fountain, whose tinkling splash filled the momentary silence before she answered, "I can't make it all out—" she smiled quaintly at him—"but I think you are right in saying that it is all O. K." He laughed, and stretched out his long legs comfortably. "You've got the idea. That's the way to get the good of traveling and seeing other kinds of folks. You learn my queer slang words, and I'll learn yours."

Miss Midland stared again, and she cried out, "*My* queer slang words! What can you mean?"

He rattled off a glib list: "Why, 'just fancy now,' and 'only think of that!' and 'I daresay, indeed,' and a lot more."

"But *they* are not queer!" she exclaimed.

"They sound just as queer to me as 'O. K.' and 'I guess' do to you!" he said triumphantly.

She blinked her eyes rapidly, as though taking in an inconceivable idea, while he held her fixed with a steady gaze which lost none of its firmness by being both good-humored and highly amused. Finally, reluctantly, she admitted, "Yes, I see. You mean I'm insular."

"Oh, as to that, I mean we both are—that is, we are as ignorant as stotin'-bottles of each other's ways of doing things. Only *I* want to find out about your ways, and you don't about——"

She broke in with a pretty haste, "Ah, but I do want to find out about yours! You—you make me very curious indeed." As she said this, she looked full at him with a grave simplicity which was instantly reflected on his own face.

"Well, Miss Midland," he said slowly, "maybe now's a good time to say it, and maybe it's a good thing to say, since you *don't* know about our ways . . . to give you a sort of declaration of principles. I wasn't brought up in very polite society—my father and mother were Iowa farmer-folks, and I lost them early, and I've had to look out for myself ever since I was fourteen, so I'm not very long on *polish;* but let me tell you, as they say about other awkward people, I *mean* well. We're both poor students working together in a foreign country, and maybe I can do something to make it pleasanter for you, as I would for a fellow-student woman in my country. If I can, I'd like to, fine! I want to do what's square by everybody, and by women specially. I don't think they get a fair deal mostly. I think they've got as much sense as men, and lots of them more, and I like to treat them accordingly. So don't you mind if I do some Rube things that seem queer to you, and do remember that you can be dead sure that I *never* mean any harm."

He finished this speech with an urgent sincerity in his voice, quite different from his usual whimsical note, and for a moment they looked at each other almost solemnly, the girl's lips parted, her blue eyes wide and serious. Suddenly she flushed a clear rose-pink. "Why!" she said, in a half-whisper, "why, I *believe* you!" Harrison broke the tension with a laugh. "And what is there so surprising if you do?"

"I don't think," she said slowly, "that I ever saw any one before whom I would believe if he said that last."

"Dear me!" cried Harrison gayly, getting to his feet. "You'll make me think you are a hardened cynic. Well, if you believe me, *that's* all right! And now, come on, let's walk a little, and you tell me why English people treat their girls so differently from their boys. You are a perfect gold-mine of information to me, do you know it?"

"But I've always taken for granted most of the things you find so queer about our ways.

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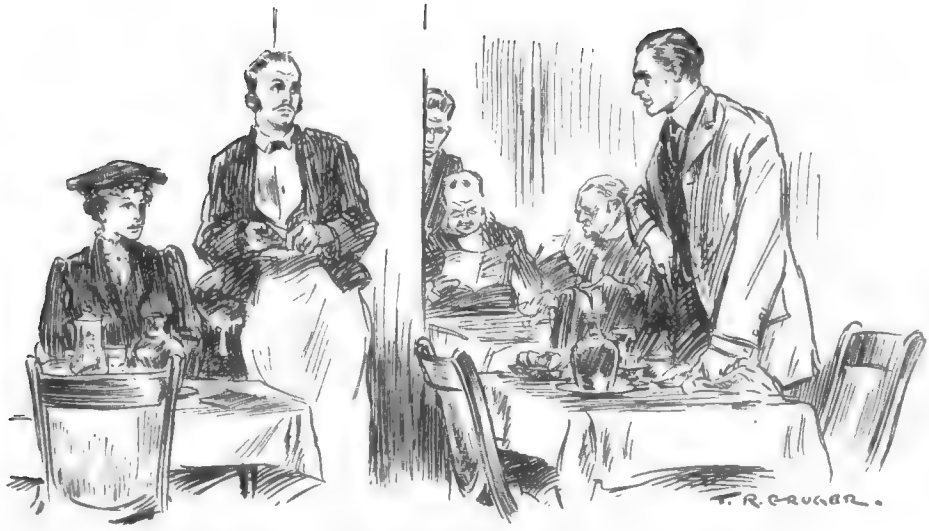

"IF YOU'LL EXCUSE *ME*, MISS MIDLAND, I'LL BE GLAD TO LOAN YOU A LITTLE."

. . . I thought that was the way they were, don't you see, by the nature of things."

"*Aha!*" he said triumphantly. "You see another good of traveling! It stirs a person up. If you can give me a lot of new facts, maybe I can pay you back by giving you some new ideas."

"I think," said Miss Midland, with a soft energy, "I think you can, indeed."

IV

A WEEK after this was the first of April, and when Harrison, as was his wont, reached the reading-room a little before the opening hour, he found a notice on the door to the effect that the fall of some plastering from a ceiling necessitated the closing of the reading-room for that day. A week of daily lunches and talks with Miss Midland had so given him the habit of communicating his ideas to her that he waited inside the vestibule for her to appear. He happened thus, as he had not before, to see her arrival. Accompanied by a neatly dressed, elderly person in black, who looked, even to Harrison's inexperienced eyes, like a maid-servant, she came rapidly in through the archway which led from the street to the court. Here, halting a moment, she dismissed her attendant with a gesture, and, quite unconscious of the young man's gaze upon her, crossed the court diagonally with a free, graceful step. Observing her thus at his leisure, Harrison was moved to the first and almost the last personal comment upon his new friend. He did not as a rule notice very keenly the outward aspect of his associates. "Well, by gracious," he said to himself, "if she's not quite a good-looker!—or would be if she had money or gumption enough to put on a little more style!"

He took a sudden resolution and, meeting her at the foot of the steps, laid his plan enthusiastically before her. It took her breath away. "Oh, no, I *couldn't!*" she exclaimed, looking about her helplessly as if foreseeing already that she would yield. "What would people——?"

"Nobody would say a thing, because nobody would know about it. We could go and get back here by the usual closing time, so that whoever comes for you would never suspect—she's not very sharp, is she?"

"No, no. She's only what you would call the hired girl in the house where I live."

"Well, then, it's Versailles for us. Here, give me your portfolio to carry. Let's go by the tram line—it's cheaper for two poor folks."

On the way out he proposed, with the same economic motive, that they buy provisions in the town, before they began their sight-seeing in the château, and eat a picnic lunch somewhere in the park.

"Oh, anything you please now!" she answered with reckless light-heartedness. "I'm quite lost already."

"There's nothing disreputable about eating sandwiches on the grass," he assured her;

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"SHE'S ONLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL THE HIRED GIRL IN THE HOUSE WHERE I LIVE."

and indeed, when they spread their simple provisions out under the great pines back of the Trianon, she seemed to agree with him, eating with a hearty appetite, laughing at all his jokes, and, with a fresh color and sparkling eyes, telling him that she had never enjoyed a meal more.

"Good for you! That's because you work too hard at your old history of music."—By this time each knew all the details of the other's research.—"You ought to have somebody right at hand to make you take vacations and have a good time once in a while. You're too conscientious."

Then, because he was quite frank and unconscious himself, he went on with a simplicity which the most accomplished actor could not have counterfeited, "That's what I'm always telling Maggie—Miss Warner. She's the girl I'm engaged to."

He did not at the time remark, but afterward, in another land, he was to recall with startling vividness the quick flash of her clear eyes upon him and the fluttering droop of her eyelids. She finished her éclair quietly, remarking, "So you are engaged?"

"Very much so," answered Harrison, leaning his back against the pine-tree and closing his eyes, more completely to savor the faint fragrance of new life which rose about them in the warm spring air, like unseen incense.

Miss Midland stood up, shaking the crumbs from her skirt, and began fitting her gloves delicately upon her slim and very white hands. After a pause, "But how would she like *this?*" she asked.

Without opening his eyes, Harrison murmured, "She'd like it fine. She's a great girl for outdoors."

His companion glanced down at him sharply, but in his tranquil and half-somnolent face there was no trace of evasiveness. "I don't mean the park, the spring weather," she went on, with a persistence which evidently cost her an effort. "I mean your being here with another girl. That would make an English woman jealous."

Harrison opened his dark eyes wide and looked at her in surprise. "You don't understand . . . we're not flirting with each other, Maggie and I . . . we're engaged." He added with an air of proffering a self-evident explanation, "As good as married, you know."

Miss Midland seemed to find in the statement a great deal of material for meditation, for after an "Ah!" which might mean anything, she sat down on the other side of the tree, leaning her blonde head against its trunk and staring up into the thick green branches. Somewhere near them in an early-flowering yellow shrub a bee droned softly. After a time she remarked as if to herself, "They must take marriage very seriously in Iowa."

The young man aroused himself, to answer sleepily: "It's Illinois where I live now—Iowa was where I grew up—but it's all the same. Yes, we do."

After that there was another long, fragrant silence which lasted until Harrison roused himself with a sigh, exclaiming that although he would like nothing better than to sit right there till he took root, they had yet to "do" the two Trianons and to see the state carriages. During this sightseeing tour he repeated his performance of the morning in the château, pouring out a flood of familiar, quaintly expressed historical lore of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which made his astonished listener declare he must have lived at that time.

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"Nope!" he answered her. "Got it all out of Illinois libraries. Books are great things if you're only willing to treat them right. And history—by gracious! history is a study fit for the gods! All about folks, and they are all that are worth while in the world!"

They were standing before the Grand Trianon as he said this, waiting for the tram car, and as it came into sight he cried out artlessly, his dark, aquiline face glowing with fervor, "I—I just *love* folks!"

She looked at him curiously. "In all my life I never knew any one before to say or think that." Some of his enthusiasm was reflected upon her own fine, thoughtful face as a sort of wistfulness when she added, "It must make you very happy. I wish I could feel so."

"You don't look at them right," he protested.

She shook her head. "No, we haven't known the same kind. I had never even heard of the sort of people you seem to have known."

The tram car came noisily up to them, and no more was said.

V

A NOTICE posted the following day to the effect that for some time the reading-room would be closed one day in the week for repairs, gave Harrison an excuse for insisting on weekly repetitions of what he called their historical picnics.

Miss Midland let herself be urged into these with a half-fearful pleasure which struck the young American as pathetic. "Anybody can see she's had mighty few good times in *her* life," he told himself. They "did" Fontainebleau, Pierrefonds, Vincennes, and Chantilly—this last expedition coming in the first week of May, ten days before Miss Midland was to leave Paris. They were again favored by wonderfully fine spring weather, so warm that the girl appeared in a light-colored cotton gown and a straw hat which, as her friend told her, with the familiarity born of a month of almost uninterrupted common life, made her look "for all the world like a picture."

After their usual conscientious and minute examination of the objects of historical interest, they betook themselves with their lunch-basket to a quiet corner of the park, by a clear little stream, on the other side of which a pair of white swans were building a nest. It was very still, and what faint breeze there was barely stirred the trees. The English girl took off her hat, and the sunlight on her blonde hair added another glory to the spring day.

They ate their lunch with few words, and afterward sat in what seemed to the American the most comfortable and companionable of silences, idly watching a peacock unfold the flashing splendor of his plumage before the old gray fountain. "My! My! My!" he murmured finally. "Isn't the world about the best place!"

The girl did not answer, and, glancing at her, he was startled to see that her lips were quivering. "Why, Miss Midland!" he cried anxiously. "Have you had bad news?"

She shook her head. "Nothing new."

"What's the matter?" he asked, coming around in front of her. "Perhaps I can help you, if it's only to give some good advice."

She looked up at him with a sudden flash. "I suppose that, since you are so much engaged, you think you would make a good father-confessor!"

MAGGIE.

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"I don't see that that has anything to do with it," he said, sitting down beside her, "but you can bank on the fact that I'll do anything I can."

"You don't see that that has anything to do with it?" she broke in sharply. "That is because you are very unworldly, what is usually called unsophisticated."

If she had thought to pique him with this adjective, she was disarmed by the heartiness of his admitting, "As green as grass! But I'd like to help you, all the same, if I can."

Her eyes filled with repentant tears, and she said as simply as a child, "I know . . . I know! After what you have told me of the way men and women fellow-students are in your country, I ought to know you better. But . . . I am very unhappy, that is all. I have no faith in the people who surround me . . . I see no use or beauty in their lives nor in my own. I don't know how to change it; and what every one wishes me to do I cannot bear even to think of. . . ."

"What do they want you to do?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"Oh, nothing that they consider at all formidable! Only what every girl should do—make a good and suitable marriage, and bring up children to go on doing what she has found no joy in."

"Don't you do it!" he burst out vehemently. "Nobody believes more than I do in marrying the right person. But just marrying so's to *be* married . . . that's Tophet! Red-hot Tophet!"

"But what else is there for me to do?" she said, turning her eyes to him with a desperate hope in his answer. "Tell me! I am an only child; I will disappoint my parents keenly if I don't. They are already disappointed because I am queer and have not married, although I am over twenty-six. They have brought me up so that there is nothing I can fill my life with if . . . I think, on the whole, I will be more miserable if I don't than if I . . ."

"Why, look-y-here!" he said earnestly. "You're not a child, you're a grown woman. You have your music. You could earn your living by that. Great Scott! Earn your living scrubbing floors before you . . ."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Ah, but I am so alone against all my world! Now, here, with you, it seems easy, but . . . without any one to sustain me, to . . ."

Harrison went on: "Now let me give you a rule I believe in as I do in the sun's rising. Don't marry a man just because you think you could manage to live with him. Don't do it unless you are dead sure you couldn't live without him!"

She took down her handkerchief, showing a white face, whose expression matched the quaver in her voice as she said breathlessly: "But how if I meet a man and feel I cannot live without him, and he is already—" she brought it out squarely in the sunny peace —"if he is already as good as married!"

He took it with the most single-hearted simplicity. "Now it's you, you poor girl, who are unsophisticated and getting your ideas from fool novels. Things don't happen that way in real life. Either the man keeps his marriage a secret, in which case he is a sneak and not worth a second thought from any decent woman, or else, if she has known all along that he was married, she doesn't get to liking him that way. Don't you see?"

She looked away down the stream for a moment with inscrutable eyes, and then broke into an unexpected little laugh, rising at the same time and putting on her hat. "I see, yes, I see," she said. "It is, as you say, quite simple. And now let us go to visit the rest of the park."

VI

THE next excursion was to be their last, and Miss Midland had suggested a return to Versailles to see the park in its spring glory. They lunched in a little enclosure, rosy with the pink and white magnolia blossoms, where the uncut grass was already ankle-deep and the rosebushes almost hid the gray stone wall with the feathery abundance of their first pale green leaves. From a remark of the girl's that perhaps this was the very spot where Marie Antoinette had once gathered about her her gay court of pseudo-milkmaids, they fell into a discussion of that queen's pretty, pastoral fancy. Harrison showed an unexpected sympathy with the poor, futile, tragic little merrymaker.

"I expect she got sick and tired of being treated like a rich, great lady, and wanted to see what it would feel like to be a human being. All people of so-called high rank, from Haroun-al-Raschid down, have felt the same impulse. The king is always disguising himself as a goat-herd to make sure he can be loved for his own sake."

"But those stories are all so monotonous!" she said impatiently. "The king always

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finds out that the shepherdess does love him for his own sake. What would happen if she wouldn't look at him!"

Harrison laughed. "What a delicious idea! I never thought of that possibility! That would certainly be rather hard on anybody who had acquired the king-habit! Why, I should say the best thing he could do would be to hustle back to his palace, get into his ermine, and go back to the shepherdess in a gold coach drawn by six white horses. I guess when he stuck his gold-crowned head out of the window and called, 'Now will you have me?' the girl would most likely come scrambling out and get in with him."

"ADMIT THE BEARER TO SEE AGATHA MIDLAND."

The other made a sweeping gesture of protest. "And you can say that *I* am cynical!"

"I'm not cynical!" he said, suppressing a yawn and speaking with good-natured indifference. "You have to take folks the way they are, not the way you think it would be pretty for them to be. It wouldn't be the most dignified position in the world for the king, but I guess if he cared very much about the girl he could put his dignity in his pocket for a few minutes."

"But the girl would be just wishing for her share of diamonds and ermine—she wouldn't think any more of *him!*"

"I'm not so sure of *that!*" he argued whimsically. "He might be like an unframed picture, don't you see? You know how much difference a handsome gold frame makes even to the best picture. It's really not the same with the rough edges showing."

She looked at him with so long and steady a gaze that only her patent absence of mind kept it from being a stare. Then, "I think I will go for a little walk by myself," she said.

"Sure, if you want to," he assented, "and I'll take a nap under this magnolia tree. I've been working too late nights, lately."

When she came back after half an hour, the little enclosure was quite still, and, walking over to the magnolia, she saw that the young man had indeed fallen soundly asleep, one arm under his head, the other flung wide, half-buried in the grass. For a long time she looked down gravely at the powerful body, at the large, sinewy hand, relaxed like a sleeping child's, at the eagle-like face, touchingly softened by its profound unconsciousness.

Suddenly the dark eyes opened wide into hers. The young man gave an exclamation and sat up, startled. At this movement she looked away, smoothing a fold of her skirt. He stared about him, still half-asleep. "Did somebody call?" he asked. "I must have had a very vivid dream of some sort . . . I thought somebody was calling desperately to me. You didn't speak to me, did you?"

"No," she answered softly, "I said nothing."

"Well, I hope you'll excuse me for being such poor company. I only meant to take a cat-nap. I hope we won't be too late for the train. I remember now that we have to climb over all that litter of scaffolding where they're repairing the depot." Inside the station they were further delayed for a few moments by the passage of a big beam, meant for the scaffolding which filled the curve of the glass-roof. "We are certainly hoodoos for running into repairs everywhere," laughed Harrison, hurrying her down the platform.

As he spoke, some one behind them gave a loud, warning cry; he looked up and sprang forward, jerking his companion into an angle of the wall and throwing himself before her,

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his arms braced above her head against the wall. Standing thus, pressed close in upon her, he hid from her all that followed except the horrifying crash of falling timbers. "Don't move!" he shouted above the uproar. "Some of the scaffolding has given way, but I guess we're all right."

Something struck him on the back so that he turned white, but "No harm done!" he gasped. "It's all over now."

The whole thing had lasted only a second, but for a time they did not dare to stir. The girl's eyes, wide and strained, looked unwaveringly into his, and even when he knew by her death-like pallor that she was fainting, this strange, fixed gaze continued. It was only when he caught her, as she fell, that her eyes closed and she lay limp in his arms.

He picked her up bodily, and strode down the platform to their train, lifting her into an empty compartment and shouting wildly in his strongest Iowa accent for some one to bring him a glass of water. Before this came, however, the train began to move, and the fresh air revived her. She looked up at him pitifully, "I thought—oh! I thought we were both going to be killed, to die there together!" she whispered, and suddenly broke into hysterical weeping.

He did not try to calm her other than by settling her head more comfortably upon his shoulder and observing, "Well, that was enough to scare anybody, for sure! As narrow a shave as I want to see. I thought myself, for a minute there, that I'd never see America again."

She continued shaking with sobs for a long time, until gradually his patient quiet soothed her. She sat up, wiping her eyes. "I suppose you think I am very weak and silly," she murmured.

"Not much! Everybody has got nerves, only folks show them different ways. Now me, when I get upset I take it out in swearing. I'm sure your way is very much more —ladylike, isn't it, now?"

She laughed shakily, and no more was said. Harrison's mind was occupied by a knotty point in one of the French Royal Grants to LaSalle which he was engaged at the time in deciphering, and Miss Midland closed her eyes as though she were asleep. When they reached Paris, he insisted that she take a carriage and go home directly. "I'll go on to the reading-room and explain to your hired girl that you were sick and couldn't wait for her." Before he closed her into the cab he added, "But look here! I won't see you again, will I? I forgot you are going back to England to-morrow. Well, to think of this being good-by! I declare, I hate to say it!" He held out his hand and took her cold fingers in his. "Well, Miss Midland, I tell *you* there's not a person in the world who can wish you better luck than I do. You've been awfully good to me, and I appreciate it, and I do hope that if there's ever any little thing I can do for you, you'll let me know. I surely am yours to command."

The girl's capacity for emotion seemed to be quite exhausted, for she answered nothing to this quaint valedictory beyond a faint, "Good-by, Mr. Harrison, I hope you . . ." But she did not finish the sentence.

VII

Two days after this adventure, Harrison found on his desk at the Bibliothèque Nationale a note addressed to him in the handwriting of his English neighbor. There were but a few words.

"I remember that you once said you were to pass through London on your way home, in order to visit an American friend in business there. May I trouble you to come to see me at that time? I have a special reason for wishing to see you in my own surroundings. The address is Devonett House, Rupert Street, opposite Rupert Park. The enclosed card will admit you at any time."

The card read

> Admit the bearer to see
> Agatha Midland.

The American turned it over two or three times with a perplexed air, and reflected that apartment houses in England must be as queer as everything else over there, to demand so formal a permission to enter. Or perhaps, he thought, as he slipped the card into his pocket, perhaps Miss Midland was a music-teacher in some great family whose doorkeeper would not without identification admit a plebeian stranger. As for her motive in wishing to see him in London, he put it out of his mind with the ease of a man little given at any time to subtle personal inquiries and for the moment completely engrossed in abstract matters. The last of the Royal Grants lay open before him, and into it he plunged wholeheartedly.

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Three weeks later, agreeably aware that his mission was successfully completed, he was standing, in a very holiday mood, at the door of his American friend's lodging in London, and in answer to the question as to which part of London he wished to see first, he answered, "Well, we haven't got such an awful lot of time left this afternoon—why not start in with one of the smaller parks, Rupert Park, for instance?"

"Oh, want to see where the swells live, don't you?" answered the other, setting off at once. "All right, but you'll be disappointed, sure! The swellest of the lot looks more like a very sooty cotton factory than your idea of a palace, I bet you."

He himself, permanent agent for an American sewing machine, had spent five years in London, and rather prided himself on having absorbed much of the atmosphere and all of the gossip of the city. As they walked past the big, dingy houses, he entertained his friend with knowing sketches of their occupants' lives.

"Solescester House," he said, waving his hand toward a square brick edifice. "You would think, to look at it, it was the county jail and in bad repair at that, but it's just cram-jam full of family treasures; old laces, and Van Dyke portraits, and old solid silver that Queen Elizabeth gave the Solescesters—just the kind of thing you read about. But I guess it'll all have to come to the auction-room before long if the son and heir can't make an impression on some girl with money. They do say the old folks have pawned everything but their false teeth to keep things together."

He went on to mention with easy familiarity the owners of others of the houses they were passing. At one of these Harrison stopped him, looking with lively interest at the house in question. "What kind of folks are *they?*" he asked. "They've gots lots of governesses and music-teachers and dependents of all sorts, I suppose?"

"They've got a lot of whatever's going, let me tell *you*," his friend assured him with a sort of vicarious pride. "*Devonett* House is the exact opposite to that Solescester House I was tellin' you about. By George, there's nothing those folks haven't got! They're one of the oldest and most distinguished houses in England—family residences as good as royal palaces scattered all over, money to burn, and *then* some . . . thousands of acres of valuable estates, the Earl of Devonett himself one of the King's most trusted friends and advisers, and his cousin, Edward Midland——"

HE PRIDED HIMSELF ON HAVING ABSORBED THE GOSSIP OF THE CITY.

Harrison stopped short. "Midland!" he said. "I thought you said the name was Devonett."

"Oh, that's one of their queer English mix-ups. The family name is Midland, but his title is Earl of Devonett, hence the house. That's what they're always called—the Countess of Devonett—Lady Agatha Midland."

Harrison felt that he had known it was coming. Afterward he told himself that he had had a premonition of something from the time he received the note in Paris; but now that it had come, he was conscious of nothing but a horrifyingly complete recollection of that last afternoon in Versailles, of his companion's look, voice, words . . . first of her words, and then of his own, his lightly given advice to the disguised king, his haphazard remarks about unframed pictures. His face whitened, he set his teeth, and put his hands deep into his pockets, clenching them to keep from the next mental step . . . a step into an abyss.

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"That their daughter?" he asked.

"Yep, and the only child. Yes, sir, think of all that inheritance coming to one girl! They say she's a little queer, bookish or sociological or artistic or something—religious maybe—but she's a good-looker all right, all right. Gee! You ought to see her in her best togs at the opera. I've had her pointed out to me in their box, and she's enough to put your eyes out—one of these dazzling English blondes, you know. I tell you, she has only to drop the handkerchief to have her pick of the lot. There's not another such prize on the marriage market."

"Say," Harrison broke in, his face as impassive as usual, but a deeper note in his voice, "say, why don't you go along to that errand you spoke of and leave me here to sit in the park awhile? I'll join you at your room later. It's getting pretty dark to do much more sightseeing, anyhow."

When he was alone, he sat down on a bench and stared at the smoky, many-windowed *façade* opposite him. All his strength was concentrated on preventing himself from thinking, on holding back his mind from an unexpressed, inevitable conclusion, the mere vague premonition of which terrified him. But his was an honest mind, used to dealing honestly with facts and hampered by no tradition of the need for delicate evasions and subtleties. It was but a moment before he dropped his head into his hands with a groan of misery. "I am a damn, blind fool!" he said to himself savagely, but with the formulation of his thought came a sudden reaction of hopeful incredulity. He sat up and looked again at the somber magnificence of Devonett House.

"Aw, what am I thinking about!" he said aloud in the darkening isolation of the park. "I'm crazy! *Me!* She *couldn't* have . . ."

Even as he spoke, the imposing bulk of the great building opposite and all the twilight peace of his surroundings were blotted out by a vision, intolerable, vivid, of the brooding gaze into which he had opened his eyes as he awoke with a start under the magnolia tree. And then there was the sound in his ears of falling timbers, the clear eyes grew fixed and exalted, holding his steadily until . . . "Good *God!*" he cried, wincing as at a blow, and crooking his elbow over his face.

A workman, who had just begun to light the street lamps, paused and looked at him curiously. Harrison set his lips together hard and stood up. The lamp-lighter, seeing that he was neither sick nor drunk, moved on to the second lamp. Before the American finally turned away down the street, he took out the card from his pocket and slowly tore it into pieces, dropping them one by one into the gutter at his feet as he stood under the street-lamp. "I'd better get home and marry Maggie and have her lead me around with a string," he said dully. "I don't deserve to be let loose."

Inside the writing-room of Devonett House, the Countess of Devonett sat before a desk and looked up admiringly at her daughter, standing outside the circle of light cast by a discreetly shaded reading-lamp. "You were right, Agatha dear, after all. Satin is a great deal better under lace for that gown than chiffon. It suits you very well."

The girl looked down absently at the toe of a satin slipper, emerging from a film of ruffles. Her mother went on, "My dear, poor Lady Solescester spoke to me again to-day about her son's devotion to you. I do wish you would let him take you out to dinner to-morrow evening."

The figure in satin and lace turned away abruptly and walked to the window, looking out on the park opposite. The first street-lamp was just being lighted, making a yellow circle of flame in the violet shadows of the trees.

The matron glanced sharply at the graceful back and said, "Really, my dear, you must do *some*thing, *some*time!"

Apparently this vaguely worded appeal penetrated the girl's obstinate reserve, for she gave a little gasp and leaned against the side of the deep window embrasure. Her mother returned to her writing for a few moments until the silence reminded her that she had received no answer to her question. "Agatha, my dear," she began again patiently, raising her voice a little, "I said that Lady Solescester spoke to me to-day about . . ."

The girl left the window and crossed the room to the door. "I heard you, mother. You would better do as you think best about it. I am going up to my room now."

At the door she paused an instant and said over her shoulder, "It might as well, I daresay, be Solescester as any one else."

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THE SQUAW MAN AS HE IS

By BAILEY MILLARD

Author of "She of the West," "The Lure o' Gold," etc.

YES, sir; that's Crazy Horse's rifle," said Colonel Charles P. Jordan, the old Indian-fighter, holding up a rusty carbine as he sat among his relics and bead-work in the South Dakota shack into which I had strolled to buy some souvenirs that were not for sale. "Crazy Horse, you know," he went on, "was the real leader of the Custer massacre, and not Sitting Bull. He surrendered that rifle to me after the massacre. I've lived here on the Rosebud and other Sioux reservations ever since. I've made friends and money among the Indians, and I wouldn't swap places with any of your Eastern millionaires. I want to live where life is life."

He looked out of the window, down the little street, and out upon the broad expanse of prairie, with fond, appreciative gaze. He had his come-to-town clothes on, for he had brought his Indian curios into Dallas from the ranch for the land-rushers to stare at. He was neat and spruce and wore a soft hat, a white collar, and a wonderful beadwork four-in-hand of many colors.

"It's a good thing to be satisfied," said I, gazing, fascinated, at that resplendent tie, which would have been an exclusive affair on Broadway. "By the way, Colonel, are there many squaw men on the reservation?"

"Squaw men!" The words leaped out like a bowie knife, there was a flash of the steel-gray eye, a curl of the lip under the grizzled mustache, and an impatient wave of the hand. "There's a good many white men on this reservation and on others who have Indian ladies for wives, but I'd advise you not to call 'em 'squaw men' when you run up against 'em. Some of the biggest and best men who ever came into the West have married Indian women. Sam Houston and Kit Carson were what you'd probably call 'squaw men,' and so were General Sibley, General Sully, and General Patterson, of the regular army, as well as Commodore Kittson, Marquis Fontanelle, Pierre Chouteau, and scores of other big men. Colonel James McLaughlin, the Senior United States Indian Inspector, is married to a woman of Sioux blood; and Granville Stewart, formerly speaker of the Montana Legislature, and Mark Forbes, who held the same position in Minnesota, both have Indian families; and, for that matter," he flung out defiantly, "so have I."

Taken quite aback, I promptly apologized, and prepared to change or enlarge my conception of the "squaw man."

In Alaska, California, and Arizona, I had seen a few men who were so labeled—every one a social outcast, living in sodden sensuality in a little shack in the woods, with a slouchy, greasy woman about whose knees clung dirty, half-breed children, clothed in rags and wretchedness. But this figure, I found, did not correspond with the white husband of a red woman on the Rosebud and other Sioux reservations. Here, in the first place, the marriages are, for the most part, legal, under the white man's law, not merely tribal weddings. And I found that in nearly every case the legally wedded Indian wives are clean, tidy, and decently dressed—about as well as the average ranch woman—and that they are devoted to their white husbands, who, in turn, are as loyal as they could have been had they married women of their own race.

Propinquity and the wholly natural and wholesome desire of the sexes for mutual

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companionship have won their way on the reservations; and the linking of these formerly hostile races on the lonely prairies has resulted beneficially, in the main, both for racial peace and for social well-being. Physically, this intermingling may mean a considerable gain for the race, if it is true, as Herbert Spencer declares, that the prime requisite of every human being, from a philosophic standpoint, is to be a healthy animal. For the young men of half-blood found upon the prairies are splendid, stalwart creatures. And when one hears of the eager desire of many of them for learning, one can easily postulate a mental as well as a physical advance for the community.

Photograph by Heyn, Omaha, Neb.

CHARLES P. JORDAN, A PROSPEROUS RANCHMAN WHO MARRIED WEAH-WASH-TAY (THE BEAUTIFUL ONE).

In the Dakotas, when a white man weds an aboriginal woman, and publicly acknowledges her as his wife, he provides her with as good a home and clothing as he can afford, and treats her as he would treat a white woman. He sees to it that she learns to cook, to sew, and to keep house, and in other ways tries to educate and uplift her.

Still more interesting is the fact that these mixed marriages involve little or no social disability. The white husbands are rarely, if ever, barred from associations with the whites because of their wives. To be sure, a man known to be living with an Indian woman who is "without benefit of clergy" or not under common law contract (as happens in rare instances) is, as a rule, in the language of one White River plainsman, "purty nigh ostrichized." But this would be true if he were known to be maintaining similar relations with a white woman. "Sech loose-hitched tie-ups used to be kind o' common around here," said my White River man; "and nobody thought much about 'em. But there's so many schoolma'ams come out here from New England and other places that folks don't stand for that sort o' thing no more."

Legally married Indian wives pay no more social penalty than do their white husbands. Because of their advantages, and particularly in cases where there are white servants in the house, the red wives are sometimes inclined to look down upon their tribal sisters; but they are not themselves, as a rule, treated with condescension by the white women of their neighborhood. Generally, the little red hen sticks to her home and does not go out with her white husband for a social evening as often as would a wife of his own race. But this is largely a matter of Indian temperament.

As for the half-blood children, as they grow up they are asked to the country dance or the picnic with the white young men and women of the community. Some of the

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handsome, well-educated young half-breeds are in as much demand at social functions as are those whose parents both belong to the "superior race." In the schools, too, the half-breed children mingle with the children of white families on equal terms, and suffer little, if anything, from race prejudice or preferment, as do half-breed colored children upon entering an educational institution.

To the discovery of these things I was largely led by the intelligent offices of Colonel Charles P. Jordan, the man to whom Crazy Horse surrendered, as related in my opening paragraph. Jordan, I soon found, was a great personage on the Rosebud Reservation, being an old Indian-fighter, a man of many acres, many cattle, and many half-blood children. All the white men of the Rosebud bow to him, and all the white women, too. As for his wife, Weah-Wash-Tay, the Beautiful One, she can speak good English and has been wearing white shirtwaists ever since they were introduced into the Dakotas.

But Jordan's wife is pure Sioux, and, looking at her now, in her fifties, one might wonder how so well-educated and prosperous a man came to cleave unto this woman of the red race. Standing side by side on the porch of the ranch house, they looked a world apart in race. Yet there was a really lover-like air about them as the wife stroked the husband's coat sleeve with her hand and he patted her brown cheek with his finger tips.

"You wonder, I suppose, how it happened," he said to me, while we were walking over to the corral to look at the cattle. "You think that in my place you might be having great, big, full-breasted regrets? Well, sir, let me tell you something: I haven't regretted it for a moment, but have always been glad of it. She has been a mighty good wife to me. She has borne me nine children, six of whom are now living, and I'm proud of 'em all. I've given each boy and girl the best education I could. Two of my sons are lawyers, one a trader, the others have large farms, while all of them have land and, if I do say so, they stand pretty high around here."

"But you haven't told me the story yet," said I.

Oh, yes! Well, it was this way: The government had been trying to remove the

Photograph by Anderson, Rosebud, South Dakota.

MRS. CHARLES P. JORDAN, A FULL-BLOODED SIOUX PRINCESS.

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Ogalala Sioux from the old Red Cloud Agency to the Missouri, which it finally succeeded in doing. But, with the usual bureaucratic brilliancy, no decent provision was made for the Indians on their arrival at the desolate place in the dead of winter. As chief clerk of the old agency, I went to look over the new camp. The people all flocked to see me and were fierce in their denunciations of the Great White Father. Red Cloud showed me a telegram from Commissioner O'Beirne, then at Sidney, Dakota, which read:

'To Chief Red Cloud: Your sawmill and machinery are on the road, and will arrive in a few days. I will soon be with you and see you safely through all your troubles.'

"With a look of lofty contempt on his fine face, the noble old chief said to me: 'We don't want sawmills. My people can't eat machinery. They want food. They're starving, and they're getting ready to go on the war-path.'

"'Hold on, chief,' said I. 'Let me see what can be done.' I immediately sent a horseman sixty-five miles through a blinding snowstorm to Fort Robinson and got authority to transport food from two supply stations for the hungry Sioux. By urging plodding teams of oxen to go twenty miles a day and half-wild horses to pull one hundred wagon loads four hundred miles in fifteen days, my men and supplies at last reached the agency. But even then there would have been no peaceful ending of the affair if in the meantime I hadn't ridden out and seized upon a band of cattle, which my cowboys drove into camp, hastily made into beef, and handed out to the poor victims of bureaucracy.

"'You are my best friend,' Red Cloud often said to me after that. 'I would do anything for you.'

"Now Red Cloud had under his charge a niece of his, Weah-Wash-Tay, the Beautiful One, of whom I had come to think a lot. So when he said he would do anything for me, I said, 'All right, chief; let me marry your niece.'

"He looked me up and down and all over, and I thought he was going to take me apart to see what made me tick. You see, being a Sioux princess, the Beautiful One would never have been permitted to marry me, in spite of the chief's friendliness, but for the fact that I had a little lineage to boast of on my side. It counted with Red Cloud to learn that I descended from big chiefs who fought in the American Revolution and was a cousin of General Custer, whom the Sioux race, though they slew him, always respected. Besides all that, Red Cloud knew that it was to me that Crazy Horse, the real leader of the Custer massacre, surrendered.

THE HOME OF JOHN COLOMB, A "SQUAW MAN" IN TRIPP COUNTY, S. D.—WITH HIS FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND RELATIONS

"So he gave his consent, and the Beautiful One and I were married on a wild night when a blizzard raged over the prairie and it was cold enough to freeze the words in the minister's mouth. It was a missionary named Robinson who married us. Well do I remember when the preacher

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asked, 'Who giveth this woman to be the wife of this man?' how the old chief boomed out, 'Me—Red Cloud!' He had on all his savage regalia that night, and he made quite a speech, in which he said in his own language: 'White man, as thou doest to her, the last of a royal line, so shall the Dakotas do to thee.'

"I shook hands with the chief and told him I would stand by my bargain. That was thirty years ago, and I guess I've stood by it all right."

In testimony to this he waved his hand to his wife, who stood on the porch, and she waved hers in return. For the Beautiful One is still the Beautiful One to her husband, and this in South Dakota, where, in the thirty years that Jordan has lived happily with his Indian wife, thousands of white couples have been uncoupled and gone their separate ways.

LITTLE MARGARET, YOUNGEST OF THE COLOMB HALF-BLOOD CHILDREN.

But I suppose there are those who will call the Jordan marriage, however happy, a deplorable case of miscegenation, and will say that all such racial minglings are to be uncompromisingly condemned. It is interesting to recall that this condemnation has been by no means universal. Who would say, for example, that John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, and the first squaw man of history, was in any way degraded by his marriage with that noble Indian woman? On the contrary, that is his chief claim to distinction, and there are aristocratic Virginians and others to-day who are proud to trace their descent from him and his red-skinned wife. And when one considers the list of names of other famous squaw men, and the fact that the children of their Indian wives have taken no pains to chop down and burn the ancestral tree, but have pointed to it with pride, and are still pointing, one must admit that the case for the squaw man is not so hopeless in the social court. Besides, wherever one looks deep down into the ancestral springs of our American race, one is likely to see here and there the rising jets of Indian blood mingling with the clear stream of white generation, and the whole flowing away so quietly that a superficial observer rarely suspects the mixture. To what social and intellectual altitudes Indian blood has risen in this country is seen when one learns of the high officials at Washington, the writers, doctors, lawyers, who have in them an aboriginal strain.

Though it is, happily, true that the tie of civilized wedlock is generally recognized by the white men who have taken the hands of Indian maidens in marriage, there are sad exceptions. Some pioneers, government officials, and army officers of high rank and low morals have never acknowledged as their wives the devoted Indian women united to them by solemn tribal rites. And here and there an Indian girl married and then deserted, has had good reason to sing with her far Eastern sister the song of the Shalimar. That such instances are exceptions among the Sioux is partly due to strict paternal discipline. The girls are wise in their generation: they not only insist on civilized marriage, but, as a rule, they will not marry any white man who drinks, or gambles, or is not worth a thousand dollars.

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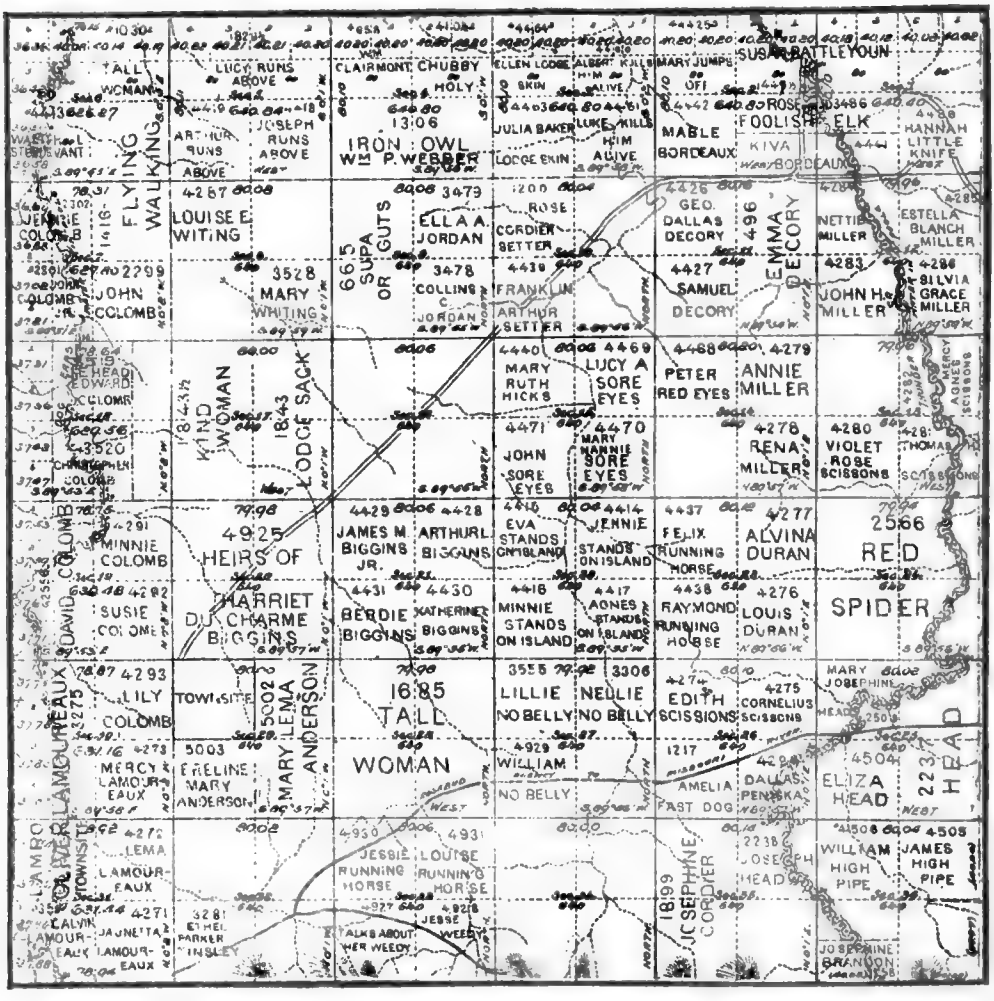

SECTION OF ROSEBUD RESERVATION, SOUTH DAKOTA, WHERE SQUAW MEN ARE THICKEST.

Each of the little squares of land—160 acres—is owned by an Indian or the half-blood child of a white man.

One of the pathetic exceptions came in my way in an auto journey across a reservation. I shall venture to tell about it with somewhat irrelevant details, since it shows one of the gravest dangers that menace the Indians.

I picked up in the auto an agency doctor who was going to treat an Indian girl threatened with pneumonia. Against the government rule, the poor young thing had married at fifteen, the legal age being eighteen. She was now twenty-three, and had four children, but no husband. He had run off with a white schoolmistress from Yankton.

"It's a pretty tough case," said the doctor, "as you'll see if you want to look at it."

I didn't particularly want to look at it, but I ventured into the squalid log house long enough to get an idea or two. I saw the young mother, with her four half-breed children, three boys and one girl, living in a sixteen by twenty-four cabin with a dirt roof and a dirt floor, down in a lonely *coulee*. The woman's older sister, her mother, and her blind old father were staying with her. Before we entered the cabin I sniffed cigarette smoke, and on going in found that the inside "air" was full of it. It was a chilly October day, and all the windows were closed tight, while every crack that might have afforded ventilation was sealed with dried adobe.

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The children were larking and kicking up the dust. All the inmates of the house were coughing, and from the small inner room, where the sick woman lay, came an occasional moan. On entering, the doctor left the outside door open, but it was immediately closed by the patient's sister, who puffed her cigarette in my face as she offered me one with the air of an adept. I didn't take the cigarette. Soon afterward I saw the little girl's aunt light it and stick it between the baby lips. The infant smoked away in serene content.

"Do you allow that, doctor?" I asked in a protesting tone.

"No; but what's the use?" he said with a cynical laugh. "They'd do it anyway. Want to see the patient?"

I peeped into the deserted wife's room with a sacrilegious feeling that I haven't got over yet, and was surprised to see, instead of the pale, emaciated creature I had pictured, a round-faced girl of distinctly Indian features, and eyes at which you could have lighted a candle. But her cheeks had an uncanny redness that was not rouge nor grease-paint. The doctor talked to her with professional cheeriness, and she replied huskily. He took her temperature, shook his head, and then tried to raise the window; but it was nailed tight. So he picked up one of the woman's wrinkled shoes from the floor, and knocked the heel of it against a pane. As it crashed and tinkled down outside, the woman in the bed pulled the blankets over her head.

"It doesn't do any good," said the man of medicine sadly, when he rejoined me outside. "I've left two big bottles of dope which she'll drain to the last drop, but it isn't drugs she needs—it's oxygen. I'll come around tomorrow and find that window stuffed up tight."

"But the white man who married her and left her destitute?" I asked.

"That chap?" was the contemptuous reply. "Well, what brand of oil do you think he ought to be boiled in?"

That question was one too many for me, so I asked another: "Why do you suppose he married her?"

"In his case I think it was for the land. You know every white man who marries an Indian girl also marries a hundred and sixty acres allotted to her by the government, and the same acreage is given to each one of her children. Now the chap who built that shack and raised that family got hold of five quarter-sections, but he was too lazy to work them or do anything with them, and when that schoolma'am came to the agency he ran away with her, leaving his own family landpoor and nearly starving."

In Gregory, South Dakota, I saw a bright-

Photograph by Perry & Petrik. INDIAN HOMES ON THE ROSEBUD.

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Photograph by Thomson.

A MONTANA RANCHER, HIS CROW INDIAN WIFE (SITTING) AND CHILDREN.

eyed, hard-muscled, clean-looking young fellow from Iowa who had just returned from a honeymoon trip to Sioux Falls with as neat a piece of red calico as you would find in a long day's journey. The girl was suspiciously close to the age limit fixed by the government, but intelligence, good humor, and true womanly nature beamed from her button-bright eyes. I happened to follow this couple into a restaurant, and I took a

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seat near them. The girl was plainly dressed in a neat, plum-colored traveling suit, and the only thing about her make-up that suggested the Indian was a pair of wide, beaded bracelets of striking color and design. The honeymoon pair talked low over the table, the girl looking proudly at her new husband while he ordered dinner, and when he laid down the bill of fare her hand stole under it and pressed tightly upon his. She blushed a little, just as a white girl would have done, when a ranchman came in, slapped her husband on the back, and congratulated them both in the crude, prairie-folk way. When the meal was served, she ate with her fork. And mind you, she was a full-blooded Sioux whose people were carving up white men only a few years ago and didn't know a fork from a French horn. After they had gone out, the man who had congratulated them told me all about it.

"She's got as pretty a piece of government land as there is on White River," said he; "good rich gumbo. She's a nice girl—been to school six or seven years, and she'll make Charley a good wife. If they have as many as three children, he'll get a whole section, counting hers, and that's going to be worth $16,000 to $20,000 in ten years, the way land's going up now."

No great wonder, is it, that so many young men of the prairies, who know pretty girls and good land when they see them, are fascinated by the black-eyed Sioux maidens?

Gentle, but perhaps doubting, reader, if you are not convinced of the lasting happiness of any of the marriages of palefaces to the modern Minnehahas, I wish you would come with me to the Rosebud country. There, near Turtle Butte, lives happy John Ramis, who has an Indian wife and a family of ten children, to each of whom has been allotted a quarter-section of good farming land, or one thousand, seven hundred and sixty acres in all, counting in the wife's portion. Some of Ramis's grown sons, who have been trained to work as farmers, cultivate the soil, and Ramis lives a sort of baronial life in a good stone house, surrounded by modern comforts and conveniences. His children are being well educated, his sons are splendid, hardy fellows, and his daughters are rosy and comely.

The name of Raymond figures frequently upon the map of this region. This is accounted for by the fact that in the early days Enoch W. Raymond, a guide and rancher man, wooed and won a pretty Indian girl named Betsy Faithful. This couple lived happily together fifty-four years, till a year ago last July, when, amid her mourning children, Betsy Faithful was gathered to her fathers.

Two comely, bright-eyed Sioux sisters, Mary and Louisa Giroux, made good marriages some years ago with prosperous white men of influence in the community. Mary married Stephen F. Estes, a cultured and respected man who had been an agency official and a schoolteacher; Louisa wedded D. L. McLane, now chief clerk of the agency.

But this consideration of quarter-sections may have made the reader suspicious. Is it all a matter of land and physical comforts? he asks. Is there nothing of romance? What of the girls' own claims to the beauty and grace of their foremothers who found a way into legend and fiction?

Well, to be sure, the modern Indian girl will not average up in attractiveness to her pretty prairie sister of white parentage; but now and again one sees strikingly handsome types, and these have no trouble in securing white husbands, if they want them.

Out on the ranch where she lives with her father, Maggie Noisy Creek dresses in an old wrapper and goes bareheaded. But when she drove into town on the day I saw her, in one of those rickety, sway-topped phaetons that her tribe affects, she wore a neat white shirtwaist, a vivid green neck-ribbon, a beaded belt, a blue skirt, and kid gloves, while over her high pompadour was the kind of hat one saw on Broadway five years ago. This hat was trimmed with large pink bows. When she walked up the street she carried a light green parasol, for on occasion she was evidently very careful of her complexion, which was reddish brown, toned down by a few dabs of powder.

Despite her warring colors, her wild beauty triumphed, and she attracted a goodly share of masculine attention. Other Indian women, not so pretentiously dressed, turned slyly to look at Maggie, just as their Fifth avenue sisters turn to look at the newest and most daring cut of princesse gown. Some of the women giggled and said things to each other in the Dakota language which I would have given worlds to understand.

On the Cherokee Reservation, as on the Sioux, there has been much intermarrying of white men and Indian women, and this, too, for a mixture of romantic and interested

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reasons. Sometimes a plainsman has behaved no better than a European nobleman who ignobly woos an American girl's dollars and not herself. For in Oklahoma there are many "savages" of substance, and not a few of wealth.

Out on the Pacific Coast in early days, when white women were so rare that a man would travel fifty miles to look at one, the gold-seekers sometimes married Piute and Modoc girls, though of late years such a marriage is a rarity. In Humboldt County, California, lives a miner named Harvey Camp, who is married to a Klamath Indian woman and has several children to whom he is giving a good education. Camp is rich, but he loves to live in the wilds. Speaking of his marriage he said:

"I knew this lonely valley was no place for a white woman. She would always be wanting to get back to civilization, while I didn't like anything better than the life here. So I took my choice of the prettiest Indian girls in the neighborhood and married her. I send my children to San Francisco to school. My wife doesn't hanker for matinées and pink teas, and she doesn't belong to any woman's club, so I know where she is every afternoon. And so I think I'm about as happy as if I had married a white woman."

In Alaska, white women are still rare—though not quite so rare as formerly—and alliances between white men and squaws are correspondingly numerous. I should say that the marriages of Indian women with white men in that part of the country are, as a rule, not marriages as all, and that there probably exists a looser system of sex relationship in Alaska than anywhere else in America. It is here that the squaw man of my earlier impression is to be found.

One night in June I was tramping from Dawson to Grand Forks, along Bonanza Creek, in the Klondike, when I saw ahead of me in the trail a white man and a Siwash woman walking back from town to camp. Although it was nearly midnight, the midsummer sun of the Arctic was still shining, and I could see them plainly. The buxom young squaw was trudging along behind the man. She had a plaid shawl over her shoulders, wore a shapeless skirt, and her feet were covered with moccasins. On her back she bore a big, heavy pack, but under this load she stood fairly erect. The man carried no burden whatever.

As the quick Indian ears caught the sound of my footsteps, the woman turned, and I saw her black eyes blaze out curiously from under a rather pretty bang. She spoke in a low tone to her companion, and he turned and said "Good-evening!" in a pleasant voice that had the note of breeding. As I came up with him, we began to talk in the free Northern way. He told me that he was from New York and that he was only two years out of college. He had joined in the great Klondike stampede and had a bench claim on Bonanza Creek, where he was doing as well as the next man, which meant that he was taking out a fortune.

"And who is this woman?" I asked.

"That lady," he replied with a quiet smile, "is my wife. There were no white women along the Bonanza when I came here, and I was lonely, so I married her—tribal wedding, you know—and now I am no longer lonely, and have some one to run the shack."

Now I knew that tribal rites are not binding upon a white man, save in a moral sense, and that there was nothing very moral about the average Alaskan squaw man. So I stood aghast for a moment; and he must have seen the look of surprise and disapproval in my eyes, for he immediately said in an irritated tone:

"Don't look at me that way. I know you fellows fresh from the outside don't think this sort of thing is very nice; but for God's sake consider the wretchedness of a man up here without any sort of woman's society. It's simply hell. I wouldn't live here a month without Mary. She is a good girl, faithful, kind, and companionable—as good a wife as one could wish up here in this awful country. I've taught her English, and she's beginning to read a little. She can make good bread and cook a steak without burning it, which is a lot more than many a white girl can do, and she's hardly any expense to me. Oh, I think a heap of Mary."

"But if you think so much of her," said I pointedly, "why do you let her carry that great heavy burden?"

"That pack? Why, that only weighs fifty-five pounds. It's nothing to her. She wouldn't let me carry it if I wanted to. The women of her race are used to burdens. She can carry one hundred pounds over the steepest kind of a trail and rarely stop for breath. I've been along with her when she's done it. If she were a white woman under those circumstances, I should have had to carry her and the pack, too."

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I pondered over the logic of all this while we picked our way over sluice boxes, across mining ditches, among bowlders, and over the treacherous tufted hummocks of the *tundra*—the patient, burden-bearing Mary walking silently and cheerfully behind us. Whenever I saw the girl look at her husband, there shone in her dark eyes the divine light of love, as frank and pure and simple as the love of the first woman for the first man. And I felt a sad foreboding. What would she do—this woman of the wilds who had laid her heart at the feet of this man—when the inevitable came? For surely, when his mining claim should be worked out, he would leave the dismal reaches of forest solitude, civilization would stretch out its luxurious arms to him again, and, with the gold he had dug from the frozen earth, he would go back to the city. And then what of Mary?

By the time we had reached the door of his shack, I had brought the conversation around to this delicate point.

"Let's not talk about that," said the squaw man in a low tone. "I try never to think of it. It may be that I shall live here always." As he spoke, I saw a wistful look in his eyes—the look of a man whose heart was yearning cityward.

Mary deposited her pack inside and looked out at him with the happy love and faith of a trusting woman. She did not see the sword suspended above her head; but I saw it, and as I walked away, I pitied her.

Two years later I saw my Alaskan squaw man in San Francisco. He was just coming out of a theatre with a matinée crowd. By his side was a beautifully dressed young woman whom he was helping into a cab. He did not seem to be thinking of Mary, but perhaps he was.

As an Alaskan example of another sort, we have George W. Carmack, the man who discovered gold in the Klondike and staked the first claim on Bonanza Creek. A year before Carmack made his great discovery, he had taken up his abode with the Chilcoots at Dyea and married one of them. He liked the life with the Indians, and nothing pleased him better than to be called "Siwash George."

To sum up the case for the squaw man, I should say that it must be clear, from the various and widely differing examples I have cited, that there can be no valid objection to him as a member of society *per se*, where his marriage—his legal marriage—to the woman of his choice is based upon real affection. Moreover, as I have said, the distinct gain to the race in elemental strength and in stature should not be overlooked.

The revolt against the mingling of races is perhaps an instinct of race preservation. But there seems no reason to maintain it consciously when the results are proved to be good rather than bad. And, while such racial mixtures as those of Caucasian with Oriental or African blood do not, as has been shown by ethnological research, produce good results, the proud descendants of Pocahontas have true reason for their pride and, as the years roll by, so will those of the Sioux, the Seminoles, and the Mohawks whose fathers were white men.

So much for the squaw man as a normal, wholesome member of society. But, on the other hand, the squaw man seeking only for the fleshpots—he who never marries—is generally as mean and low a voluptuary as any other carnal creature—white, black, or red. He is an offense to society; and it is because of him that the term "squaw man" became one of opprobrium. For in the early days in the West white men rarely married the Indian women with whom they lived. But now, save in Alaska, and in sporadic cases in the Western States, conditions have changed to a wholesome respectability. Every little while on the reservations one hears of a wedding that might seem to the Easterner highly romantic, or highly repulsive, according to his point of view, but to which local people and local practice give toleration, if not free sanction.

For Westerners are agrarian in the broad sense of the term, and when a liberal-minded ranchman hears of James Tompkins marrying Mary Running Horse, he thinks of the one hundred and sixty acres of land that go with the matrimonial bargain and of the other like tracts that will go to each of their children; and so, on meeting the bridegroom, he shakes him heartily by the hand and says:

"Good boy, Jim! May you be very happy with your Indian wife and raise a big family!"

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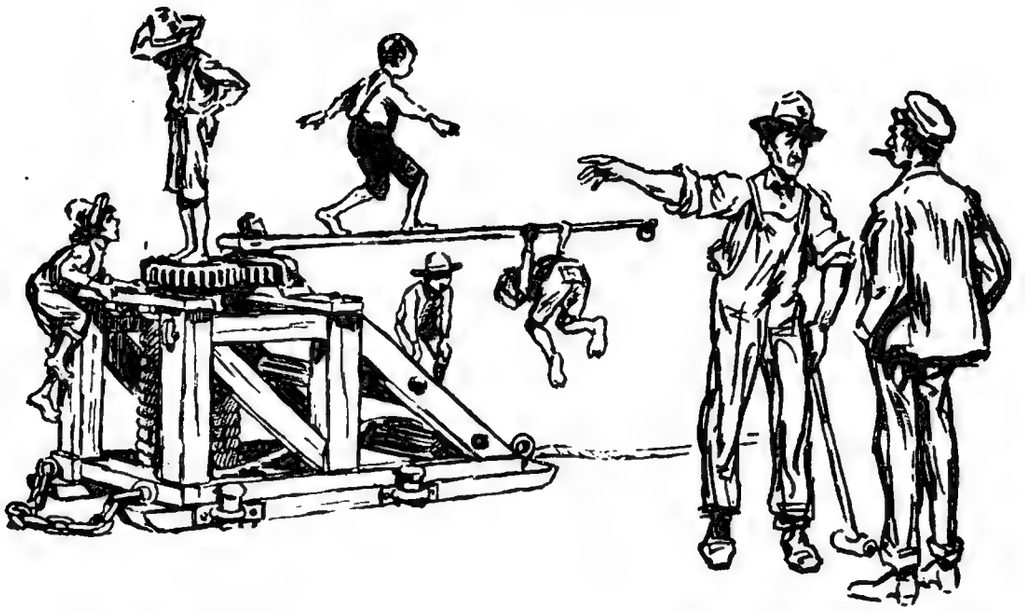
THE MOUNTAIN AND MAHOMET

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Keziah Coffin," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice



"WELL, IF I DIDN'T HUSTLE FOR THE NEXT THIRTY-SIX HOUR."

SIMEON PHINNEY told me this story, one evening when we were seated on the settee in front of the post-office at Ostable. Conversation had centered about the town's wonderful growth as a summer resort. The name of the Honorable Ogden Hapworth Dubarry was mentioned, as it was bound to be, for Mr. Dubarry was the village millionaire, patron, and, in a gentlemanly way, "boomer." His estate on the Hill Boulevard was the finest in the county, and he, more than any one else, was responsible for the "buying up" by wealthy people from the city of the town's best building sites, the spots commanding "fine marine sea views," to quote from Abner Payne, local real-estate and insurance agent.

Cynics—and there were several on or about the settee that evening—suggested that the sign on the Ostable railroad station should be changed to read "Dubarryville." "He owns the place, body and soul," said they.

"That's because he's got the dough," observed Mr. Cohn—traveling representative of a Boston wholesale house. Mr. Cohn was sojourning in our midst, awaiting an order from Mr. Eckstein of "Eckstein's Dry and Fancy Goods Emporium," at the corner of Main and Cross Streets. "It's the coin that counts," continued Mr. Cohn. "If you've got it you can do anything—yes, and keep other guys from doin' anything, too. It's the biggest power in the world—the good, hard, cold cash."

"I wonder," said Simeon Phinney, carpenter, well driver, and building mover. "Sometimes I wonder."

Then, after the mail had been distributed, and the settee, save for Mr. Phinney and myself, was deserted, he spun this yarn:

"Really, I s'pose," he said, "it begun 'way back in the old days when them two broke off keepin' comp'ny. But for the sake of gettin' through afore to-morrer mornin', we'll begin it where it begun for me, right here at this very post-office, on a July night five years ago, fine and moonlight, just like this one.

"We was talkin' about Dubarry then, too. He was at the very top notch of his buyin' up

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and regildin' Ostable. His own place was new enough to be the talk of the whole Cape, and he'd bought the empty lot opposite and rigged it over into a reg'lar garden, all posy beds and gravel walks, though nobody but him and his could pick the posies or walk the walks. He'd fetched on a rich friend from New York and a nephew from Chicago, and they'd bought acres on the Hill Boulevard—*we* used to call it 'Higgins's Roost'—and put palaces where common folks' houses used to be. That Boulevard was, same as 'tis now, a regular golden street, like them in the New Jerusalem—except that the Boulevard is consider'ble lackin' in saints and angels; but at that time there was one spot bare of gold leaf, the hundred-foot lot where Olive Edwards, her that was Olive Seabury, lived in the little four-room house with the 'notion store' in front.

"Time was when the Seaburys was some punkins in Ostable, but afore old Cap'n Seabury died a good deal of the money was gone—stocks and one thing a' nother—and after Olive married Bill Edwards it went faster 'n faster. What she ever married him for, a woman with her sense, the Lord only knows; but he was good-lookin' enough in them days, and her dad kind of favored him, and—well, she was sort of desp'rate, I guess, for a reason I'll tell you later. Anyhow, she did marry him, and, I cal'late, repented it for eleven years. Then his wrastlin' match with old John Barleycorn finished the way them kind of matches gen'rally do, and Olive was left a widow, with nothin' but the hundred-foot lot on the Boulevard and the little combined house and store. And Abner Payne had a mortgage on even that.

"Well, to make a short tack of it, Olive managed to scrape a livin' out of the shop until Eckstein opened the 'Emporium.' After that, 'twas dreadful poor scratchin' for her. Folks'll buy where they can buy best, and Eckstein sartinly had an eye for trade. At last the news got around town that Abner had sold the mortgage to Mr. Dubarry, that it had come due, and Olive couldn't meet it. Dubarry had bought the big old house a mile or so down the shore road to the west'ard, where the Smalleys used to live, and was goin' to move it up to the Edwards lot, fix it all up, and either sell or rent it to some city big-bug. 'The house,' says Dubarry, grand and pompous and condescendin' as the Queen of Sheby to Solomon's cat, 'is a fine specimen of the pure Colonial. It will be—ahem—an ornament to the Boulevard. The present eyesore will come down in the near future.'

"The 'present eyesore' was Olive Edwards's home, of course. Most folks felt sorry for Olive and wondered where she'd go and what she'd do. We was talkin' it over that night at the post-office, me and Cornelius Rowe and Ed Crocker and some more. None of 'em seemed to blame Dubarry much. He was a 'public sperit' and a 'town benefactor' and such, and the car of improvement couldn't stop because there happened to be a ladybug in front of the wheels.

"'In a way,' says Ed Crocker, 'it's Olive's own fault. She'd ought to have married 'Lisha Berry when she had the chance. What she ever give him the go-by for, after the years they was keepin' comp'ny, is more'n I can understand.'

"Cornelius Rowe he shook his head. I wonder sometimes the Almighty ain't jealous of Cornelius, he knows so much and is so responsible for the runnin' of all creation. 'Humph! well, I ain't so sure,' says he. 'Maybe there's more to that business than you folks think. Olive didn't notice Bill Edwards till 'Lish went off to sea and stayed two years and over. How do you know she shook 'Lish? Maybe he shook her. He always was stubborn as an off-ox and cranky as a windlass. I wonder how he feels now, when she's lost her last red and is goin' to be drove out of house and home. If 'twas his fault I should think his conscience——'

"'S-ss-h!' whispers Andy Ellis. Cornelius stopped, turned round, and there was Cap'n Elisha standin' right astern of him. I cal'late he'd come into the office by the side door and got his mail from the postmaster. Anyhow, there he was, the blue cap he always wore set back on his head, a cigar tipped up sideways from under one end of his grayish red mustache, and the *Cape Cod Item* in his hand. If he'd heard what Cornelius said, he never made a sign. However, that was 'Lish's way. He never did make signs unless 'twas necessary.

"Cornelius was consider'ble shook up.

"'Er—er—evenin', Cap'n Berry,' he stammers. 'Nice, seasonable weather, ain't it? Been a nice day.'

"'Um,' says Cap'n 'Lish, turnin' a page of the *Item*.

"'Just right for workin' outdoor,' goes on Cornelius.

"The cap'n folded up the *Item* and shoved it in his pocket.

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"'Yup,' he says. 'Guess it must be. I saw your wife rakin' the yard this mornin'.'

"Ellis doubled up with a giggle. Cornelius got redder'n a salt herrin'. 'I—I *told* her I'd rake it myself soon's I got time,' he sputters. Cap'n 'Lish didn't answer him.

"'Sim,' he says to me, 'goin' down along?'

"'Yes,' says I. 'I was just figgerin' to get under way.'

"'All right,' he says, 'heave ahead.'

"We walked out of the office and down Main Street, neither of us sayin' a word. I think one of the reasons 'Lish Berry liked me was that I didn't talk too much or make him talk, either. When two fellers can cruise along of one another without speakin' and enjoy it—well, they're friends; ain't it so? That's me and 'Lish.

"We was pretty nigh to Cross Street, where it turns up the hill, when he spoke. 'Well, Sim,' says he, 'Dubarry didn't give you the movin' job, hey?'

"'No,' says I, pretty short, 'he didn't.'

"He'd sort of stepped on my pet corn, as you might say. Times was kind of dull with me, and I'd been countin' on movin' the 'pure Colonial' from Smalley's up to the Edwards lot. I'd give Dubarry my price—and 'twas low enough—but when I met him on the street a day or so afterward he held up one finger, same as if he was hailin' a hoss car, and when I'd trotted alongside nice and obedient, ears and tail down, he says:

"'Er—Phinney,' he says, 'your figures for moving my new house are ridiculous.'

"'Yes?' says I. 'Well, I thought they was, myself; but I needed the money, so I could afford to be funny.'

"He scowled. I s'pose you can't have so much dignity and a sense of humor all in one bundle. You might wake up and laugh at yourself some day, and that would be sacrilegious.

"'I did not mean ridiculously low,' he says. 'I meant ridiculously high. I'm sorry; I prefer to encourage native industry in my town, but I will not be imposed on by any one—no, sir. I have given the contract to a Boston firm'— namin' em.

"I was mad. Likewise, knowin' the firm, I was skeptic. 'Mr. Dubarry,' says I, 'do you mean to tell me that *them* people have agreed to move you cheaper'n I can?'

"'Their price—their actual price may be no lower,' he puffs, 'but considerin' their modern equipment and—er—progressive methods, they are cheaper. Yes sir. Good day, Mr. Phinney.'

"So, naturally, when Cap'n 'Lish mentioned the Dubarry job, I het up.

"'Tell me about it,' says he. 'What did His Majesty say?'

"I told him. He laughed, that quiet laugh of his.

"'Sim,' he says, 'don't you realize that progressive methods are necessary in movin' a house?'

"I laughed too, then, sort of a one-sided laugh.

"'Yes,' he goes on. 'Well, if you can't take the Grand Panjandrum home, you can set on the fence and see him go by. That ought to be honor enough, hadn't it? However, I may need some of your ridiculous figgers on a movin' job of my own, pretty soon. Don't be *too* comical, will you?'

"I wanted to know what he meant, and he told me. You see, he lived all alone down on the shore road, and the place where his house stood had one of the finest bay views in town. Abner Payne had been at him, for a long spell, to sell, 'cause Abner realized what a site that lot would be for a rich man's summer cottage. But 'Lish thought too much of the house he was born in to sell it. So now Abner comes back with another offer. He'll swap for 'Lish's lot a bigger lot of his own up on Main Street, pay 'Lish's movin' expenses and a generous boot besides. He didn't give a hurrah for the Berry house; what he wanted was the Berry land.

"'Are you goin' to take it up?' says I.

"'I don't know,' says 'Lish. 'The Main Street lot's a good one, and my house'll look good on it. And I'll make money by the deal.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'but you've always swore by that salt-water view of yours. Told me yourself you never wanted to live anywheres else.'

"'Oh well!' he snaps, sort of savage, 'what diff'rence does it make where I live? Who in blazes cares where I live or whether I live at all?'

"I stopped short in my tracks and stared at him. ''Lish Berry,' says I, 'what do you mean? What in thunder ails you?'

"But he wouldn't answer. Thought he'd said enough, or too much, maybe. We turned into Cross Street and commenced to climb the hill. When we got to the top, at the corner of the Hill Boulevard, we sort of pulled up to get our wind. 'Twas a mighty fine night—a good deal like this one, all moonlight and clear, with the town lights below

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and astern, twinklin' up through the tree shadows, and, in front of us, 'way down the other slope, the bay, all dancin' and sparklin' and shinin'.

"Then, all to once, Cap'n 'Lish come out of his trance and says, without lookin' at me, but puffin' hard on the stump of his cigar, 'Sim,' he says, 'what's Olive Seabury goin' to do, now that Dubarry's got her place away from her? Have you heard?'

"Notice he didn't call her 'Olive Edwards?' I noticed it, right off.

"'Well,' says I, 'I don't know for sure, and I don't b'lieve she does. Mr. Hilton, the Methodist minister, told me that he was consider'ble worried about Olive. He told me not to tell, and I sha'n't tell anybody but you, 'Lish; I know you won't mention it. The minister says that Olive's hard up as she can be. All she's got in the world is the little furniture and store stuff in her house. The store stuff don't amount to nothin', but the furniture belonged to her pa and ma, and she set a heap by it. Likewise, as everybody knows, she's awful proud and self-respectin'. Anything like charity would kill her. Now out West—in Omaha or somewheres—she's got a cousin who owed her dad money. Old Cap'n Seabury lent this Omaha man two or three thousand dollars and set him up in business. Course the debt's outlawed, but Olive don't realize that, or, if she did, it wouldn't count with her. She couldn't understand how law would have any effect on payin' money you honestly owed. She's written to the Omaha cousin, tellin' him what a scrape she's in and askin' him to please, if convenient, let her have a thousand or so on account. She figgers, if she gets that, she can go to Bayport or Omaha or somewheres else and open another notion store.'

"Cap'n 'Lish pulled on his cigar. 'Hum!' he says, after a minute. 'You say she's written to this chap. Has she got an answer yet?'

"'No,' I told him, 'not any definite one. She heard from the man's wife sayin' that her husband—the cousin—had gone on a fishin' trip somewheres up in Canady and wouldn't be back afore the eighth. Soon's he does come he'll write her. But Mr. Hilton thinks, and so do I—havin' heard a few things about this cousin—that it's mighty doubtful if he sends any money.'

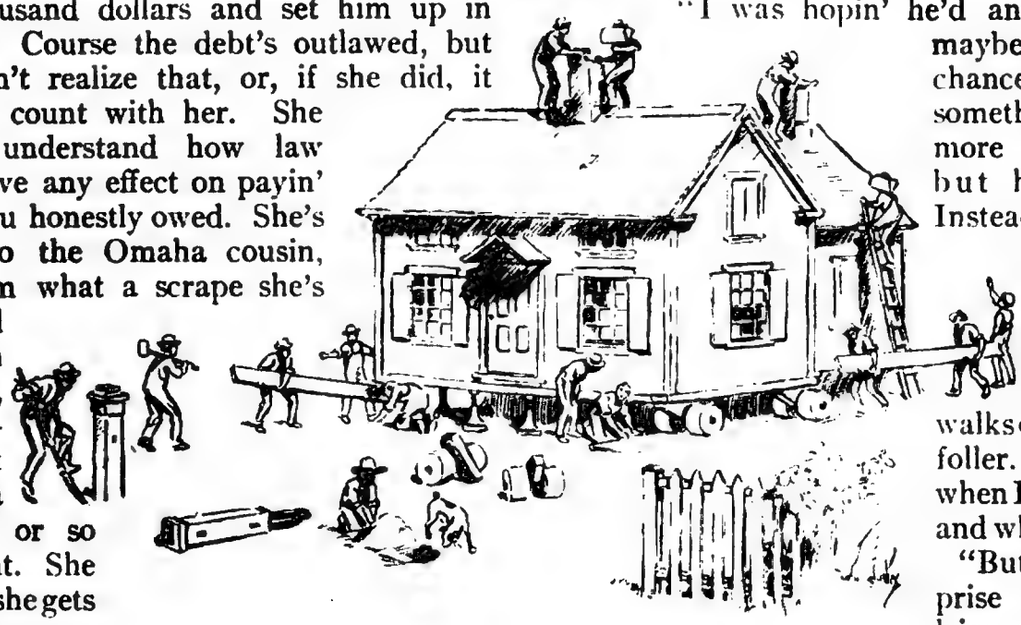
"'Yup, I shouldn't wonder. Where's Olive goin' to stay while she's waitin' to hear?'

"'In her own house Mr. Hilton went to Dubarry and pleaded with him, and he finally agreed to let her stay there until the "Colonial" is moved on to the lot. Then the Edwards house'll be tore down and Olive'll have to go, of course.'

"The cap'n puffed once or twice more. 'She won't hear till the tenth, anyway,' he says, slow. 'And Dubarry began to move the other house yesterday. At the rate it's goin,' he'll be on that lot by the seventh, sure. If he gets there afore she hears, what then?'

"'Well, that's the worst of it. The minister don't know what she'll do. There's plenty of places where she'd be more'n welcome to visit a spell, but she's too proud to accept. Mr. Hilton's afraid she'll start for Boston to hunt up a job, or somethin'. Yon know how much chance she stands of gettin' a job that's wuth anything.'

"I was hopin' he'd answer this; maybe give me a chance to say somethin' a little more personal; but he didn't. Instead, he turns sharp to starboard, says, 'Good night, Sim,' and walks off. I didn't foller. I know when I'm wanted and when I ain't.



"I HIRED EVERY MAN I COULD GET A HOLT OF."

"But it did surprise me to see him take that course. His nighest cut, and the one he gen'rally took, was straight down Cross Street to the shore road and back along that to his house. Now he'd gone the long way, by the Hill Boulevard. And 'twas on the Boulevard that Olive lived. I wondered. Was the mountain really comin' to Mahomet?

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"BERRY, ARE YOU MOVIN' THIS HOUSE?"

"The mountain and Mahomet? Well, that's somethin' that nobody but Olive and 'Lish and me knew about. Olive and my sister Emily that died was girl chums and, after the engagement was broke and 'Lish had gone to sea, Olive told Emily the last words she and him had. 'Twas 'Lish's stubbornness that was most to blame. That was his one bad fault. He would have his own way and he wouldn't change. Olive had set her heart on goin' to Washin'ton for their weddin' tower. 'Lish wanted to go to Niagara. They argued a long time, and finally Olive says, 'No, Elisha, I'm not goin' to give in this time. I have all the others, but it's not fair and it's not right, and no married life can be happy where one does all the sacrificin'. If you care for me you'll do as I want now.'

"'And he laughs and says, 'All right, I'll sacrifice after this, but you and me must see Niagara.' And she was sot and he was sotter, and at last they quarreled. He marches out of the door and says: 'Very good. When you're ready to be sensible and change your mind, you can come to me.' And says Olive, pretty white but firm: 'No, Elisha, I'm right and you're not. I'm afraid this time the mountain must come to Mahomet.' That ended it. He went away and never come back, and after a long spell she give in to her dad and married Bill Edwards. Foolish? Sartin! Ain't most lovers' quarrels foolish? But, if you ask me, I'll say that Olive was right.

"I stood on the corner a spell, thinkin' this over, and then *I* took a notion to go down the Hill Boulevard. Opposite the Edwards place I stopped. There was a light in the little shop, and inside, in a chair by the counter, set the widow herself. She had some sewin' in her lap, but she wa'n't doin' it. She was settin' there starin' at nothin' in particular, and her face was so worn and sad that a lump came in my throat. I did wish I could help her.

"And, as I stood there, in the shade of the Chicago man's hedge, I see somebody else step out of the shadder a little further down. 'Twas Cap'n 'Lish Berry. He walked to the middle of the road and halted, lookin' in at Olive. My heart give a big jump. Was he goin' into that shop for the fust time in all these years? *Was* the mountain——?

"But it wa'n't. Cap'n 'Lish's sotness was the kind that don't wear off easy. For a minute he stood still. Then he jams his hands into his pockets and tramps off, brisk and savage, toward home. I went home, too; and I wa'n't feelin' very happy.

"And the next mornin' I wa'n't any happier. I couldn't get the thoughts of the widow out of my head. At last I took a notion to go

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down to the shore road and see how Dubarry and his city gang was gettin' on with their job of movin' the 'Colonial.' They was doin' fine, though I did hate to admit it. Three days more and they'd swing into the Hill Boulevard. Four or five days after that and they'd be abreast the Edwards lot. And then—I swore out loud to myself.

"'Humph!' says somebody behind me. 'I agree with you, though I don't know what it's all about. I ain't heard anything better put for a long time.'

"I spun around like a young one's pinwheel. 'Twas Cap'n 'Lish, hands in his pockets, cigar a-goin', cool and sober as a church. He'd come out of his house, which was only a little ways off, and walked up back of me.

"'Land of love!' says I. 'Why don't you scare a feller to death, tiptoein' around? I never see such a cat-foot critter!'

"He grinned. 'Jumpin' it, ain't they?' he says, noddin' toward the 'Colonial.' 'Be there by the tenth, won't it?'

"'Tenth!' I sings out. 'It'll be there by the sixth, or I miss my guess.'

"'Yup,' says he. 'Say, Sim, how soon could you land that shanty of mine in the road, if I give you the job to move it?'

"'I couldn't get it up to the Main Street lot inside of a fortnight,' I told him. 'Fur's gettin' it in the road goes, I could have it here day after to-morrow if I had gang enough.'

"He took the cigar out of his mouth and blew a big ring of smoke. 'All right,' he drawls, 'get gang enough.'

"I jumped. 'You mean you've decided to take up with Payne's offer and swap your lot for his?' I gasps. 'Why! only last night you said——'

"'Ya-as. That was last night, and I've been watchin' the "Colonial" all mornin'. I cal'late the movin' habit's catchin'. You have your gang here by noon to-day.'

"'Lish Berry,' I sings out, 'are you crazy? You ain't seen Abner Payne; he's out of town——'

"'Don't have to see him. He's made me an offer and I'll write and accept it.'

"'But you've got to have a selectmen's permit to move——'

"'Got it,' he says. 'I went up and saw the chairman an hour ago. He's a friend of mine. I nominated him town-meetin' day.'

"'But,' I stammered, all shook up with the suddenness of it all, 'you ain't got my price nor——'

"WHAT HE WA'N'T GOIN' TO DO TO US AIN'T WUTH MENTIONIN'."

"'Drat your price! Give it when I ask it. See here, Sim, are you goin' to have my house in the middle of the road by day after to-morrer? Or was that just talk?'

"''Twa'n't talk,' I says. 'I can have it there, but——'

"'All right,' says he, walkin' off, 'then have it.'

"Well, if I didn't hustle for the next thirty-six hour, I'm the prize lobster in the pot, that's all. I hired every man I could get a holt of, the masons started tearin' down the chimneys that very afternoon, and before night of the next day the little old story-and-a-half Berry house was on the rollers. By two of the day after that 'twas plumb in the middle of the shore road, just where I said 'twould be. We was goin' to move it, furniture and all, and Cap'n 'Lish was goin' to stay right aboard durin' the v'yage. Couldn't cook, of course, but gettin' his meals at the hotel was the only change he made. The fact that all Ostable was talkin' about his sudden freak didn't worry him none; he was used to that.

"The Dubarry 'Colonial' was hikin' down toward us fast. The foreman of their gang came over to see me.

"'Say,' he says, 'we'll be ready to turn into

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the Boulevard by to-morrer night and you're blockin' the way.'

"'That's all right,' says I, 'we'll be past the Boulevard corner by that time.'

"I thought I was speakin' truth, but next mornin', as we was just gettin' ready to commence work, Cap'n 'Lish come loafin' along. He'd been up to the hotel for breakfast.

"'Well,' says I, 'how'd it seem to sleep on wheels?'

"'Tiptop,' he says. 'Like it fust rate. S'pose my next berth will be somewheres up there, won't it?'

"He was pointin' around the corner instead of straight ahead. I gaped, with my mouth wide open.

"'Up *there?*' I says. 'Why, of course not. That's the Boulevard. We're goin' along the shore road.'

"'That so?' says he. 'I guess not. We're goin' by the Boulevard. Can go that way, can't we?'

"'Can?' I says, soon's I got my breath. 'Course we *can!* But it's like boxin' the whole compass backward to get ha'f a pint cast of no'th. It's way round Robin Hood's barn. It'll take twice as long and cost——'

"'That's good,' he interrupts. 'I like to travel, and I'm willin' to pay for it. Think of the view I'll get on the way.'

"'But your permit from the selectmen—' I begun. He held up his hand.

"'My permit never said nothin' about the course to take,' he says, his starboard eye twinklin' just a little. 'There, Sim, you're wastin' time. I move by the Hill Boulevard.'

"So into the Boulevard we swung. And I wish you could have heard that other foreman's remarks when he see us layin' the beams. He come ragin' over and fairly hopped up and down.

"'Thought you said you was goin' straight ahead?' he says.

"'Thought I was,' says I, 'but, you see, I'm only navigator of this craft, not owner.'

"'Where is the blankety blank?' he asks. I told him the cap'n was somewheres inside the buildin'. Off he puts to find him. I don't think he got a heap of satisfaction from 'Lish, 'cause the next thing I knew he piles out again, swearin' blue, and heads for the hill. Inside of ten minutes he was back again, and Mr. Dubarry with him. The millionaire man was dignified as ever above the collar, but pretty hot under it, I judged.

"'Er—er—Phinney,' he says, 'who is responsible for this?'

"I was goin' to answer, but the cap'n hove in sight just then and saved me the trouble. *He* wa'n't hot—no indeed! An icicle was a bonfire side of him.

"'Berry,' snaps the owner of the 'Colonial,' 'what does this mean? Are you movin' this house?'

"Cap'n 'Lish bowed and smiled. 'Yes,' says he, sweet as a fresh scallop.

"'You're movin' it to Main Street, aren't you? I so understood.'

"'You understood correct. That's where she's bound.'

"'Then what do you mean by turning out of your road and into mine?'

"'Oh, *I* don't own any road. Have you bought the Boulevard? The selectmen ought to have told us that, hadn't they, Sim? I s'posed it was town thoroughfare.'

"Mr. Dubarry colored up a little. 'I didn't mean my road in that sense,' he says. 'But the direct way to Main Street is along the shore, and everybody knows it. Now why do you turn from that into the Boulevard?'

"Cap'n 'Lish took a cigar from his pocket. 'Have one?' says he, passin' it towards the Dubarry man. 'No? Too soon after breakfast, I s'pose. Why do I turn off here?' he goes on. 'Well, I'll tell you. I'm goin' to stay right aboard my shack while it's movin', and it's so much pleasanter a ride up the hill that I thought I'd go that way. I always envied them who could afford a house on the Boulevard, and now I've got the chance to have one there—for a spell. I'm sartin I shall enjoy it.'

"The foreman growled disgusted. Mr. Dubarry got redder yet.

"'Don't you understand?' he snorts. 'You're blockin' the way of the house *I'm* movin'. I have capable men with adequate apparatus to move it, and they would be able to go twice as fast as this one-horse country outfit'—with a glare at me. 'You're blockin' the road. Now they must follow you. It's an outrage!'

"Cap'n 'Lish smiled once more. 'Too bad,' says he. 'It's a pity such a nice street ain't wider. If it was my street in my town—I b'lieve that's what you call Ostable, ain't it?—seems to me I'd widen it.'

"The boss of 'my town' ground his heel into the sand. 'Berry,' he snaps, 'are you goin' to move that house over the Boulevard ahead of mine?'

"'Lish looked him square in the eye. 'Dubarry,' says he, 'I am.'

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"The millionaire turned short and started to go.

"'You'll pay for it,' he snarls, his temper gettin' free at last.

"'I cal'late to,' purrs the cap'n. 'I gen'rally do pay for what I want, and a fair price at that. I never bought in cheap mortgages and held 'em for clubs over poor folks, never in my life. Good mornin'.'

"After the pair had gone, Cap'n 'Lish swings round to me. 'Sim,' he says, his eyes twinklin' again, 'did you notice that His Majesty called your outfit "one-horse?" That's a mistake, because you've got two horses at work right now. It seems a shame to make a great man like that lie. Hadn't you better lay off one of them horses?'

"'Lay one *off*?' I says. 'What for? Why, we'll be slow enough, as 'tis. With only one horse we wouldn't get through for I don't know how long.'

"'That's so,' says he. 'I s'pose with one horse you'd hardly reach the middle of the Boulevard by—well, before the tenth of the month. Hey?'

"The tenth of the month! The *tenth!* Why, 'twas on the tenth that that Omaha cousin of Olive Edwards's was to—I begun to see. To see, and to grin, slow but enjoyful. 'Lish was playin' a mighty clever game.

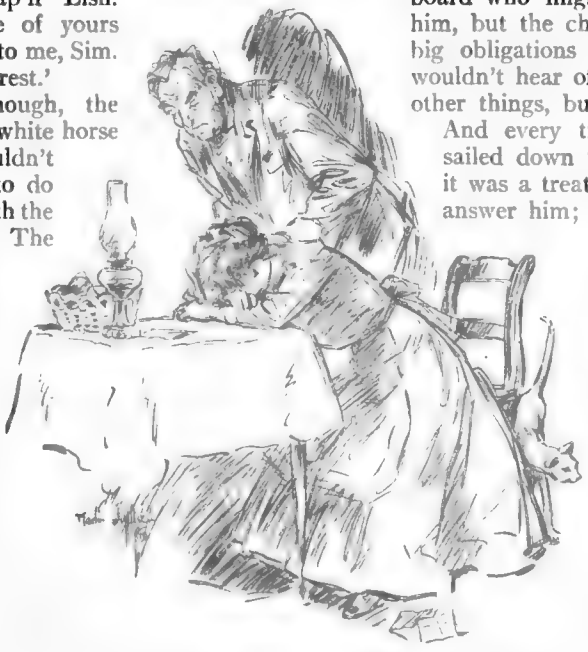
"'Hm——hm——m!' says I.

"'Yes,' says Cap'n 'Lish. 'That white horse of yours looks sort of ailin' to me, Sim. I think he needs a rest.'

"And, sure enough, the very next day the white horse *was* sick and couldn't work, and I had to do the best I could with the one that was left. The Berry house moved—though that's about all you could say truthful—and by the tenth Cap'n 'Lish's mansion on rollers was just abreast the lower edge of the Edwards lot. When we knocked off on the evenin' of the eleventh it was twenty foot further. I cal'lated that another nine hours would fetch us up to Olive's front door. And after that—well, after that I didn't like to think about it. You see, the 'Colonial' was right on our heels, and, so fur as I could learn, the widow hadn't heard a word from Omaha.

"You mustn't think our procession was a peaceful one just because 'twas slow. If you think that, you'll never make a bigger mistake. Every time we stopped to rest the horse, or when a roller or timber broke—which happened amazin' often—the foreman with progressive methods would come hoppin' around, sputterin' brimstone like a sulphur match; and Dubarry himself give us the benefit of his opinions and presence pretty frequent. His visits seemed to be the only things that cheered Cap'n 'Lish up. For the cap'n was blue, bluer'n a spiled mack'rel, and it wa'n't because Olive hadn't heard from her cousin, nuther. 'Twas somethin' deeper 'n that and got wuss with every day's hitch. He didn't act like himself, hardly spoke at all, and seemed to be thinkin', thinkin'.

"As I said, Dubarry's actions was the only things that cheered him. The boss of 'my town' was sorer'n a jammed thumb, and what he wa'n't goin' to do to us ain't wuth mentionin'. Fust off, he went to the selectmen and tried to get an injunction to make us get out of his way. There was some on the board who might have give it to him, but the chairman was under big obligations to 'Lish, and he wouldn't hear of it. Then he tried other things, but they was no go. And every time he failed he sailed down to lay into us, and it was a treat to hear the cap'n answer him; polite and sugary, but pinted and cuttin' as a fish-knife. Every jab fetched a squirm.



"I NEVER FELT SO SORRY FOR ANYBODY IN MY LIFE."

"But the last time he come, which was on the ninth, he seemed in a lot better spirits. Smilin' he was, and almost happy.

"'Berry,' says he, 'are you goin' to move right on to that Main Street lot soon's you get to it?'

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"'Cal'late to,' says 'Lish. 'I shall hate to get out of this Boulevard society, but everybody has their come-downs in this world.'

"'Humph! We shall miss you. But don't move on to that lot too quick. *I* wouldn't.'

"He went off chucklin'. I was sort of worried.

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'what do you s'pose makes him so joyful?'

"'Don't know,' snaps 'Lish, 'and care less.'

"His blue fit had come back again, and he went into the house and stayed there.

"The evenin' of the eleventh I was at the office, and the postmaster, when he give me my mail, passed out an extry letter.

"'It's for Olive Edwards,' he says. 'She's been expectin' one for a consider'ble spell, she told me, and maybe this is it. P'raps you'd just as soon go round by her shop and leave it.'

"I took the letter and looked at it. Up in one corner was the printed name of an Omaha firm. I never said nothin', but I sartinly hustled on my way up the hill.

"Olive was in her little settin'-room back of the store. She was pretty pale, and her eyes looked as if she hadn't been doin' much sleepin' lately. Likewise I noticed—and it give me a queer feelin' inside—that her trunk was standin', partly packed, in the corner.

"I handed over the letter and started to go, but she told me to set down and rest, 'cause I was so out of breath. To tell you the truth, I was crazy to find out what was in that envelope and, being as she'd give me the excuse, I set.

"She took the letter over to the lamp and looked at it for much as a minute, as if she was afraid to open it. But at last, and with her fingers shakin' like the palsy, she fetched a long breath and tore off the end of the envelope. It was a pretty long letter, and she read it through. I see her face gettin' whiter and whiter and, when she reached the bottom of the last page, the letter fell on to the floor. Down went her head on her arms, and she cried as if her heart would break. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life.

"'Don't, Mrs. Edwards,' I says. 'Please don't. That cousin of yours is a darn ungrateful scamp, and I'd like to have my claws on his neck this minute.'

"She never even asked me how I knew about the cousin. She was too much upset for that.

"'Oh! oh!' she sobs. 'What *shall* I do? Where shall I go? I haven't got a friend in the world!'

"I couldn't stand that. I went acrost and laid my hand on her shoulder.

"'Mrs. Edwards,' says I, 'you mustn't say that. You've got lots of friends. I'm your friend. Mr. Hilton's your friend. Yes, and there's another, the best friend of all. If it weren't for him, you'd have been turned out into the street long before this.'

"She raised her head then and looked at me.

"'You mean Mr. Dubarry?' she asks.

"That riled me up. 'Dubarry nothin'!' says I. 'Dubarry let you stay here 'cause he could just as well as not. If he'd known that this other friend was keepin' him from gettin' here, just on your account, he'd have chucked you to glory, promise or no promise. But this friend, this real friend, he don't count cost, nor trouble, nor inconvenience. Hikes his house—the house he lives in—right out into the road, moves it to a place where he don't want to go, and——'

"'Mr. Phinney,' she sings out, 'what do you mean?'

"And then I told her. She listened without sayin' a word, but her eyes kept gettin' brighter and brighter and she breathed short.

"'Oh!' she says, when I'd finished. 'Did he—did he—do that for *me*?'

"'You bet!' says I. 'He didn't tell me what he was doin' it for—that ain't 'Lish's style; but I'm arithmetiker enough to put two and two together and make four. He did it for you, you can bet your last red on that.'

"She stood up. 'Oh!' she breathes. 'I—I must go and thank him. I——'

"But, knowin' 'Lish, I was afraid. Fust place, there was no tellin' how he'd act, and, besides, he might not take it kindly that I'd told her.

"'Wait a jiffy,' I says. 'I'll go out and see if he's home. You stay here. I'll be back right off.'

"Out I put, and over to the Berry house, standin' on its rollers in the middle of the Boulevard. And, just as I got to it, somebody says:

"'Ahoy, Sim! What's the hurry? Anybody on fire?'

"'Twas the cap'n himself, settin' on a pile of movin'-joist and smokin' as usual. I didn't waste no time.

"''Lish,' says I, 'I've just come from Olive's. She's got that letter from the Omaha man. Poor thing! All alone there——'

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"He interrupted me sharp. 'Well?' he snaps. 'What's it say? Will the cousin help her?'

"'No,' I says, 'drat him, he won't!'

"The answer I got surprised me more'n anything I ever heard or ever will hear.

"'Thank God!' says 'Lish Berry. 'That settles it.'

"And I swan to man if he didn't climb down off them timbers and march straight across the street, over to the door of Olive Edwards's home, open it, and go in! I leaned against the joist he'd left, and swabbed my forehead with my sleeve.

"I must have stood there twenty minutes when I heard somebody hurryin' down the Boulevard. 'Twas Cornelius Rowe, all red-faced and het up, but bustin' with news.

"'Hello, 'Sim!' says he to me. 'Is Cap'n 'Lish home? Does he know?'

"'Know? Know what?' says I.

"'Why, the trick Mr. Dubarry's put up on him? Hey? You ain't heard? Well, Mr. Dubarry's fixed him nice, *he* has! Seems Abner Payne hadn't answered 'Lish's letter tellin' him he'd accept the offer to swap lots, and Dubarry went up to Wareham where Payne's been stayin' and offered him a thumpin' price for the land on Main Street, and Abner took it. The deed's all made out. Cap'n 'Lish can't move where he was goin' to, and he's left with his house on the town, as you might say. Ain't it a joke, though? Where is 'Lish? I want to be the fust to tell him and see how he acts. Is he to home?'

"I was shook pretty nigh to pieces, but I had some sense left.

"'No, he ain't,' says I. 'I see him go up street a spell ago.'

"'That so?' he grunts. 'By jings! I'm goin' to find him.'

"Off he went, and the next thing I knew the Edwards door opened and I heard somebody callin' my name. I went acrost, walkin' in a kind of daze, and there, in the doorway, with the lamp shinin' on 'em, was Cap'n 'Lish and Olive. The tears was wet on her cheeks, but she was smilin' in a kind of shy, half-believin' sort of way, and as for 'Lish, standin' next her, he was one broad, satisfied grin.

"MY GRIN HAD THE CAP'N'S BEAT HOLLER."

"'Cap'n,' I begun, 'I just heard the everlastin'est news that——'

"'Shut up, Sim!' he orders, cheerful. 'You've been a mighty good friend to both of us, and I want you to be the fust to shake hands.'

"'Shake hands?' I stammers, lookin' at 'em. '*What?* You don't mean that——'

"'I mean shake hands. Don't you want to?'

"*Want* to! I give 'em both one more look, and then we shook, up to the elbows; and my own grin had the cap'n's beat holler.

"'Sim,' he says, after I'd cackled a few minutes, 'I cal'late maybe that white horse is well by this time. P'raps we might move a little faster. I'm kind of anxious to get to Main Street.'

"Then I remembered. 'Great gosh all fishhooks!' I sings out. 'Main Street? Why, there *ain't* no Main Street!'

"And I gives 'em Cornelius's news. The widow's smile faded out.

"'Oh!' says she. 'Oh, Elisha! And *I* got you into all this trouble!'

"Cap'n 'Lish didn't stop grinnin', but he scratched his head. 'Huh!' says he. 'Mark one up for King Dubarry. Humph!'

"He thought for a minute, and then he laughed out loud. 'Olive,' he says, 'if I

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remember right, you and I always figgered to live on the shore road. No use lawin' about it. Sim, I guess if that white horse *is* well, you can move that shanty of mine right to Cross Street, down that, and back along the shore road to the place where it come from. *That* land's mine yet,' says he.

"If that wa'n't him all over! I couldn't think what to say, except that folks would laugh some, I cal'lated.

"'Not at us, they won't,' says he. 'We'll clear out till the laughin' is over. Olive, tomorrer mornin' we'll call on Parson Hilton and then take the ten o'clock train. I feel's if a trip to Washin'ton would be about right just now.'

"She started and blushed and then looked up into his face. 'Elisha,' she says, low and happy, 'I really would like to go to Niagara.'

"He shook his head. 'Old lady,' says he, 'I guess you don't quite understand this thing. See here—' pintin' to his house loomin' big and black in the roadway—'see! the mountain has come to Mahomet.'

"I left 'em there and headed for home. When I got opposite the big Dubarry place, the window was open and I heard the boss of 'my town' rowin' with his wife. Everybody knew they didn't get on well together, and now they was givin' each other hark from the tomb. And I thought of the money they had and how little happiness it brought 'em, and then I thought of that other couple I'd just left—poor folks in comparison, too. And I laughed—right in the face of all the gorgeousness and grandeur."

LOVERS' LANE

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

IN April, when the moon is full,
How many a dress of bright delaine
Goes arm in arm with some dark coat
Along the woods by Lovers' Lane!

The newly-plighted farthest roam,
And latest in the wood remain;
But brides and bridegrooms seldom leave
The homeward end of Lovers' Lane.

Sometimes a troop of children stray
And follow in their parents' train,
To pick the sweet anemones
That grow so thick in Lovers' Lane.

Sometimes a lady walks alone,
With head inclined, as if again
She heard a voice to us unknown;
(She seems at home in Lovers' Lane.)

A stranger, banished long ago
From this green path, forgives his pain,
And sends a little prayer to heaven
For all who walk in Lovers' Lane.

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THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

FIGURE OF JUSTICE ON THE DOME OF THE DENVER COURT HOUSE, MINUS HER SCALES AND THE ARM THAT HELD THEM.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BEAST AND REFORM

SO ended the great conspiracy of the corporations of Colorado in the elections of 1904. And with the triumph of that conspiracy, the government of Colorado changed from a democracy to a plutocratic oligarchy. I saw it then; I have seen it more clearly since. I saw that the people of Colorado were not free citizens, but enfranchised serfs. They could be killed by their masters with impunity, and the jury would "hang." As a rule, they could elect no man to a political office unless he served their masters—and my own election was merely the exception that "proved the rule." If they rose, in mass, to vote for an eight-hour law, and the legislature passed such a law, their masters, through the mouth of the Supreme Court, declared it unconstitutional. If they rose again to pass a constitutional amendment permitting such a law, their masters, through the legislature, refused to pass it. If they rebelled against this tyranny, and went on strike for their constitutional rights, and were lawless in their opposition to lawlessness, their masters, through the Governor, called out the militia, suspended the last pretence of justice, and drove them from the state. The citizen of Colorado had no more right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" than a yellow dog on the streets of Denver, unless he wore the corporation collar and tag.

And it was not only that the American citizen in Colorado had no rights as against his masters; he had none as against the favored slaves of his masters. I had seen it in numerous cases that had come to my court. For example: A junk-dealer had been employing boys to steal bars of lead from box cars, and after trying the boys I advised the prosecution of their employer. He retained a corporation lawyer to defend him before a Justice of the Peace who aspired to a judgeship; and the case against him was dropped. Or again: A man was once accused in my court of seducing a little girl; the District Attorney declared he was a "regular degenerate"; and his lawyer offered to plead guilty if I would put him on probation. I refused to. A new lawyer was brought into the case—a corporation tool who was

A brief summary of the preceding instalments may be found on page 400.

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then County Attorney—and there was an immediate change in the fervor of the prosecution. The District Attorney reported that he had investigated the charge and found no evidence against the man; and I was compelled, under the law, to accept a "nolle," which amounted to a dismissal of the case. This sort of thing prevailed even in divorce suits. It prevailed in every sort of suit that a corporation lawyer could be retained to defend before a corporation judge. Just as the king's favorites in France, before the Revolution, were free to commit any outrage upon the citizens who had no court influence, so, in Colorado, the favorite who wore the livery of the corporations—or was able to retain a favorite who *did*—could spit upon the freeman, could debauch the son of the freeman, could violate the daughter of the freeman, and then appeal confidently to the corporation ministers of justice to protect him. Our boasted "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" had passed away.

Does this seem an intemperate statement of the facts? I hope not. It would distress me to have any one suspect me of impatience. I am trying to relate my experiences in the Jungle, with the Beast, as dispassionately as possible, without any color of prejudice, coolly, for the benefit of those of you who live sheltered, private lives, purred to in prosperity. I do not raise my voice. If I say that you are not a citizen of a democracy but a sort of enfranchised house-slave of an oligarchy of corporate wealth, I say it, believe me, quietly and without heat. It is merely a condition which I wish you to recognize. If, after you have recognized it, you are still content to sit by your fireside and leave politics to your masters, at least you can do so without having been unnecessarily annoyed. If the democracy is to die, by all means let it die decently, with resignation, on a feather bed. Let it not make a noisy finish, like a stuck pig, dragged from its comfortable pen and prosperity's full hog-trough, to have its throat cut, squealing shrilly, while the rest of the world jeers.

In the spring of 1905, I admit, I was not so philosophical. I had just come through a hot campaign and my blood was still intemperate. I was prepared to stir up an insurrection among my fellow serfs, and I believed that such an insurrection could be made successful. I had not been, for so long, an opponent of the Beast without having learned the sources of its power. I had seen that whenever it was attacked in its jungle it took refuge up a tree. I believed that we could fell that tree, with the animal in its top—bring the brute down, stunned by its fall—and dispatch it where it lay, before it could recover. In other words, I had seen that the corporations derived their power from their control of politics, and that they controlled politics largely through the election laws. If we could reform the election laws so as to make the will of the people effective, we could overturn the throne of the plutocracy and have the king sprawling at the feet of his subjects. After that, we could make what terms with him we pleased.

We needed, first of all, a registration law to prevent ballot-box stuffing, so that Boss Evans might not have voters "good for 500 votes" each, while the people had only voters of a vote apiece. Then, if we could get a real Australian ballot law, with a headless ballot—so that the people might be able to vote for candidates instead of parties—we would make it possible for an independent man to succeed in an independent campaign, and prevent Boss Evans from using the name of Roosevelt or Bryan to elect a ticket of corruptionists. Next, with an effective direct primary law, we could abolish the machine caucus and convention—in which the corporations choose the candidates for whom the people are to be allowed to vote—make it possible for the voters to choose their own representatives, and free the honest politician from the necessity of going to Big Steve, or Boss Speer, or any other corporation favorite, for permission to aspire to a political office. And finally, with a Corrupt Practices Act, we could limit campaign expenses, make it unnecessary to appeal to the wealthy corporations for contributions, and make it possible for an independent candidate to compete against a party man without mortgaging his house or selling his independence.

In short, what we most needed—and do still need—was not laws *against* trusts and corporations, limiting their powers and restraining their activities, but laws *for* the people, permitting them to use *their* power and restoring to them the tools of democracy, which the corporations have taken from them. It is useless to agitate for "government control of trusts" as long as the trusts are able, through our machinery of elections, to control the government that is to control *them*. Once let us regain control of our

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legislatures, our courts, and our public officials—by regaining control of the process of electing them—and we shall have the corporations where the *Sans-culotte* had King Louis and his favorites before the Reign of Terror. Then 'ware the figurative guillotine!

With this pleasing prospect in my hope, I began to work on a series of bills to reform the election laws, and I began to stir up a popular demand for such laws by means of public speeches, newspaper articles, and the like. And because this same campaign will have to be fought in every state in the union in which it has not yet been fought, I wish to chronicle it here in sufficient detail to explain the tactics that were used against us, the methods by which we succeeded, and the reasons for which we failed.

We opened fire in the newspapers—and especially in the Denver *Post*, through a clever editorial writer named Paul Thieman, who had given me vital aid in my two previous election contests. The *Post* was then as independent as a highwayman. One of its proprietors, H. H. Tammen, had begun life as a barkeeper, and he would himself relate how he made money by robbing his employer. "When I took in a dollar," Tammen said, "I tossed it up—and if it stuck to the ceiling, it went to the boss." He had a frank way of making his vices engaging by the honesty with which he confessed them; and he had boasted to me of the amount of money the newspaper made by charging its victims for suppressing news-stories of a scandalous nature. He admitted that he supported me merely because it was "the popular thing to do"—it "helped circulation." I knew it was a very precarious support, although the editorial writer, Paul Thieman, seemed to me an honest and public-spirited young man.

The *Rocky Mountain News*, the official organ of the Democratic party, also aided us. (It was owned by Senator Patterson.) But there was a wing of the Democratic party for which it could not speak—the corporation machine faction led by Boss Speer—and I had yet to learn how strong that faction was. The Denver *Republican*, of course, was not in our camp; it is a corporation organ simply. But the Republicans were not unwilling to have the popularity of the Children's Court as an asset of their ticket, and their paper did not openly oppose our reform of the election laws.

There, then, were the three typical newspapers of a typical American city; and we had two of them with us and one preserving a sort of armed neutrality. After a preliminary cannonade of articles and editorials, our reform bills were given to Senator W. W. Booth, whom we had elected by defeating "Len" Rogers; and Senator Booth introduced them in the Senate.

This immediately "developed" the position of the corporation tools in the Legislature. The Republican sub-boss, George Graham, held a parley with Senator Booth, and Booth reported to us: "They say there's absolutely no hope for the direct primary law or the Massachusetts ballot. Neither party organization will stand for it. But there's been a big fuss about padded registration in Denver and in Pueblo, and something may have to be done in that matter for fear the party will be injured. I think we can get them to give us a show to put through the registration reform, but they say that if I try to pass the other two bills, they'll not even let us have the registration law."

I understood, of course, that the "they" who spoke were the corporation representatives. The Democratic chairman, Milton Smith, and other Democrats, like Senator "Billy" Adams, always faithful to the public service corporations, opposed the bills as stubbornly as the Republicans did. The corporation lobbyists worked with a will against them. William R. Freeman, a corporation lobbyist whom I met one day on the street, said frankly, in reply to my arguments for a reform of the election laws: "Yes, they do give us the power to rule the people, but why shouldn't we have it? You know the corporations give this state good government. Look what Speer has done for Denver. Suppose the corporations *have* got millions of dollars' worth of franchises; they know how to use them and the people don't. Now be honest! You know the people aren't fit to govern themselves. If the corporations of this state didn't do it for them, what kind of a state would we have?" He pointed to some workingmen digging in the street. "Do you think we are going to be ruled by a lot of cattle like that? What do *they* know about government? No sir. We rule, and we're going to continue to!"

Freeman was frank. The men in the legislature were not. They had been elected by the votes of "the people not fit to govern themselves," and it was necessary to add

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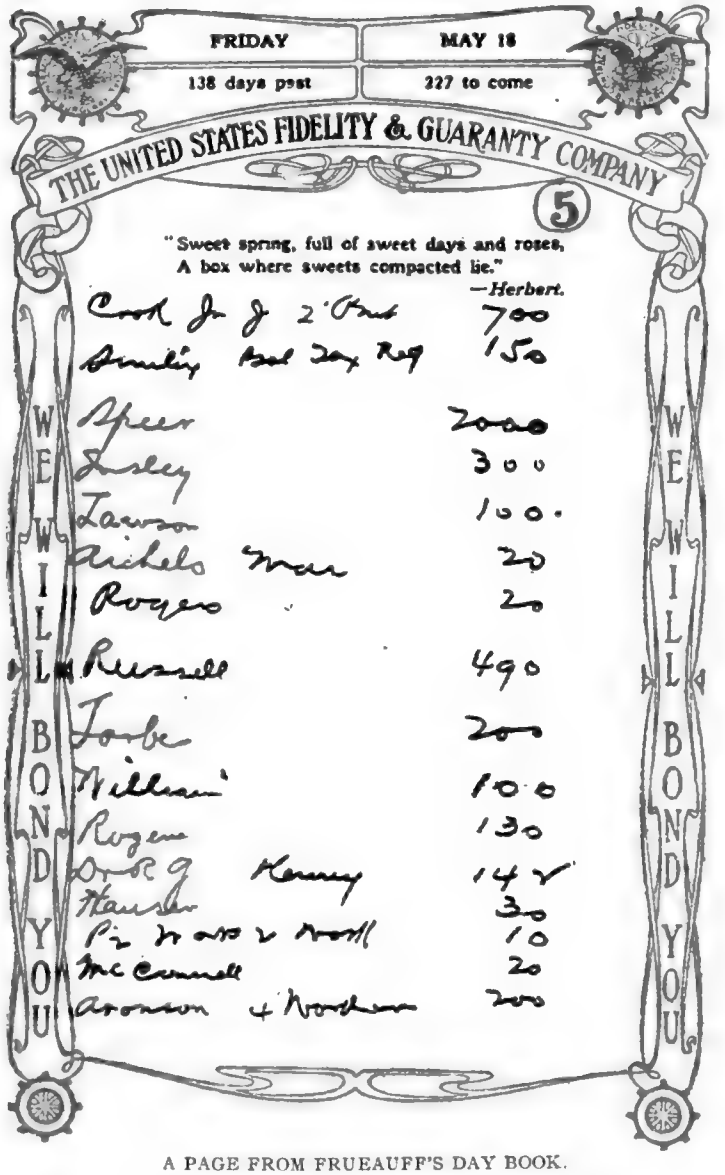

A PAGE FROM FRUEAUFF'S DAY BOOK.

THESE CUTS AND THOSE FOLLOWING ARE REPRODUCTIONS OF PAGES FROM THE DIARY

hypocrisy to treason. The bills were referred to committees and the doors of silence were locked on them. We battered at the doors.

Thus far the corporations had been apparently on the defensive, entrenched and silent; and we were preparing to push the assault, when suddenly we discovered a flank movement that had been weeks afoot and was now sweeping in triumphantly upon us. In the very first days of the session my old law partner, whom I have called Senator "Gardener," had introduced two bills that would have made my position as County Judge untenable, and one of these bills had almost passed the Senate before I knew that it had been introduced. They provided that

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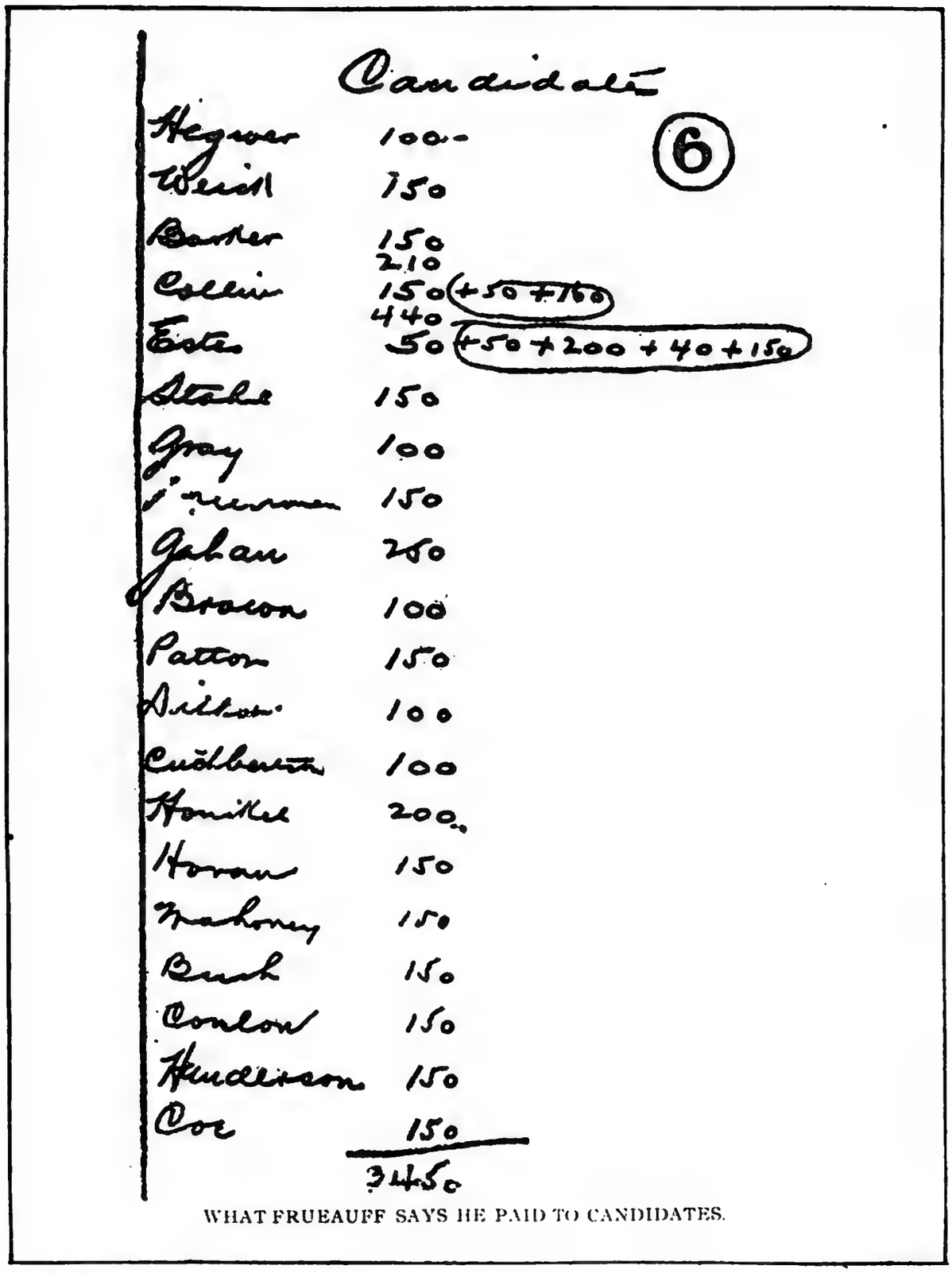

WHAT FRUEAUFF SAYS HE PAID TO CANDIDATES.

OF FRANK FRUEAUFF, SHOWING SUMS PAID OUT IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR CORPORATION FRANCHISES.

County Judges in counties of the first class (which referred only to Denver) should not be permitted to leave the city except in July, and should not be allowed to call in a judge to assist in the work of the County Court. It was humanly impossible for one man to do the work of my court, and Gardener and his corporation masters knew it. We were forced temporarily to use all our efforts in the Legislature to defeat these "spite bills," and we were put on the defensive thereby. It is an old trick of the Beast, but an effective one.

The newspapers came to our rescue; the women held meetings in their clubs; the boys marched through the streets with banners; and Senator Gardener found himself beaten

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upon by a storm of public abuse that has marked him for life. The people, though they did not yet see the Beast, saw that the Juvenile Court was in danger, and rallied at once to the support of a "moral issue." (Woman's suffrage in Colorado has done *that*, at least, for our politics.) The women packed the legislative committee rooms at the Capitol when I spoke against the bills; and the House did not dare to pass them.

A few days before this, while I was at luncheon in a restaurant, Mr. R. D. Thompson—the lawyer under whom Gardener and I served our apprenticeship—came to the table at which I sat and gave me a warning from Gardener. If (Gardener had said) I dared to say anything publicly that would reflect on him or any of his friends, they would "spend a thousand dollars in circulating a story" that would ruin me in the estimation of the women, and end my career.

"Well," I said, "what the deuce does he mean?"

Mr. Thompson replied: "I don't know. He didn't tell me any more than that—and he said I'd better tell you, because they believe you're going before the House at the hearing on these bills to make some statements reflecting on him—something that *he* did, which you claim is the animus behind these bills."

I knew, then, that Gardener referred to the visit he had made to me in my home and his request that I should "job" the Springer election contest for him. I went straight to Gardener's office to demand what he meant by his threat. He was not in. I wrote him a letter and told him that if he knew anything reflecting on my character it was his duty to make it public, and I released him from every confidential or friendly obligation to conceal it. He wrote in reply that he knew nothing against me, and he denied having made the threat.

This was all very well. But he continued to circulate his slanders. He poured them into the ear of Senator William L. Clayton, for example; and Senator Clayton repeated them to me. They came to the knowledge of my brother and my friends. It was evident that the Beast had turned polecat again. I went to the newspapers and gave them the whole story of Gardener's attempts to influence me into jobbing the election cases, and I challenged him to substantiate any of his slanderous charges against me. In other words, I set the dogs of publicity upon the Beast and drove it to its burrow.

Do you think I was done with it, then? Gentle reader, you do not know the animal. Slander is one of its choicest and most effective weapons. Come to Denver to-day and hear some sweet and motherly little woman, at her dinner table, among her children, tell you: "Yes, I voted for Judge Lindsey—*in spite* of his private life." Abominable stories about me, circulated privately, are privately believed, despite the fact that there is not a corporation crook in Denver who would not dance with joy if he could find the slightest evidence on which to base a charge of immorality against me. My private life has been gone over with a microscope. I have been followed by detectives. Faces have peered in my library window at night when I have been sitting there, talking with friends. My chambers in the Court House have been broken into, my desk drawers forced open, and my letter files searched. Bribes have been offered the officers of my court to find or manufacture evidence of my moral turpitude. Nothing has been found on which the harpies could build even a presumption of guilt that would endure the light. And yet the slanders circulate!

I have proof, too, that they are deliberately circulated. In 1904, when I was opposing the election of "Len" Rogers and District Attorney Lindsley, Paul Thieman, of the *Post*, came upon a young brood of slanderous lies that had been hatched out at the Democratic Club. He spoke to a politician about them. "*You* know Judge Lindsey," he said. "You don't really believe those stories, do you?"

"No," the politician replied, "but we've got to get the little —— —— some way. There'll be a lot of people believe them." And he described how some sensitive reformer in San Francisco—whose name I have forgotten—had been overwhelmed by just such calumnies.

If this method of attack were peculiar to the Beast in Denver, I should not refer to it here. But do you know what stories are told of District Attorney Jerome in New York, of Senator LaFollette in Wisconsin, of Governor Folk in Missouri, of Heney in San Francisco, and even of President Roosevelt? O you citizens of the United States—who are "not fit to govern" yourselves—the manufacture and circulation of these stories is one of the operations of the powers that govern you. It is this defilement that has helped to make our politics so dirty. It is your cre-

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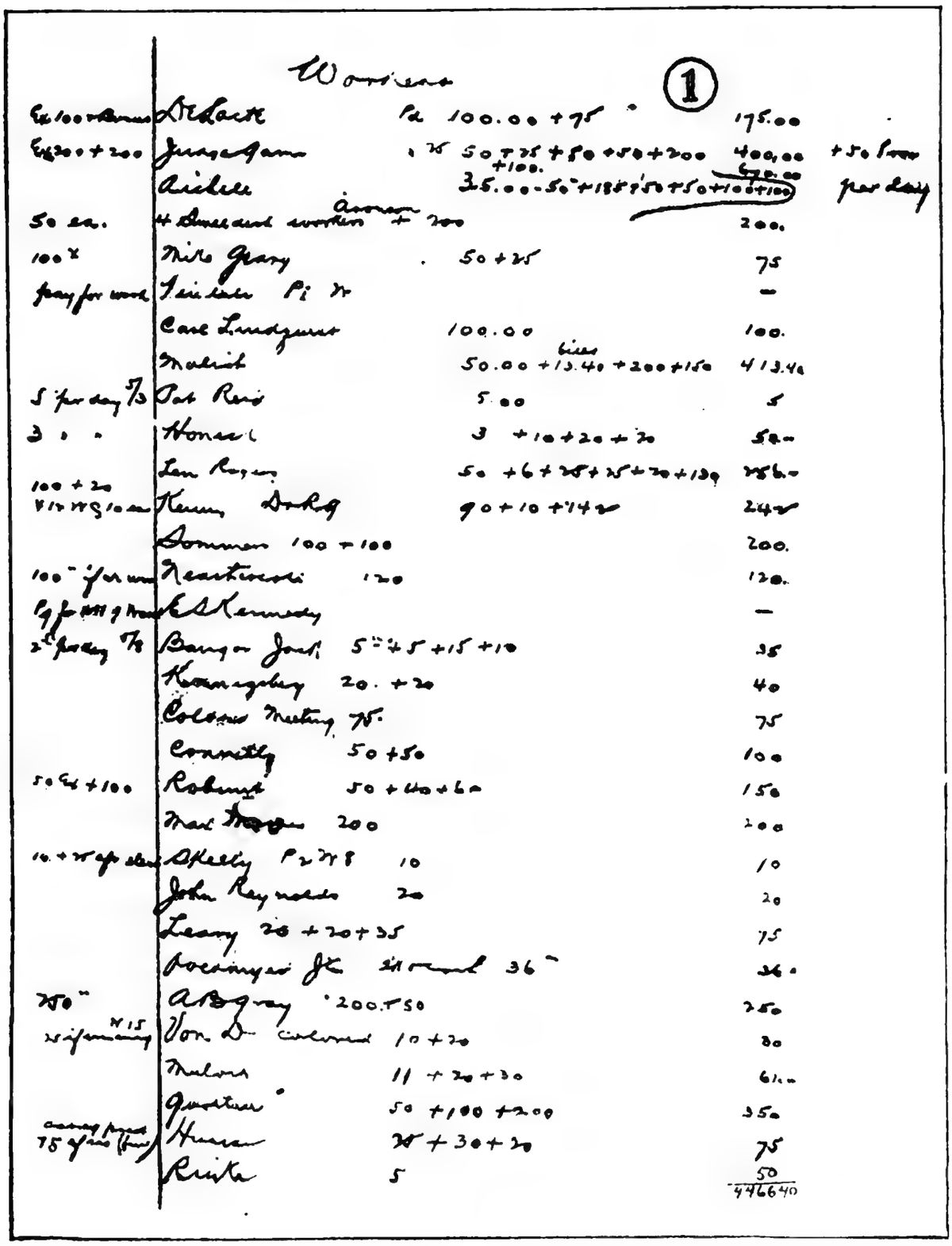

dence of these lies that has made the honor of public office so often a garment of torture to the man who wears it. Beware of your Beast when it turns polecat! Remember, always, that if there was a word of honest evidence on which to defend these stories, they would be printed in every corporation newspaper in the country!

Well, we defeated Senator Gardener's "spite" bills and turned again to our campaign of reform; and by this time it was evident that we could hope for no more than the passage of our registration law. The other bills were pigeonholed in committees, guarded by corporation representatives like the Democratic Senator "Billy" Adams, who has sat for more than twenty years in our Senate, sunken-lipped, glint-eyed, with the beak of a buzzard, waiting silently like an old scald-head hawk to pounce upon any reform measure that threatens the "plum tree" of the corporations.

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But our registration bill apparently had a chance of becoming law. It passed along quietly through the Senate—to my amazement—a little mutilated now and then by an amendment, but still effective. I watched its course with interest, puzzled by its success. I began to hope that the public outcry against the ballot frauds had put the fear of the popular wrath into the hearts of the machine politicians. And certainly the outcry had been loud. We had defeated the Democratic candidate for District Attorney in Denver, and elected a Republican. He had instituted a vigorous prosecution of the Democratic "stuffers." In Pueblo, the Republican District Attorney had been defeated, and a Democratic District Attorney was prosecuting the Republican "stuffers." The public was applauding both. The henchmen and ward heelers and even some sub-bosses of both parties were in danger of the penitentiary; and on the wave of this "reform movement" our new law seemed to be borne gayly along.

And then the mystery was explained to me by Senator W. W. Booth. He had discovered that the two corporation bosses had come together and agreed "to swap prisoners." Our registration bill had a clause that repealed the old registration law "save and except as to all violations thereof and prosecutions pending thereunder;" and when the bill came up for the final vote, this "saving clause" was struck out.

I hastened at once to see Governor McDonald, explained the plot to him, and besought him, upon receiving the mutilated bill, to return it to the Legislature with a message exposing this premeditated jail-delivery and demanding the reinstatement of the "saving clause." He replied calmly that the facts were probably as I had related—that he had been so advised from other sources. (The District Attorney in Pueblo had telegraphed him that the passage of the amended bill would free 160 ballot-box stuffers against whom there were indictments.) But he said: "You can't get the law, in my judgment, unless you get it in this way." And we had to take what we could get.

The ballot-box stuffers immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, under the new law, for a stay in the proceedings against them. The judges decided that the passage of the new law repealed the old one, and they held that since the clause "save and except as to all violations thereof," had been stricken out—and a repeal of all penalties for crimes thereunder deliberately inserted—it was no doubt the intention of the Legislature to grant a pardon to the criminals. We lost the criminals, but we got the instrument against them; and it has been effective. Billy Green, the notorious election crook, has since borne unwilling testimony to that effect. In districts where there had been 5,000 voters registered in the old days, less than 1,000 were now on the books. The corporations had lost their voters "good for 500 votes apiece," and the people of Colorado were one step nearer freedom.

I was elated. We had not only forced a reform, but it proved practical; and of all our bills the registration measure was the only one of whose effect there had been any question. Our direct primary law was after Senator LaFollette's ideas, some of which had been adopted in Wisconsin. The headless ballot law had shown its strength in Massachusetts. If we could get those two laws, now, we should be able to hear Lincoln's Gettysburg address read in Colorado without turning pale.

CHAPTER XIV

A CITY PILLAGED

HAVE I convinced you yet? Do you still think that I am crying "Wolf! Wolf!" when there is no wolf, or do you believe that we indeed *do* have our fabled dragon, to which some of us are daily sacrificed—that lives upon us—that the daughters of the poor are fed to, no less than the sons of the rich? Or do you think that it is, after all, a rather harmless brute whom some of us in Colorado have goaded to a natural rage—a domestic animal, properly—a milch-cow, perhaps, that has to have its fodder but repays us in the rich cream of prosperity? Do you agree with the candid Freeman that government by corporations is not so bad a thing? Then let me—before I proceed with the story of our struggle for a reform of our election laws—let me add one more instance of what that kind of government entails. Let me show it as I saw it in my court room in the spring of 1906. Let me put you on the bench there to judge it and decide.

Under the constitutional amendment that had granted the city of Denver in 1902 the right to make its own charter, it had been

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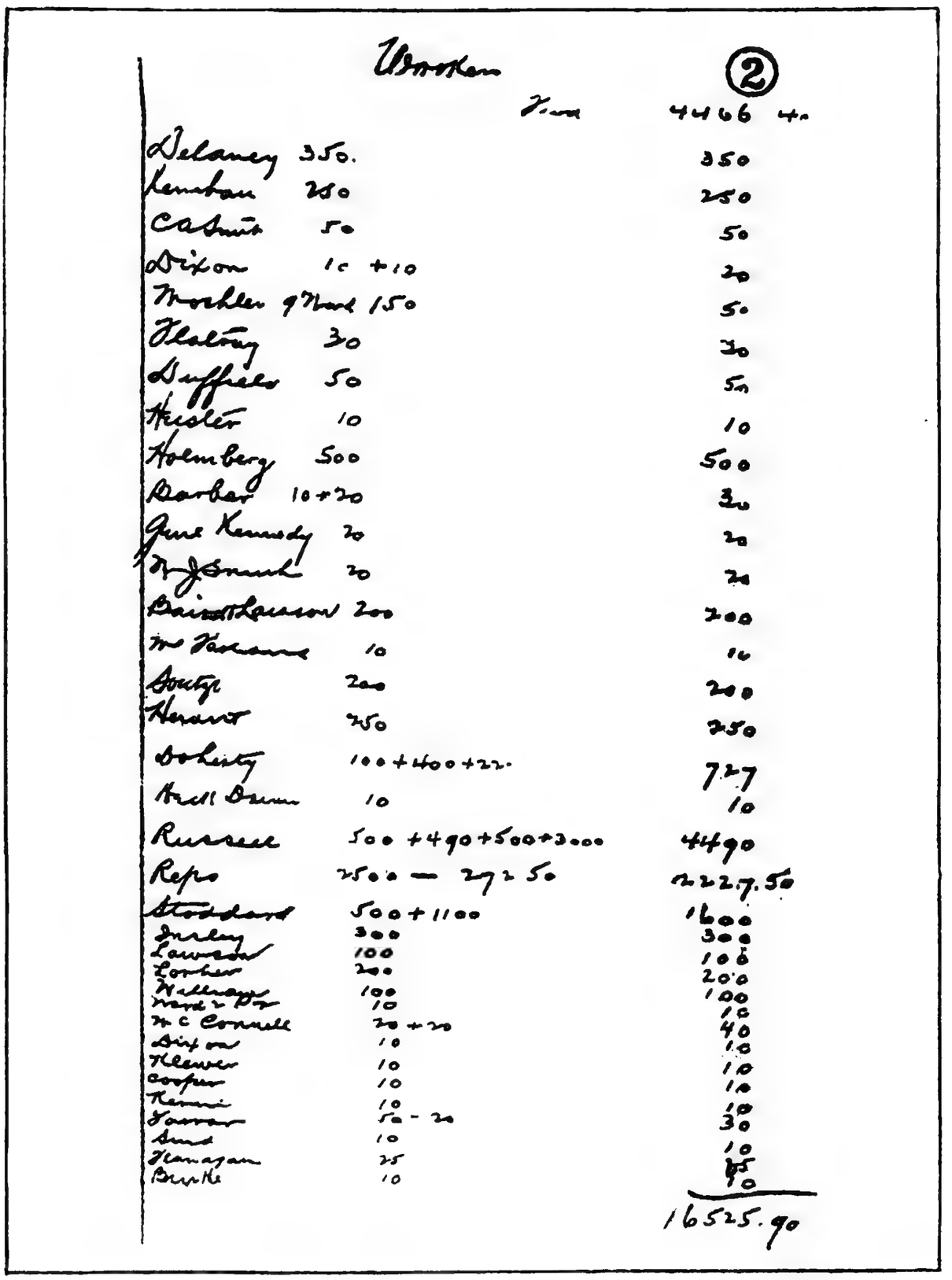

Unbroken

		(2)
	Tim	4466 40
Delaney	350.	350
Lenihan	250	250
Cahuita	50	50
Dixon	10 +10	20
Mahler & Ward	150	50
Keating	30	30
Duffield	50	50
Kessler	10	10
Holmberg	500	500
Barber	10+20	30
Jane Kennedy	20	20
N J Smith	20	20
Baird Lawson	200	200
M Farlane	10	10
Bourke	200	200
Hearst	250	250
Doherty	100+400+227	727
Hall Bros	10	10
Russell	500 +490+500+3000	4490
Repo	2500 — 272 50	2227.50
Stoddard	500+1100	1600
Burley	300	300
Lawson	100	100
Lorber	200	200
Hallenger	100	100
Ward & Dy	10	10
M C Connell	20 +20	40
Dixon	10	10
Kleever	10	10
Cooper	10	10
Kenni	10	10
Farrar	50 - 20	30
Sund	10	10
Flanagan	25	25
Burke	10	10
		16525.90

provided that the citizens should dispose of franchises to public-service corporations by the direct vote of the taxpaying electors, and not, as in the past, through the City Council. In 1906 the Denver Gas and Electric Company applied for a franchise for twenty years, and the tramway company applied for an extension of some of its franchises, without, however, waiving its claims to a perpetual franchise. The gas company wished also the power to take over the electric plant of a local company that by its charter could not sell except to the city; and the Denver and Northwestern Railroad wished an entrance to the city and a right of way. For these monopoly rights in the streets of Denver nothing was offered to the citizens of Denver except by the gas com-

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pany, which agreed to pay $50,000 per annum, and by the street railway company, which engaged itself to pay the city $60,000 a year on condition that a certain part of the money be spent on the public parks and for park amusements (to which, of course, the tramway company would carry the crowds)!

These franchises were voted upon in the spring elections. Before election day it began to be freely charged that in the offices of the County Assessor and the County Treasurer, where the lists of taxpaying electors were being made up, great numbers of citizens were being assessed upon trivial articles of personal property, so that they might be qualified to vote. It was charged, too, that "fake" tax receipts were being issued to employees of the utility corporations. And a league of citizens, through their lawyers, at once applied to the District Court (Judge Frank T. Johnson*) for a writ similar to that issued by the Supreme Court in 1904 against the "Savages," to prevent election frauds. Judge Johnson held that if the Supreme Court could grant such a writ, the District Court could do the same.

He issued it. The elections were held, and on the face of the returns the franchises were granted.

But the majority in favor of the grant was very small, 99 for the tramway franchise and about 500 for the gas franchise on the official recount. The tax-receipt frauds were evident. Hundreds of votes had been cast upon taxes of a few cents levied on almost worthless land that lay out on the prairies. And the league of citizens, under Judge Johnson's writ, applied for an investigation in his court. He decided to hold it.

Subpœnas were issued to the boys who had voted on the "ten-cent" tax receipts and to the woman in the Treasurer's office who had made out these receipts. The woman promptly fled from town. The County Treasurer rose from his sick-bed to deny responsibility for having issued the receipts, discharged the chief clerk under whose instructions the work had been done, collapsed in his office, and died that same afternoon at his home. It was charged that more than 2,000 fraudulent receipts had been issued. It was proved that the receipts had been issued wholesale and distributed among the clerks of the gas company office. The clerks, called to the witness-stand, either perjured themselves by swearing that they had bought the land through Mr. Frank W. Frueauff of the gas company, or practically confessed their guilt by refusing to testify lest they might incriminate themselves—a privilege that every criminal has under the law.†

*Judge Johnson did his duty to the community bravely in these cases. The System crushed him at the next election.

†The testimony that follows is a sample of that given by the young men employed by the Denver Gas and Electric Company, who were called to the witness stand in these franchise investigations. It will be found in the records of the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado, in case No. 5,976, in the matter of the application of Henry L. Doherty, for a writ of habeas corpus; and also in case No. 6,005, Henry L. Doherty (President of the Denver Gas and Electric Company), Plaintiff in Error, vs. the People of the State of Colorado, ex rel. James H. Causey, et al. The names of these employees are omitted:

Q. What is your occupation?
A. Representative of the Denver Gas and Electric Company. I take care of complaints, etc.
Q. I will ask you whether prior to election day you received from anybody a tax receipt?
A. Yes, sir.
(At this point the attorney for the gas company made strenuous efforts to prevent the witness answering these questions. Being finally overruled, the testimony continued, as follows):
Q. For whom were they issued?
A. One for myself, and the other one for my wife.
Q. Did you know on election day where the property was, even according to the map? (This referred to the property upon which this tax receipt was supposed to be issued.)
A. I had an idea where it was, could not name the street; did not know its boundary lines.
Q. You say you received two tax receipts; did you turn the other over to your wife?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. What property was covered by that tax receipt?
A. I don't remember.
Q. When did you hand your wife that receipt?
A. I think it was Monday a week ago.
(This was the day before the franchise election.)
Q. Did you vote on the franchises?
A. I refuse to answer that question. (Question repeated.)

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Does this sound merely technical? Ah, you should have been in that court and watched those poor boys—honest sons of good families, who had been driven at the bidding of their employers to commit a crime—standing there before the bar of justice, admitting their shame while their wives and mothers watched with tears in their eyes. You should have heard them floundering through their perjuries, red-faced and guilty, while the officers of the gas company watched them with a cynical smile. And you should have seen Henry L. Doherty, president of the gas company, when *he* was called to the stand and refused to testify—refused to do for himself what he had let these boys do for him—and with a contemptuous sneer on his face denied the jurisdiction of the court and would give no evidence before it.

That court represented the sovereign power of the people. But Henry L. Doherty was protected by the sovereign power of the Beast. That court had the right under the law to hear the case and give judgment upon it; and the question of its jurisdiction should then have been decided upon appeal. But Henry L. Doherty had the lawless power of the Beast to smile at court procedure, to despise law, and to teach anarchy by example. Judge Johnson sentenced him for contempt. He went out, smiling, in the custody of a deputy sheriff. One of his attorneys rushed

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Q. I asked you if you voted on the franchises. (At this election a franchise was voted to the Denver Gas and Electric Company, and to the Denver City Tramway Company.)
A. Yes, sir, I did.
Q. Was your vote challenged?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Did you swear it in?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Where did you receive these tax receipts?
A. I received them in the Assembly Hall. (It may here be explained that the testimony of the employees of the gas and electric company in this case was to the effect that they assembled at the office of the gas and electric company the day before the franchise elections, where these tax receipts were distributed.)
Q. Did some principal officer of the gas company give you these tax receipts?
A. I don't remember who gave them to me.
Q. At the gas company office, prior to your receiving these receipts, did any one ask you to turn in some names of some friends of yours?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. How did they find out your wife's name?
A. I do not know.
Q. Did you turn in your wife's name?
A. Yes, sir, they had my name and my wife's name.
Q. On that list?
A. Yes, sir. (Witness was here questioned about his ownership of property upon which these tax receipts were issued to him and his wife, in order that they might be qualified to vote for these franchises at the election held a few days before for that purpose.)
Q. Did you ever sign any agreement to pay for that lot?
A. I refuse to answer.
Q. Why?
A. Because I think it would incriminate me.
Q. Have you signed any promissory note for $250? (This referred to the value of the lot.)
A. I refuse to answer because it would incriminate me.
Q. Did you ever make a mortgage or a trust deed to secure the payment of that $250?
A. I refuse to answer that.
Q. Why?
A. Because it would incriminate me.
Q. Did you ever sign any other paper agreeing to pay that $250?
A. I refuse to answer that question.
Q. Why?
A. Because it would incriminate me.
Q. With whom have you talked regarding the payment of that $250?
A. Mr. Frueauff. (Testimony shows this was Frank W. Frueauff, General Manager of the Denver Gas and Electric Company.)
Q. What did he say to you about it?
A. He said nothing to me only that I wanted the property. I told him that.
Q. When did you tell him that?
A. I refuse to answer that.
Q. Why?
A. Because it would incriminate me.
Q. Why did you tell him you wanted that property?
A. I do not know.
Q. Why did you want the property?
A. I thought it was a good investment.
Q. And yet, when you received that tax receipt, you had never seen that property?
A. No, sir.
Q. And then you think that property that you had never seen and did not know where it was located was a good investment?
A. I refuse to answer that question.
Q. Why?
A. Because it would incriminate me.

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to the telephone and called up the clerk of the Supreme Court and said in the voice of a man talking to his office boy, "Hurry up with that writ." Doherty made a triumphal descent of the Court House staircase, smiled at by the crowds in the halls, as if he were the hero of some huge practical joke that was admirable in its insolence; and he was taken by the sheriff to a neighboring hotel, where he waited until Judge Gabbert directed his release under a writ of habeas corpus—a proceeding which the Supreme Court itself afterward repudiated as illegal.

However, the Supreme Court granted a temporary writ restraining Judge Johnson from proceeding with his investigation; and later, a majority of the judges of the court made that writ permanent, and so held that Judge Johnson had no right to do for the people in 1906 what the Supreme Court had done—for whom?—in 1904. Judges Steele and Gunter dissented. They held that though the action of the Supreme Court in 1904 was "without precedent" and "not based upon any recognized rule of equity jurisprudence," it was "nevertheless, until reversed, the law of this state." They held that the decision of the Supreme Court in 1904 declared that it was "in the power of a court of equity to supervise elections by injunction." They held that the Supreme Court could not claim such a right for itself and deny the same right to the District Court, for by doing so the Supreme Court "arrogates to itself an exclusiveness expressly disavowed in many other opinions and assumes a superiority denied it by the Constitution." The other judges overrode this dissent. They did not propose to strain at a gnat after having swallowed a camel. They denied Judge Johnson's jurisdiction, and his investigation collapsed.

Balked there, the league of citizens applied for a grand jury investigation; but since their complaint alleged a conspiracy of the corporations to buy up and control both parties in the elections, the league asked the appointment of a special sheriff and a special District Attorney on the case. Judge Mullins granted the investigation, and appointed officers in place of the suspected sheriff and District Attorney Stidger. Another appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the court again intervened and stopped the proceedings, on the ground that the sheriff and the District Attorney could not be displaced—in the face of Justice Steele's dissenting opinion that the case came "within the doctrine announced in the People vs. District Court, 29 Colorado 5, where the right of the district judge to appoint a special officer to advise the grand jury whenever he has reason to believe, from information which he considers re-

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Q. Explain why that would incriminate you?
Mr. Elliott. (This was Mr. Willis V. Elliott, present District Attorney of Denver, who was then attorney for the gas company, and whose partner, Mr. Rodney J. Bardwell, State Senator, is now President of the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company): I submit he does not have to explain why he claims his exemption.

This concluded the testimony of this witness, after he had explained to the court that he had no other real estate in the city, and that no personal property of his was assessed upon which taxes were due for the year.

Mr. Henry L. Doherty, President of the Denver Gas and Electric Company, smiled benignly upon the young men who gave testimony like this. Mr. Doherty refused to be sworn, for which he was committed to jail and promptly released by Justice William H. Gabbert of the Supreme Court on a habeas corpus writ, which the Supreme Court afterward declared that Judge Gabbert had no right to grant. Frueauff, who, some of these young men testified, was their agent in these tax-receipt transactions, attempting to qualify them as voters to vote for the franchises, was not to be found in Denver during these hearings.

In the same cases will be found the testimony of W. R. Howland, a Deputy County Assessor, showing that hundreds of tax receipts for small amounts were issued a few days before the franchise elections and delivered to this utility corporation, and through their agents delivered to their employees and others, in order that they might vote for the franchises. One Election Judge, Mr. H. P. Gumaer, states publicly that he challenged ten or twelve young men who appeared at the polling place with these tax receipts to vote for the franchises. They were under the direction of Alderman Thomas M. Hyder, who was paid by the gas company to work for the franchises. When Election Judge Gumaer insisted upon their being sworn and threatened them with prosecution, all but one slunk away from the polling place, and he declares that there was no prosecution against the one who did swear in his vote on the strength of this tax receipt furnished by the gas company.

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liable, that crimes have been committed and that the officers' conduct in connection therewith is such that it should be investigated, is expressly confirmed."

• The franchise investigation was finally brought before me. As judge of the County Court, I had the right, under the charter, "to hear all election contests." The lawyers for the corporations filed affidavits charging me with prejudice and demanding a change of venue. I refused to grant it. An appeal was taken to Judge Malone of the District Court, and the corporation lawyers argued there that I had no jurisdiction. "Some of the counsel for the petitioners," Judge Malone said in his decision, "were frank enough to tell the court that they did not think there was any court that had jurisdiction to consider, investigate or pass upon the validity of the franchises in question, or as to whether they were lawfully carried. They say that there having been no court or tribunal established or named for the purpose, there is a radical defect in the legislation upon the subject, which can only be corrected by further legislation. . . . I cannot believe this to be true." He resolved the doubt in the case in favor of the people, and held that the County Court had the right to hear the contest. He has since admitted that he had been warned that if his decision went against the corporations he could not be renominated to the bench; and he has *not* been renominated!

The case before me continued. There continued also a general exodus from Denver that became one of the jokes of the newspapers. "Bill" Evans, president of the tramway company, had gone East. Frueauff, the manager of the gas company, had taken an early train. Bill Davoren, chairman of the Democratic City and County Central Committee had flown, and a friend of his came to my chambers to ask that I grant him immunity on the promise that the organization would back me as a candidate for the governorship. Scores of young clerks made off, their traveling expenses paid (as some of them have since confessed to me) by the gas company. The mothers of others—or their wives—came to my chambers with pitiful tales of poverty and lack of employment, and told me that their sons or their husbands had been compelled to cast fraudulent votes or lose the work on which they depended for their daily bread. (The victims of the Beast!) One of the guilty clerks was the son of a Denver bishop, and I was besought for the sake of his father, for the sake of the congregation, for the sake of religion and public decency, not to put him on the witness stand. (He finally escaped the process server and got out of town.) A young man came to confess to me that he had committed perjury in Judge Johnson's court, believing that the corporations would "square it"; "for," he said, "it's been common talk that the corporations control the Supreme Court and wouldn't let us get into trouble." All day in my chambers, every evening in my home, these trembling slaves of corporation government besieged me with their petitions for clemency; and the pitiful moral degradation of it all made life a nightmare. These people were not the "lower classes" of the slums whom you are accustomed to think of as born to shame and suffering. They were not the workingmen who are "cattle" to such as Freeman, and in his opinion "not fit to govern themselves." They were those whom you, "gentle reader," are accustomed to consider as good as yourself. And yet they were dragged through the mire of fraud and perjury just as *you* and *your* children and *your* wives and *your* mothers will be dragged, if the Beast in your community ever finds the need to drag you. Never doubt it!

The case continued. Party workers were put on the stand and admitted that they had received money from the party organizations and had voted for the franchises. The clerks and their wives who had voted on the fraudulent tax receipts either refused to testify lest they should incriminate themselves or perjured themselves so flagrantly that the court was compelled to warn them. Scenes similar to those that I had watched in Judge Johnson's court were repeated in mine; and Henry L. Doherty and those of his fellow-officials who had not succeeded in getting out of town smiled as they listened.

Then, in order to prove that the money paid by the political organizations to their workers had come from the corporations, Doherty was ordered to the witness stand. He refused to testify. With his arms crossed, insolently, backed by his lawyers, he denied the jurisdiction of the court and silently dared us to punish him.

I pointed out to him, mildly, that the question of the jurisdiction of the court was one to be settled by appeal from the judgment of the court in the case; that no citizen

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had the right to interrupt court proceedings by such an arbitrary defiance as his. And I fined him $500 and sentenced him to imprisonment in the county jail until he should decide to testify.

I passed the same sentence on Mr. Fred Williams, chairman of the Republican City Committee, on the president of the Election Commission, and on Mr. J. Cooke, Jr., who followed Doherty's example. They reflected his amused smile. Doherty was not only president of the gas company in Denver, but he was (or had been) president of gas or electric companies in Madison, Wis., Lincoln, Neb., Quebec, Canada, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, St. Paul, Binghamton, N. Y., San Antonio, Tex., and St. Joseph, Mo. He crossed his arms on his importance and defied the law.

I summoned the deputy sheriff (Ed G. Shaffer) and warned him that the court's order must be obeyed, that Doherty must go to jail, and that if any special privileges were granted to him or the other prisoners, I would punish for contempt of court the officer that granted the privileges. The corporation lawyers interposed with a request that I merely leave Doherty in the custody of the sheriff till writs could be obtained to free him, pending an appeal. I refused the request. They asked then that I suspend sentence until they could get up the record of the case on which the writs had to be obtained. I refused that request also. "If any poor man came to this court," I said, "and refused to be sworn, no such privileges as you ask for would be granted him. I have never known any one to show such contempt for a court as this man has. I refuse to stop the court proceedings so that the clerk of the court may write up the record. The defendant will get strict justice from this court and no more."

By this time Doherty's smile was more defiant but less contemptuous. He went out, in charge of the deputy, with the expression of face that I have seen a hundred times upon the incorrigible bad boys who have been sentenced in the Juvenile Court. He went to jail; and he and his fellows were entered on the warden's books with a prisoner who was held on a charge of murder.

There—judging from the newspaper pictures of him behind the bars—his smile rather faded. The county jail was not built to furnish millionaires with luxury. The cells are clean but bare; the bars are tastefully painted with aluminum paint; the floors are made of iron plate filled with rivets; the beds are hammocks that are not slung until nightfall; when the prisoner wishes to sit down, he sits on the floor.

Doherty remained there while the court record was being prepared. The clerk took no more time than usual with that record—but no less. And if the reports that came to me are to be believed, Mr. Doherty became rather angry, as night followed day, and day night, and no writ arrived to free him. He expressed a very low opinion of his lawyers. He was, I believe, the first and only trust magnate in this country who ever found himself in such a pitiable situation; and his indignation was natural. He remained there during three days and two nights before a new act of court lawlessness freed him.

The Supreme Court was on its vacation, and a single judge was unable to stay the proceedings of a lower court. The only action a single Supreme Court judge could take was the granting of a writ of habeas corpus; and under the ruling of the court in the previous case in Judge Johnson's court, a writ of habeas corpus was not the proper remedy in contempt cases. But there was still sitting in the District Court the notorious Judge Peter L. Palmer; and Judge Palmer issued a writ of habeas corpus freeing Doherty and his associates on the ground that the Supreme Court was not in session.

Judge Palmer had no more right to issue such a writ than one of the gas company's office boys. He was as lawless, in doing so, as Doherty had been in refusing to testify. I immediately ordered the sheriff to recapture his prisoners and return them to my court. But they had fled. "I have searched the entire city," the sheriff reported, "but I can find none of them." The newspapers found Doherty in Lincoln, Nebraska, safely beyond the jurisdiction of the court. The others remained in hiding until the Supreme Court met and decided substantially that though my court, under the statute and the charter, had been granted jurisdiction in "all cases of contested elections," the franchise investigation was not such a case and the legislature had failed to pass any act specifically giving the County Court the right to hear such a case!*

I have written all this as baldly as pos-

*A ridiculous *quo warranto* suit was subsequently prosecuted before Judge Palmer (!) by District Attorney Stidger (!). Do I need to say what the result was? Do I need to explain how that result was obtained?

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sible, so as to have the facts before you uncolored by prejudice. But do you realize what these facts mean? Do you realize that the citizens of Denver, robbed of millions of dollars by a franchise steal, found themselves in 1906 with no court under heaven to which they could appeal for redress?* Do you realize that the robbers, caught in the act, were able to laugh at their victims and defy the law? Can you consider what an example of citizenship was set for those young men and women who were compelled to betray their city, to perjure themselves on an oath before their God, and to see Doherty and his associates smile upon this treason and this perjury? Doherty—the millionaire president of a score of power companies, rich, honored, admired! Frueauff, the manager of the Denver Gas Company, ex-treasurer of the board of deacons of the Central Presbyterian Church, an active religious worker, a most "respectable" man! Williams, chairman of a great party committee, ex-superintendent of a Sunday-school in the Central Presbyterian Church! Who may not be the victims of the Beast in *your* city when such men as these are its active agents in *ours*?

Nor was this all. Months after the court investigations ended, Mr. Frueauff lost—or had stolen from him—some pages of the memorandum book in which he had kept an account of his briberies. Those pages were published in facsimile in Senator Patterson's paper, the Denver *Times*. They were in Frueauff's handwriting, and he never repudiated them. They showed that he had corrupted the political workers of both parties in the franchise elections, that he had bribed candidates of both parties, that he had paid Mayor Speer $4,500, had spent $3,551 on newspapers, had given $550 in church contributions, had paid Judge Gavin $400, the president of the Board of Supervisors $1,600, the State Oil Inspector $4,490, the Commissioner of Supplies $300, the City Clerk $200, "Len" Rogers $256, Soetje, an election commissioner, $200, Julius Aichele, former County Clerk, $670—and, in short, on the evidence of those five pages of memoranda, had used $67,690 to corrupt the guardians and sentries and officers of the public, so that the corporation banditti might find open gates and defenseless citizens when they came to pillage.

Pillage? Rich and plenty! No free town of the Middle Ages, sacked by the robber barons and their retainers, ever paid such a ransom or yielded such a haul of loot. The income of the Denver City Tramway Company for the year 1908 was more than three million dollars. If it paid for its franchises as the street railway does in Toronto, Canada (a city not much larger than Denver), the people of Denver would be receiving, in concessions on fares and in actual cash paid for the use of their streets, more than a million dollars a year instead of a beggarly $60,000. (And it must be recalled that for this beggarly $60,000 the company has had its car taxes of $10,000 remitted!)

If the citizens of Toronto paid the fares that the citizens of Denver do, their street-car travel would have cost them $829,721 more in 1908 than it did. In a recent case in the Federal Court in Denver, City Attorney Harry A. Lindsley—always the friend of the Beast—stipulated away to Mr. Charles J. Hughes, attorney for the tramway company, valuable rights in a case involving the tramway franchise, so that the Federal Judge on the bench was compelled to concede the right of the tramway to a fifty-year franchise, leaving still undetermined its further persistent claim to a perpetual franchise. If the Denver Tramway Company can continue to defend that illegal claim, its "rights" in the streets of Denver are worth $500,000,000, to put it modestly.† The value of the physical plant of the tramway company does not exceed $7,500,000. Its stocks and bonds aggregate about $21,000,000; an issue of $25,000,000 of bonds has recently been authorized—of which $13,000,000 is to retire prior liens, etc.—and it is predicted in the brokers' offices that an old issue of $6,000,000 of stock will be increased to $20,000,000 as soon as the liens have been retired. Loot! Beyond the dreams of all the thieves, highwaymen, pirates, and gentlemen of fortune in the history of crime.

The Denver Gas and Electric Company is earning sufficient to pay dividends of twenty per cent on its investment. It charges one dollar a hundred for gas. And now Doherty and Frueauff have announced a plan to re-

* We had a bill introduced in the Legislature of 1909 providing that the County Court could adjudicate upon franchise election contests. The bill was defeated by the corporation representatives. Now, under their contentions before Judge Malone—already sustained in part by the decision of the Supreme Court of 1906—a corporation that has obtained a franchise by whatever bribery, corruption, or ballot frauds, cannot have its right to that franchise legally contested in Colorado!

† Our new Supreme Court, in December, 1909, held flatly against this claim, in "The Leadville Sewer Case."

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organize with a bond issue of twenty-five millions and "a stock reorganization at a later date." The amount of the stock issue depends, in the language of the railroad, upon how much the traffic will bear.

The Denver Union Water Company, piping water into the city from the mountains from great water sheds and water rights belonging to the people—and conceded to the company without any reservations to the people of their rights—charges three times as much for its service as the citizens of Boulder, for example, pay for theirs. Surely, as the frank Mr. Freeman said, "the corporations give this state good government." They give us a government that is an outrage, and charge for it a price that is robbery.

It is a *robbery*, and duly declared so by the Supreme Court of the United States. That court, in the case of Wilcox vs. Consolidated Gas Company (of New York City), decided that the rates charged by a public utility corporation must be sufficient to pay a reasonable return on the "property devoted to the public use"—not on the watered stock, not on the probable value of the franchise and the "good will" of the business, but on the valuation of the physical plant. It decided that a reasonable return in New York City for a gas plant is six per cent. Under this ruling—which is the law of the land—the Denver Gas and Electric Company should be charging the citizens of Denver not more than six per cent. on the actual value of its plant instead of a sum that has yielded over twenty per cent on its investment. The tramway company should be charging not more than six per cent on $7,500,000, instead of seeking to extort from the people a sufficient sum to yield interest on $40,000,000.

But of what avail is the law when the robbers so often control the officers and the courts that should enforce the law, and control them for the express purpose of preventing its enforcement? Here is the secret of the Beast, its first cause and its final reason for being. It rules to rob. It must rule in order to rob. And as long as it rules, it will continue to rob.

Mayor Speer, on the night before his last election, officially opened an electric fountain in City Park. A crowd of fifteen thousand people (of whom the tramway company had taken its usual toll) applauded the sky-high spurt of water glittering like fireworks in the glow of colored lights; and on all sides, when the first shouts of delight had subsided, there sounded the heartiest praises of Mayor Speer for what he was doing for Denver. He was reëlected. Some day, let us hope, an electric fountain will be dedicated in City Park to the memory of that well-meaning and unfortunate County Treasurer who, when he found how his office had been corrupted at the time of the franchise steal, died of the disgrace. It should bear the inscription: "To the civic official of Denver who died of shame. Erected by the others who have only blushed themselves into insensibility."

As the philosopher said: "There are times when one laughs that he may not weep!"

The Seventh Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the April Number.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: In the first instalment of Judge Lindsey's Autobiography, he is brought, as a lawyer's office boy, into contact with the typical social conditions of a typical American city. Puzzling over this initial encounter, he gains his first glimpse of the "Beast." In his next step, as a young lawyer, he finds the same situations developed in his work in the courts; and, he and his partner feeling the need for reform laws, their efforts take them to the Republican Legislature, where again, more plainly still, he comes upon the trail of the "Beast." His partner, the senator, succumbs to the influences they meet here, while, unhappy but not disheartened, Lindsey goes on with the work as a Democratic Committeeman. Here he discovers the "Beast" to be as powerful and effective in his own party as he had discovered it in the Republican Legislature.

He is appointed Judge of the County Court, and now meets the "Beast" interfering with the efficient administration of justice; and when finally a divekeeper is prosecuted before him, he sees the plain connection between the "Beast" and all the vices of the city which it protects. Even the children he finds exploited under the protection of the "Beast."

Next, in his court work, he comes upon evidences of business graft in contracts for court stationery, etc. And, finally, when he founds the Juvenile Court, after numerous evidences of the great need for such a safeguard to the children, the "Beast," finding that the court interferes with its processes, begins its efforts to get rid of him. With the enthusiastic support of the women and children, he is reëlected, running on two tickets. His election is declared void, and, preparing to run again, he is betrayed by the Interests. The whole "Beast" is now revealed.

Later, elected through a dramatic stampede by the people, he follows the clearly marked trail of the "Beast" to the Capitol, to the Supreme Court itself; tracing its course through the lamentable Colorado labor disturbances of 1905, in which Moyer and Orchard were so shockingly involved.

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Frenzied Opera

By
WILLIAM BARR

NEW YORK is in the throes of frenzied opera. It has two huge opera houses, the Metropolitan and the Manhattan, devoted exclusively to this purpose, and the combined capacity is about seven thousand persons. It has the New Theatre, where two performances weekly are given over to the cause of opera, and it has the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which contents itself with a single opera production each week.

The Metropolitan Opera House offers six regular weekly performances; the Manhattan's weekly total is five; two at the New Theatre and one at the Brooklyn Academy of Music make a weekly total of fourteen performances. There are twenty weeks in the season, and there are always extra performances of one sort or another. So the total for the season is easily three hundred performances—possibly more. That is frenzied opera.

Frenzied because so keen are the impresarios to outbid, to outvie each other, that all ordinary and artistic laws of supply and demand are ignored. Is the supply of artists sufficient to warrant the giving of so many performances each week and still do justice to every important phase of the production? Hardly. Is there so great a demand for opera among the music lovers of this city that nothing short of fourteen weekly performances satisfies this craving? Hardly. Is the amount of profit so great as to goad the men at the operatic helms into racing against Fate and conditions in order to win, and pocket, the coveted goal? To the contrary—opera in New York to-day is surely being given at a loss. That, then, is frenzied opera.

What has brought about these conditions? Was it the unquenchable desire on the part of the public to hear opera, opera, and again opera? Was it the craving of the world's great artists to sing in New York, causing them to offer their operatic services here for a mere pittance? Certainly not. Present operatic conditions may be directly traced to two sources: the ambition of Oscar Hammerstein, and the wealth of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House. Without one or the other, this city would still be jogging along with its five or six performances of opera each week, and its short seasons.

The wealth of the Metropolitan Opera House management need not be discussed. There it is, and there it rests. But a brief sketch of Oscar Hammerstein's entry into the operatic arena, and his career therein, is essential as a perspective to the present picture.

About five years ago, Mr. Hammerstein became prey to an ambition. It was a pretty ambition—namely, to give New Yorkers a second opera house and to provide the opera for them to hear in it.

Before he launched into this nerve-racking business—for business it gets to be as soon as the sentimentally artistic edges are trimmed—he cast a shrewd eye about him. In addition, he put his keen ear to the ground and came to the conclusion that New York was opera mad. The Metropolitan Opera House was filling its aristocratic interior six times a week, and its books showed fat profits, garnered from the public's love for opera. It was a reign of enthusiasm among opera goers. The Metropolitan Opera House was too small to hold all the eager ones who were willing to fill the box-office coffers with their coin. Extra performances had to be given, and the season had to be lengthened three weeks. Every straw pointed thus: Too little opera and too much public.

Oscar Hammerstein straightway crowned

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himself with the famous straight-brimmed tile, which has since become known in two continents. He became a bird of European passage. He collected a company of singers, returned, and opened the Manhattan Opera House. The newspapers and the air were surcharged with the doings of that wonderful little man.

Some prophets have died since. But there was at that time a whole army of wiseacres who climbed aboard their tripods and declared that Oscar Hammerstein would not last to the end of the first week; while others hedged, and more cautiously whispered confidentially to their listeners in the opera-house lobby that the first season would cure him of his folly.

But it has not cured him. Nor has the second, nor the third, and to-day he is in his fourth season. But—and here italics might prevail—before many weeks of that first season had passed, Oscar Hammerstein discovered that the New York public was *not* opera mad. At the close of that season, after the coming of Madame Melba had done much toward turning the tide from the Metropolitan, or at least diverting it, Oscar Hammerstein made a speech and gave out some figures. What they were is now ancient history, but what he said is ominous. It was to the effect that, instead of finding an opera-hungry public, he had been obliged to make operatic converts in order to fill his opera house. Instead of being eager to leave its money for tickets with the Manhattan treasury, the public had to be coaxed to come at all. Tradition held to the Metropolitan—so did society. And the public followed like so many bleating sheep.

Nine men out of ten, even among those who tempt Fate through the medium of the theatre, would have put away cloak and sceptre. But Oscar Hammerstein was the tenth man. He had been through the mill of the theatrical gods of Fate before, and had almost been pulverized. He had come out of that at last better than new. There were no fresh terrors in giving opera, and he had a sense of humor that had saved his life a thousand times each week. So, having concluded his first opera season with a speech and enthusiasm, he clapped his hat more tightly on his head and—planned a second season.

Since that day it has been operatic war to the knife. Let us pass over the victories and bitter struggles. Heinrich Conried, head of the Metropolitan forces, succumbed—retired with shattered health, and subsequently died. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, director of the historic La Scala, in Milan, was appointed general manager, and to officiate with him Andreas Dippel was chosen as administrative manager. Dippel had long been a tenor at the Metropolitan, and was thoroughly familiar with conditions in New York. Back of these executives is a semicircle of millionaires.

Oscar Hammerstein declares that he stands alone. He has a long oak "directors' table" in his suite of rooms at the top of the Manhattan Opera House. But he facetiously relates that when he holds a full directors' meeting he sits in one chair after another until he has sat the round of the table. He calls a full meeting on himself, and votes himself an increase of salary without a single dissenting voice.

What his gains, his losses are, no one knows but Oscar Hammerstein. For he keeps no books nor causes any to be kept. He explained once that he had the simplest method of bookkeeping on record—his own invention. His plan is to keep accounts in his check book. A glance will always tell him what his balance is; and so long as he knows what he puts in and how much he draws out, there is no need of any more complicated system.

On the other hand, the Metropolitan management employs a huge clerical force, and knows to a dollar how much money it has lost during a season.

These, then, are the two camps from which, in competition, New York is bombarded with three hundred opera performances during the season. Nor are the impresarios content to wage war in New York alone. Both opera institutions are victims—and the word is used advisedly—of the "expansion policy." Oscar Hammerstein has built his own opera house in Philadelphia. It is an immense auditorium, and in it he gives four weekly performances. He visits Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Washington, on tour with his company, while a branch of his forces give *opéra comique* performances in Canada. In addition, he contemplates the building of opera houses in Chicago and Washington.

The Metropolitan forces give one performance each week during the season in Philadelphia and Baltimore. They also play two weeks' engagements in Boston and make a tour of other cities. Boston now has its own new opera house, which is allied in a way with the Metropolitan. And next season the Chicago Auditorium will house a twenty-week

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season of grand opera, in which venture the Metropolitan directors are also associated.

There does not appear to be a real and enthusiastic demand on the part of all these cities for so much opera. So it must be simply ambition and a greed for what they believe to be "glory" that prompts the impresarios to plunge to this extent into opera production. Whatever else it may be, it is frenzied opera. It is opera *en gros*—wholesale opera, if you like.

When the late Maurice Grau ventured to sell his artists away from New York for concert engagements, he was sorely criticized for his lack of artistic conscience. And Maurice Grau had joined the ranks of opera impresarios when that vocation was simply an invitation to die early and poor. He had no board of directors whose individual fortunes were represented by an endless row of figures. He discovered and followed the one road that seemed to lead away from bankruptcy, namely, the much-maligned "star system." But he plied the system in only a retail way. The present heads of opera are employing it wholesale.

It is said of Maurice Grau—and quoted by his friends who had his confidence—that he used to wonder what would be the outcome of the "star system." He compared it to feeding the public on quail. And he wondered what the public would do when it became surfeited with quail!

Perhaps the public's attitude today toward opera would serve as an answer to this query, propounded years ago. Opera patrons seem to look with apathy upon the frantic efforts of opera impresarios to secure every available singer, to secure every possible and impossible opera for performance here, and to accumulate opera houses and sites for opera houses in every city on the railroad map in the opera belt that seems to offer the slightest encouragement. It must be admitted that the attitude of the New York mass of music lovers has been far from enthusiastic this season. There has

LEO SLEZAK, A METROPOLITAN TENOR, AS *OTELLO* IN VERDI'S "OTELLO"

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ALFRED HERTZ, CONDUCTOR AT THE METROPOLITAN.

not been that undercurrent of excitement regarding performances that was so strong in earlier years. Opera was formerly an institution, then it became a function, and now the faces of the audiences all too frankly contain the expression of boredom. Yet, if it were possible to turn back the pages of opera in New York so as to bring to hearing again some of the old time productions over which the public went into ecstasy, these would be found to compare sadly with many of the present brilliant performances.

One of the results of the present frenzied conditions is that nothing short of a sensation succeeds. Maurice Grau, in his day, freely declared that every time he wished to see the Metropolitan Opera House empty of an audience, he had simply to produce a novelty. Things have changed since then: The première of a new opera is now usually well attended—but in the hope, it would seem, of a sensation. For if the work is not sensational, it has to fight for its footing in the repertoire, with every succeeding performance.

A singer, to make an immediate impression, must be sensational in some way or another. Yvette Guilbert, recently departing from this country, aimed at us a Parthian shot to the effect that we weighed our tenors and judged our prima donnas by the number of hats they brought into this port each season. Perhaps we're not quite so bad as that. But let the news get abroad that an opera singer undrapes on the stage, or that an opera is near the verge of the impossible—and success attends immediately. What matter whether the music of the opera be well-nigh silly or hopelessly complex, so far as the public is concerned? Its features of sensation eclipse these other qualities with the public.

On the other hand, let a singer or a conductor come to us with a guaranteed European reputation, without sensationalism, and he will have to work his way upward inch by inch. A noted tenor comes to New York from abroad, proves himself a great artist—and the public shrugs its shoulders. It is quite right that New York should refuse to take the European pure-food labels seriously when attached to artists. But, at the same time,

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there is reason to expect that something of a ripple, at least, will be caused by the advent of a great performer. A famous conductor comes and is passed by, almost unnoticed. Maurice Grau is credited with operatic philosophy on this point as follows:

"The audience will not pay for looking at a man's back."

True. But let that man be sensational, let him conduct every performance for a period of three months or so, let him introduce every novelty of the season, and —well, then the public will gasp in admiration. Be it admitted that the public gasps with justice at such a feat. The fact that the conductor is, or may be, a great leader is secondary.

Another great conductor, Gustav Mahler, gives proofs of his greatness in the opera house and is persuaded away from that position to one of importance in the concert world. Does the public comment? Not at all—simply because the concert field is just as glutted as is that of opera. Interest

Photograph by F. Grainer, Munich.

RITA SACCHETTO, DANCER AT THE METROPOLITAN, IN HER GAINSBOROUGH DANCE.

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GERALDINE FARRAR, OF THE METROPOLITAN, AS *TOSCA*.

on the part of the public is consequently unnecessary. If a murder is committed, the whole country is aghast; if an army is slaughtered on the battlefield, the rest of the populace says: "That is war."

Attempt has been made this year to give *opéra comique* performances at the Manhattan Opera House. Even Oscar Hammerstein admits the venture a failure. The newspaper scribes graciously said the auditorium was too large for that *genre* of opera. The public yawned and remained away.

Yet both opera houses rush in to secure novelties, outbidding each other until the alleged downtrodden opera composer has grown to be a respected man of estate these days. He may haggle and make his own terms; he may dictate details of scenery and cast—if he is sufficiently high on the rungs of Fame's ladder and enough of a business man. The poor opera impresario who believes for a brief moment that he has been the most fortunate of mortals in having secured

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Courtesy of Theatre Magazine.

ANTONIO SCOTTI, BARITONE AT THE METROPOLITAN, AS *BARON SCARPIA* IN PUCCINI'S "TOSCA."

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LINA CAVALIERI, MANHATTAN STAR, AS *SALOME* IN MASSENET'S "HERODIADE."

the new work, wears out his life in selecting casts and superintending rehearsals. And when that work is produced, the public is as likely as not to yawn in his face and in the face of the composer too.

What cares the public, besides, if an artist rehearses nearly all day and sings four nights out of five? This happens continually: another result of frenzied opera.

There is the case, for instance, of Riccardo Martin, the American tenor who has forged his way to the front among foreign and native singers at the Metropolitan. His schedule of a single week's work there runs as follows:

Monday night: Sang in "Il Trovatore";
Tuesday morning: At opera house at ten and rehearsed "Cavalleria Rusticana" until afternoon.
Tuesday night: Sang in "Tosca" in Philadelphia.
Wednesday night: Rehearsed "Il Trovatore" from eight until the following morning (past midnight).
Thursday afternoon: Rehearsed "Il Trovatore" from three to six.
Friday night: Sang in "Cavalleria Rusticana."
Saturday morning: Rehearsal at ten o'clock.

There is Madame Homer, the eminent contralto, who several times this winter has sung four times in five days and has also spent between times in rehearsing. Signor Amato, the Italian baritone, who sings rôles in French and German as well as in his native tongue, appeared in four opera performances and filled one concert engagement within the space of five days.

And there are other instances. Have a peep into the life and views of Mary Garden, of the Manhattan forces. Here is her confession, duly sealed with a sigh of fatigue:

"Frenzied? The life of a grand opera singer frenzied? Why, that is a mild word, a mere euphemism! From the moment I put my foot on American soil for my season with Mr. Hammerstein, I am a slave—a slave both to my art itself and to the physical demands upon me as an artist.

"I was quoted from abroad as having said

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courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

MAURICE RENAUD, BARITONE AT THE MANHATTAN, AS *HEROD* IN MASSENET'S "HERODIADE."

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that America is nothing but a railroad station. I was misunderstood by many, but any one who knows what my life means during the American opera season will understand exactly what I intended to say. Here is the explanation:

"About half my time I spend on railroad trains or in hotels. To be sure, I have an apartment with my sister in New York which I call my American home—but how much enjoyment do I get out of it? I hardly have a moment to myself. If it were not for my splendid physical health, I would be in a state of collapse before the New York season is half over.

"Just consider: I sing about three times a week and am meantime constantly studying new rôles. The latter means that I must attend frequent rehearsals. You know I am a believer in thoroughly rehearsing an opera before it is presented, and I never shirk my duty in that respect. I never allow any other artist in the cast to say that he or she has given more time to rehearsal than I.

"Last season I sang nearly sixty times in America. I expect to reach that total again this season. You can imagine from this record how few moments are left for anything but work, work, travel and work. Why, an hour devoted to a social engagement or an extra hour's sleep seems stolen.

"Do not let any young woman deceive herself with the idea that the operatic artist's career is a 'flowery path'! It is long, steep, and rocky. There is only one thing that keeps an artist going, and that is enthusiastic love of her art.

"When the season is over, can you wonder that I eagerly hasten to my quiet home in Paris to recuperate the forces of nerve, brain, and brawn that I have almost exhausted during my season in America? Frenzied, did you say? Hyper-frenzied would come a little nearer to it!"

Hear another artist on this subject—Luisa Tetrazzini:

"I learned years ago to inure myself to the hardships incident to an operatic career. Now I have been quite a traveler in my time, and I know the world from St. Petersburg to Buenos Aires, from San Francisco to Milan—but during this season my experience in traveling has been almost a new one. Constantly on the go—Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and back to New York, only to sing and prepare for another long tour.

"When I came to New York this season, I deluded myself with the thought that I would lead comparatively a home life. I rented a house in New York and expected to entertain my friends frequently. One of my thoughts was to have a children's Christmas party—but all these plans vanished into thin air when Mr. Hammerstein's season began to set the pace. My Christmas dinner, in reality, consisted of a dish of chicken broth, for I had become an invalid in a big hotel in smoky Pittsburg."

These are actual pages torn from the experiences of some of the artists. Does the public know them? Or, knowing them, do these facts fan the public's interest into enthusiasm?

The artists themselves eventually become thralls to conditions. Despite overwork, they yearn to appear in new rôles that may bring them into the limelight. Is the honest question in their respective minds: "Am I suited by voice and qualities for this rôle?" It would seem not, but that, instead, they wonder how big an effect they will create in a new part.

Another result of bundling artists off to sing here, there, and somewhere else: Indisposition fastens upon one of the company. Can the management put an equally great artist in the cast to substitute? Hardly—for an equally great artist is busy singing in some other city. The public, already surfeited, becomes peevish. The impresarios grow haggard in pursuit of its worries.

Why, a thousand times why? Is there a financial profit to be reaped? No. Is there any fame attached for the managers or directors? Hardly. They are scarcely known to the opera goers except at a time when the public has some grievance to air.

Frenzied opera! That must furnish the one possible explanation. No possibilities of fame, none of profit, endless worry, and a thousand rebukes from a public that is satiated and bored with opera. Why turn into commerce something that lacks all the necessary qualities, since opera yields none of the rewards that attend unromantic commercial undertakings? And yet so many guaranteed performances a week in so many different cities cannot help but reduce the giving of opera to the level of commerce.

It is not meant to imply that the performances are inartistic. That would mean absolute death to any impresario. The keen edge of competition serves to keep the managers busy putting their best foot forward lest the

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opera-weary public desert them entirely. So, as a matter of fact, the managers of the opera institutions are walking entirely on their best foot, trying to keep abreast, if not ahead, of the public's ennui.

All summer long these men scour Europe for "sensational" singers, with artistic qualities to recommend them; for the public demands that its opera houses be not debased by anything that smacks of the music hall. It draws an inscrutable and indefinable line most exactingly—else the field of opera would be limitless in its opportunities for sheer sensations. But grand opera is something sacred in the minds and eyes and ears of the public. So, in addition to his other troubles, the impresario has to beware of offending the dignity of the masses!

And his other troubles are legion. He makes peace with one prima donna, and by thus bringing the dove into his own cote he makes mortal enemies of two other singers. And when an opera singer is in a huff the idea of dollars and cents fades away for the moment. Revenge! that is the cry. "How can I make the most tangles for the management?" is the foremost thought. He, or—mostly—she, decides to plead indisposition, and thus upset that week's repertoire. Not only New York and Brooklyn, but also Baltimore and Philadelphia are apt to feel the results of that prima donna's sulks. Within a few days she comes to her senses and peace is patched up. Again is the repertoire upset, for she must be given her guaranteed number of appearances.

In the good, old, sad days of one opera house in New York and scarcely any opera of importance elsewhere in this country, it was much simpler. The repertoire was more easily adjusted when ruptured by an attack of artistic complaint; and, what is more to the point, the artists usually recovered more easily and more quickly, simply because there was no other place here for them to sing. Europe is a long way off, when one is nursing a grievance, and most singers hate the sea. So a calm night's sleep usually put a thin covering of "peace on earth, good-will to men" over the bruised spots—and a contrite artist probably stood at the impresario's door early the next morning.

But now there is always the other opera house to sing in.

Contracts? Of course; but a flaw can usually be picked here or there. And, besides, what opera impresario has time to haunt the court room and wrangle with lawyers! And suppose a manager did win a case against an artist, and the law should compel her to sing against her wish at a certain opera house, would the life of that manager be worth the living? Would he ever welcome a single night on which this artist sang?

All this is not a prejudiced summing-up of conditions that attend frenzied opera. Why opera is given on this basis and why even greater policies of expansion are contemplated—these points must remain mysteries.

It has been estimated that the Metropolitan Opera House will lose something in the neighborhood of half a million dollars this season. It has also been estimated that the daily expenses at this house are about twelve thousand dollars. Now if the Metropolitan were to be filled to its capacity at every performance, it could scarcely meet its running expenses. As it is, with varying attendance, the end of the season's result must be a deficit.

Is there any solution? On the tip of every one's tongue who had thought of these matters, there is the suggestion: Why not consolidate the business interests of the two opera managements, and thus control matters? One day, not so very long since, one opera impresario was in New York, a second one was in Philadelphia, the third was in Chicago; one press representative was in Pittsburg, the press representative of the other institution was in Boston. Every one of these men was striving after results—results that are scattered to the four corners of the operatic field. Surely, if all this energy were concentrated, some of the problems might be solved. Consolidation would cure many of the singers of artistic spleen, would simplify the vexatious problem of engaging the orchestra, and would probably reduce the losses. In a word, it would remove the keen lash of competition, which is a whip in the hands of the singers and orchestral players.

True! But would it change the public's attitude, would it awaken the masses to all the musical offerings that are being strewn before it? It might—if the number of performances were to be reduced materially.

And this, it would appear, is what ails New York to-day, so far as opera is concerned: an over-abundance of opera performances and the inevitable lack of public appetite. Maurice Grau would probably have diagnosed the present condition tersely with:

"Too much quail!"

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THE FUTURE OF COLORATURA MUSIC

By LUISA TETRAZZINI

WHAT of the future of coloratura music, the music of runs and trills and melody, through which I have become known to the American people? Do you know that this music is no longer being written, that singers no longer study it, and yet that people crowd to hear it? We are told that it is of the past, that it is dying or dead. The music critics and the people that go to opera talk of the modern music of France, Germany, and Italy. But I do not believe this older style of music will die. No, for is it not natural music, the music of the birds?

And do the admirers of the very modern music know to what an extent this old Italian music must be music to be great? It is not a matter of the frills and trills—these things are easy to write, and they do not make music. They are but the froth on the champagne. Believe me, it takes a great master to write this music for the voice that seems so simple in comparison with the modern operatic compositions. The composers of this school—Donizetti, Rossini—wrote especially for the voice as for an instrument. Richard Strauss does not write for the voice. I should say not! So I say that when another Donizetti is born, the coloratura music will take a new lease of life.

Yes, coloratura music is out of fashion at present among musicians, yet apparently not in the hearts of the hearers. Massenet alone of the modern composers has written some in his operas.

But these things travel in circles: the new is made out of the old. The music of Debussy is not unlike that of Monteverde, one of the earliest composers of opera. Perhaps if in the future two great coloratura singers should be born, composers would write for them; but now the young students of singing whose voices seem to come in the coloratura class try to turn them into some other. And also the majority of coloratura voices are very small, and do not therefore promise a great career. Perhaps that is another reason why there are now practically no students of this style of singing.

It is true that the vocal art must be perfect for such music. What I mean is that the defects show; they are not covered, as in the modern opera, with the sound of the orchestra. And to one who has mastered coloratura technique, other music is not difficult. It is a sort of gymnastics that keeps the voice flexible and in perfect working condition.

You may not know that I made my first appearances in the modern Italian opera, that I have sung in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and both rôles in "Bohême," also Gounod's *Marguerite*. I have sung in Rome the *Liebestod* from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

It was when I was a very young singer that I met Mascagni and asked him if he would hear me sing an aria from "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Can you sing it?" he asked me. I retorted, "Can you play it?" He sat down at the piano, then got up again, saying, "No, some one else shall play it so that I can hear it." I may say that when I had sung it he was pleased as well as surprised. But you in America do not associate me with such rôles. Because of one reason or another in the management of the great machine of the opera house, with the difficulties of arranging casts when opera is being given all over the United States, I am heard continually in two or three rôles. I hope the public does not think that they are all I know, and I am glad if they are not as tired of hearing them as I am of singing them! Not that I do not love to sing, but one likes variety in all things.

Some people say that it takes years of study to become a great coloratura artist. I don't know. These things are so different with different voices. I studied only six months before making my first appearance in opera. But this is not advice to be followed by young

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singers. I was born of a family of musicians. Both my mother and my grandmother were singers; and of course I sing much better now than when I first went into opera. One learns a thing, in a way, while doing it. It seems to me that the true coloratura singer is a natural singer. But this is only my opinion.

One objection now made to coloratura music is that it is not dramatic, that it is artificial, that the world now demands in its opera the thing that is like life. I cannot deny that coloratura music is not dramatic in its character. One might say, perhaps, that it has light, but no shadow. Yet the melody that reaches the heart can exist in the same opera with dramatic music. Indeed, this is the case in the earlier Verdi operas. Perhaps the coloratura music of the future will be differently combined and used. I am no prophet—indeed, can any one foresee in these matters? But I will say that I do not believe coloratura music is an outlived fashion. Does one, indeed, know of a fashion in anything that may be said to be dead forever? Some day they all return. We are always reviving them, and there is a fashion in art as in other things. Some day the wheel will turn, and a composer like Mozart, Donizetti, or Rossini will be born and again write coloratura music for the coloratura soprano.

JED'S JONATHAN

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Author of "Pa Flickinger's Folks," etc.

Illustrations by John Conacher

"TAIN'T right, Ma, summat ought to be done about it," remarked Pa Flickinger one Saturday afternoon, as he and his wife were working in their little vegetable garden.

"If you cared to name what was hetchelin' you up, I'd know whether or not to be sorry," observed Ma Flickinger.

"It's about the misunderstandin' that's growed up between our Jed and Seftie Woods."

"'Tain't worryin' me a bit," declared Ma.

"It's set my mind to runnin' on them Bible parties," went on Pa, "where it says, 'And David's soul was knit with that of Jonathan's.' And I can't help but feel that Seftie Woods is Jed's Jonathan. Don't you remember, Ma, Jonathan was the king's son, and David was only the son of a servant; but the two lads was true blue to each other, come what might?"

"I dunno," returned Ma indifferently; "'pears like I might have heard something along that line—somewheres."

"And Jed's takin' it mighty hard to be broke off from Seftie Woods. Boys have feelin's," stated Pa, as if this might be a matter of considerable doubt.

"Nobody's denyin' it," retorted Ma.

"And nothin's comelier to my mind than two husky lads a-holdin' a silent likin' for each other."

"They've done all the breakin' up theirselves that's been done," Ma told him.

"Still, they ain't quarreled none; but they've fell apart from some reason unbeknown to me. It's jest a little rift in the Jew's-harp," insisted Pa; "and a word from headquarters—meanin' you, Ma—might work wonders."

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"But the quarrel ain't none of Jed's doin's," reminded Ma. "Look how Seftie Woods's been and gone and treated our Opal! He begged me all but on bended knees to let Opal go with him to the Old Folks's picnic at Berrien Springs, and up and give me a hull case of elegant strawberries to git me good-natured; and then never come nigh Opal—

"Talk don't cost nothin'," put in Ma.

"But it's worth more'n money sometimes," returned Pa. "Seftie put confidence and ambition into our lad, and a desire to do things right. We ought never to forgit that."

"Jed'd 'a' clumb to the top, anyway, without any such smooth friend as Seftie Woods," asserted Ma. "Jed's like me—all go."

"NOTHIN'S COMELIER TO MY MIND THAN TWO LADS A-HOLDIN' A SILENT LIKIN' FOR EACH OTHER," SAID PA.

jest sent her a dinky little note, writin' as if he wa'n't one bit to blame for his change of plans, and then took Fern Bistle to the picnic. I guess Mr. Seftie feels sneakin' and don't care to go with Jed none."

"But there might be a mistake, Ma; mebbe it could be patched up. When a feller's startin' out in life like our Jeddie, it's a good thing to have friends."

"Friends—yes," agreed Ma significantly; "but I dunno as you could call Seftie Woods a friend now. Mebbe Jed's jest found him out."

"But look what Seftie's done for Jed: he encouraged Jed to leave the factory and go to college, where he could learn to farm right."

"Mebbe he'd 'a' clumb," Pa spoke doubtfully. "But if you won't put in a word for the boys makin' up, I will."

"You won't do no such thing," contradicted Ma violently. "Let 'em fight it out theirselves."

"Fight nothin'," denied Pa. "In that Bible story somewheres it says, 'Passin' the love of women.' Ma, let's patch it up."

"Ain't you gittin' a skip sentimental?" inquired Ma.

"Still, I'd a leetle ruther patch it up, if you don't mind," held out Jed's father.

"Have it your own way, then," she assented angrily; "but if the boys git thick ag'in, and if that leads to Seftie's gittin' sweet on

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Opal ag'in, and then he gives her the go-by ag'in, you'll have only yourself to blame. But go ahead."

This gloomy forecast so subdued Pa that he felt himself to be entirely in the wrong, and only said, "Mebbe you're right, Ma. I certainly don't want to make any more trouble for Opal."

That evening, after the supper work was done, Ma Flickinger called to Opal, "Come out here on the back stoop and git a breath of fresh air."

Opal soon appeared, and her slim young form seemed slighter than ever to her mother's disapproving eye. As the girl sat listlessly on the steps, Ma Flickinger burst out petulantly: "I always dreaded the time when my young ones would be old enough to git married, but I see now I never dreaded it enough. Here you're dumpin' around on account of a smooth-spoken young sprig that don't care for nobody but hisself."

"Oh, Ma!" protested Opal.

"You can see for yourself, now, that Seftie Woods never cared for *you;* though I useter think he kinder liked your brother Jed.

"And look at Fern Bistle," worried Ma; "she can wind Jed around her little finger; but she never notices him if she can git a better-lookin' feller, though Jed can't see it, 'cause she's got a shock of yallow hair. And every time anybody else shakes her, Jed he takes her back. It's born in Jed Flickinger to be a kind of doormat—and he don't git that disagreeable trait from me, neither."

"Maybe Jed won't marry Fernie after all," comforted Opal.

"Yes, he will, too," prophesied Ma gloomily; "he's that besnizzled with her."

"But Jed can't help it if he cares for Fernie," said Opal courageously.

"He don't want to help it. The trouble with Fern is," went on Ma, "she's crooked, and she'll tell fibs when the truth'd serve her better—jest out'n habit. And think of our Jed's marryin' such a girl! Why, Jed's so honest that he don't know enough to lie—he's always a-blurtin' out the truth. And, Opal, think of marryin' into the Bistles—then we'd always have to invite 'em over here Thanksgivin' or Christmas, or git invited over there—or how'd it look?"

"I thought you liked Mrs. Bistle," said Opal, surprised.

"I do as a neighbor; but Bistles ain't the kind of folks to have in your family—they're touchy and fussy. Fernie's been spoilt; but Jed, big gump, he'd be tickled to death to make hisself miserable for life by marryin' her. But, praise be! Opal, I don't have to worry about your havin' a beau now, since you handed Willie Briggs his mitten, and since Seftie Woods give you the go-by. Now you've got a clear mind to study for your stiffcut; though I suppose a graduate like you could pick up a stiffcut without lookin' in a book."

"But I may not be able to get a school to teach," ventured Opal.

"A graduate can always git a school," affirmed Ma stubbornly. "And it kinder tickles me to think how Willie Briggs and Seftie Woods, who used to decorate our front stoop evenin's, has both went for good. Opal, what ails you?"

"Nothing," answered Opal, though her face told another story; for her mother's thoughtless words brought back sharply the memory of Sefton Woods and the weeks of their delightful companionship.

"Opal, you've gotta stop this moonin' round. Anything but a girl that's gotta have a feller or she ain't got no ralish for nothin'!"

"I'm just tired, I guess," said Opal, trying to speak naturally.

"What an ungrateful young one," scolded Ma. "Here we've educated you, and you don't care whether you teach or not."

"Opal's a-lookin' peaked ag'in," complained her father after she had gone upstairs to bed.

"She ain't neither; she's jest a-spunkin' 'cause she ain't got no beau," claimed Ma crossly.

"I wouldn't peg away on that old coat too late," advised Pa, not pursuing the subject; his wife was sewing beside a dim little lamp in the kitchen.

"I'm settin' up to give Jed a piece of my mind about his wastin' so much of his time over to Fern Bistle's."

"Cat out?" mechanically inquired Pa, then made his way up to bed in the dark.

Patiently Ma Flickinger bent over her son's ragged, soiled coat; if she could not understand his need of love and friendship, she understood his physical needs as only a devoted mother could.

When Jed came home from Bistles', he threw himself on the floor of the kitchen porch to rest. "'Pears like bed'd be the proper place for you, Jeddie," said his mother kindly, as she dragged her chair close to the open door so that she could talk with him.

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Her son said nothing; probably he did not even hear her; he lay with his head resting on his arm, thinking of the contrariness of things in general. In his steadfast soul there burned a hurt that was like a dull physical pain; for he thought that he had unintentionally offended his friend Sefton Woods. Besides this, he supposed himself to be in love with Fern Bistle, who flattered him one day and snubbed him the next.

"You don't want to marry into the Bistle family, Jed," his mother finally said to him in a persuasive voice.

Suddenly Jed was all attention. "What's the matter with the Bistles?" he demanded.

"Nothin's the matter with 'em," she replied pointedly; "but they ain't the family I'd like to marry into: they're finicky and always takin' slights. And Fernie's got her eye on Seftie Woods now; but later, when he and all the other boys gits tired of her, then she'll take up with you. Depend upon it, Jed, if you want to marry Fern Bistle, you can," prophesied his mother.

A slow smile of satisfaction broke over Jed's strong, plain face; but in the darkness it passed unseen by Ma Flickinger.

"Some folks thinks Fernie's pretty," she went on; "but it's mostly paint and fixin's; and she's two-faced, and don't care for nothin' but style and beaus. One day she's as thick as spatter with Opal, and the next she can't scurcely see her, and about the same with you."

"I don't think so," Jed spoke emphatically.

"'Cause you don't want to," returned his mother plainly; "and you'd ruther go on cherishin' your make-believe; but you're not the only body in this world, Jed Flickinger, that likes to deceive theirselves. And you're a kind of softie on girls, anyway," she added frankly. "Why, you even like your sister Opal," as if this were a grave failing on Jed's part.

"I'm through with her—durned, crazy guy of a girl," cried a husky voice from the direction of the barn. It was Ma's grandson that spoke—Little Butch Panner, so called to distinguish him from his father, Big Butch Panner—and he was coming from Bistles'.

"Shut up, Butch," ordered Jed.

"I don't haft to for you," retorted Butch, dropping on the porch steps with an angry thud. "Jest wait till Fern Bistle's treated you like she has me—you'll holler, too!"

"You boys stop a-goin' at each other like two hoot owls," commanded Ma. "What'll the neighbors say?"

"She's played me a mean trick, she has," accused Butch.

"What's Fern done now?" demanded Ma.

"She's said things I won't stand for; she's picked on me."

"Fern's sorry for Butch," explained Jed. "She says nobody understands him. But she wa'n't on to Butch—I told her so. And now she's probably found out what an ornery kid he is and fired him."

"She's fired me 'cause there ain't nothin' else for me to do," informed Butch mysteriously. "She knows why Seftie Woods got so high-toned all of a sudden."

"Don't lie to me," warned Jed indignantly. "You're mad at Fern—that's what ails you."

"Yes, I be; I'm mad at everybody—nobody treats me white."

"Another ungrateful young one," remarked Ma. "Butch, go home. You know your pa don't want you on the streets after dark."

"I don't haft to do everything Pa says," replied Butch sullenly. "Why, Pa ain't give me a decent word since I dunno when. And he thinks I ain't good enough to drive his old meat wagon. I don't care much for this old town, anyway; I'd jest as lief go West."

"But the town'd miss you, Butch," teased Jed.

"Shut up, Jed; you only make him worse. Butch, why don't you try to behave yourself? Then folks wouldn't hate to have you around so."

"I always thought afore that my gramma was my best friend," Butch spoke reproachfully.

"She is," snapped Ma. "And now go straight home like a good boy, wash your face, and go to bed." And her disgruntled grandson withdrew, growling that he would get even with Fern Bistle.

"Here's Fern been a-makin' more trouble," cried Ma; "and a-bein' tied on to such a companion for life'll make you wisht you'd been born a deaf-and-dumb zany."

Jed suddenly sat up on the porch and dug his heel viciously into the path.

"Spunkin' won't make it no different, Mr. Jed, and it don't hurt you none to hear the plain truth from your ma," and his mother clattered off to bed.

Jed had nearly fallen asleep in spite of his restless thoughts, for he had done a hard day's work in the field, when he became con-

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scious that some one was in the garden. "Opal," he called softly, "I thought you'd gone to bed."

"I did go," answered his sister, as she came and sat on the steps beside him, glad of her brother's companionship; "but I couldn't sleep."

"Opal, I want to say something to you about Ma," began Jed with clumsy sympathy. "You know Ma, she will talk—it's her way."

Opal sighed involuntarily.

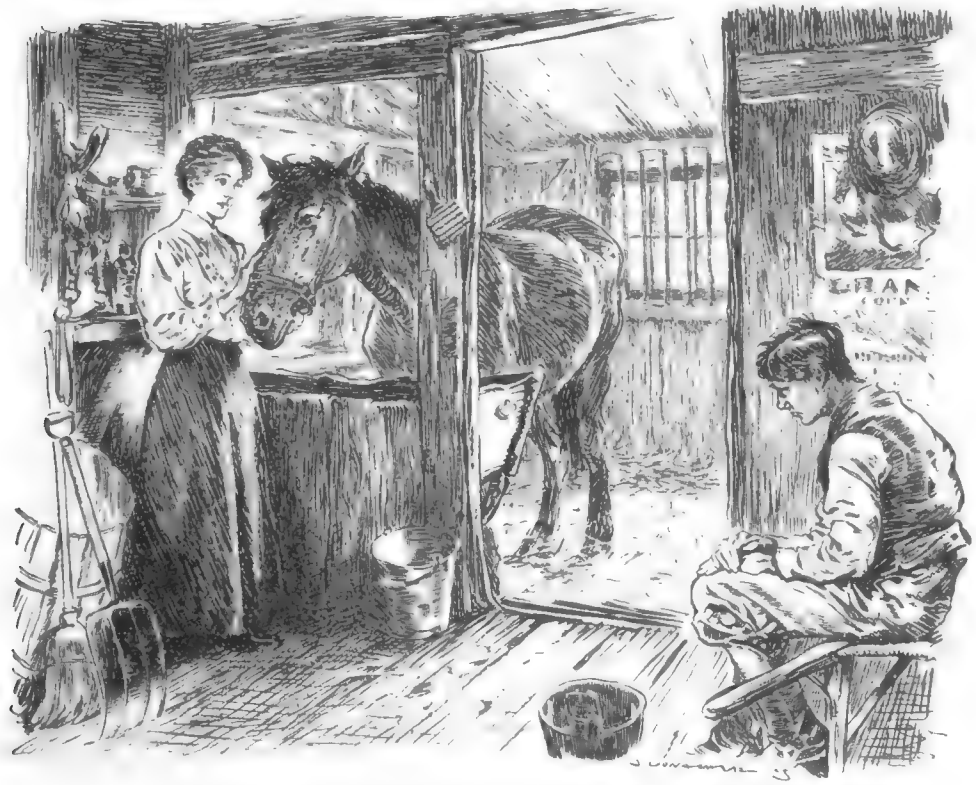
"Ma's been rubbin' it in every day about Seftie," Jed went on; "but don't take it so to heart. Up at college old Professor Warner used to say that a constant rubbin'd make a sore or a callous; but it's up to you to be so indifferent that it'll be only a callous. It's Ma's way to nag and complain—she kinder enjoys it. But I ain't a-blamin' Ma, 'cause she means to do jest right by us; but she can't understand that we've grown up."

"I do try not to mind, Jed; but sometimes I get so tired of it all."

"I know; but don't take it too hard. And ain't you any idea, Opal, what made him—Seftie—act so to you?"

"No, I've thought and thought, but I can't make it out."

"Did Seftie say anything about me—toward the last—as if I'd displeased him?" Jed spoke of his old friend as if he were dead.



"OPAL, I'VE JEST FOUND OUT FERN—I'M THROUGH WITH HER," ANSWERED JED DISMALLY.

"No, Jed, he cared everything for *you*."

"Something's wrong, though, between us," said Jed. "The first time I saw him after the picnic, he spoke to me kinder cool and solemn-like, and I thought maybe I'd done something to him unbeknown."

"Fernie might——" began Opal.

"No, Fernie says she don't know why he took her up to the picnic instead of you."

"Maybe Seftie thinks we Flickingers are funny—funny folks, I mean," faltered Opal.

"We ain't any funnier all of a sudden, I guess, than we ever was," said Jed hotly.

"Jed, do you suppose it'll ever be any different—about him?" faltered Opal.

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"No; it's past." Jed spoke with serious deliberation.

"And Ma thinks I ought to forget him. It doesn't do any harm to remember—does it, Jed?"

"Well, mebbe it don't," answered her brother gently; "but it don't do any good to keep him in mind, either."

"But some things can't be now—as if they had never been," confessed Opal.

"I know, but you can put your mind off'n it; for I can't help but feel that if you ever did make up, nothin'd ever come of it. The Woodses are different from us—they're educated folks, and have always been well-to-do. And mebbe, Opal, Seftie's father and mother have got other plans for him. I've thought it out on both sides, and here's the right as I see it—don't set your heart on Seftie."

"But, Jed——"

"He jest ain't for us—that's all," and the final note in Jed's voice made his sister almost as sorry for him as for herself.

"But you and Seftie can be friends again."

"No, not now. He'd have to explain himself about you first; and he's proud and so am I. And if he wants to draw away while he's got time, what can he say in explanation?"

"Still, Jed—" Opal tried to argue with him.

"The more you think of a person, the less you can take off'n 'em," continued Jed. "But sometimes when I see him workin' away on the next farm, it all comes over me how it used to be, and I'd swear that Seftie was missin' me, too."

"Oh, Jed, if you'd only go and talk with him!"

"No, I can't; but I ain't a-goin' to be sore about it, though. It jest come to me—this way—that's all: Mebbe his part in my life was to show me how to make something of myself—all the part he was to have; but I'm a-goin' to be happy without him; and after a while, Opal, so can you." And Jed brought his great fist down on the boards with a thud that made the dish-pans, hanging beside the kitchen door, rattle loudly.

"What are you young ones a-doin' on my back porch at this time of night?" called their mother sharply from above.

"Nothin'," returned the deep voice of Jed.

"I never—in all my life—ast a young one what they was doin' that they didn't answer back, 'Nothin'.' Now spit it out."

"Talkin' and restin'," answered Jed patiently.

"On a hard board, I guess, yes," Ma spoke sarcastically. "And how does it look for you and Opal to be a-settin' alone on the back stoop? The neighbors won't know you're Opal's brother; they'll think you're Sef Woods come a-sneakin' back."

Jed said nothing; and Opal silently entered the house.

"Where's Opal that she can't open her head?" asked Ma.

"Gone up to bed."

"Well, it's time; but I don't suppose you're ever goin' to bed, the way you act. I've a good notion to tell your pa!"

"I'm a-goin' in right away, Ma," said Jed, gently for him.

The next evening, when Jed came home from work, he found Fern hanging over Bistles' alley fence, waiting for him. "Butch says you know what's the matter with Seftie; is that so, Fern?" asked Jed, as he willingly lingered with her in the friendly twilight.

Fern looked quickly at Jed, and then spoke nervously: "Why, there ain't nothin' much the matter with him; but Seftie don't go to your house no more 'cause he's too high-toned. He didn't say jest that, but that's what he meant."

"When did he tell you?"

"Why—lemme see—about the time he stopped goin' with Opal. You ought to hear him make fun of you and your folks. He says you're plumb woodsy. And he laughs at Opal for tryin' to be so stuck-up about her grammar. And he says Opal's crazy to marry him. I ain't goin' with Seftie any more; if he talks that way about one girl, he will about another," declared Fernie virtuously. "I'd ruther go with you, Jed," she added sweetly, "than any other kid I know."

Jed looked so long down the dusky road—the road that led to Sefton Woods's farm—as it faded softly into the shadows of the warm summer night, that fair-haired little Fernie began to fidget and to stuff her cheap, lace-trimmed handkerchief into a knot hole in the alley fence.

Finally Jed said in a forced, dry voice, "This is the last of our goin' together, Fern; so good-by—*you know why*," and he started for home.

"Oh, Jed," cried the girl, dashing through the back gate and running after him, "what's the matter—are you mad?"

"No, I ain't mad. Leave go my arm. I'm goin' in."

"I won't ever flirt ag'in, Jed, if you'll only

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take me back this time. Promise me you'll take me back."

"I'd ruther not promise; I don't feel like it now."

"But you'll want to make it up later," insisted Fernie triumphantly. "I know you will. You'll remember the good times we've had together. Please, please, Jed, take me back."

"I can't," answered Jed grimly, though just then he longed to do it.

"Jed Flickinger, what are you doin' in that alley?" called his mother in piercing tones from the house.

"Nothin'," answered Jed truthfully.

"Ain't you got no regard for your supper, stayin' away like this? Who's a-hangin' on to you?"

Breaking from Fernie's detaining arms, Jed left her and went to the house.

"Fern, as usual," scolded his mother. "Set down and eat; I've kept things warm for you. Jed, that flossy-head means to marry you. Watch out."

"I'll never marry Fern, if that's what's worryin' you," said Jed; "and I don't want any supper."

"No supper!" screamed Ma Flickinger. "You've been a-quarrelin' with Fern Bistle ag'in, and it's turned you ag'in honest victuals."

"Where's Opal?"

"She's supposed to be huntin' aigs for breakfast."

Jed found his sister in the barn, picking burrs out of his old horse's mane. She had forgotten all about the eggs.

"What's happened to you, Jed?" asked Opal, as the light of the lantern, which she had hung near the door, fell on Jed's troubled face.

"Nothin'," answered Jed dismally; then he added, "Yes, there has, too: Opal, I've jest found out Fern—I'm through with her."

"Oh, Jed! Oh, my poor brother!" and Opal suddenly began to cry.

"Why, Opal!" exclaimed Jed, surprised that any one should be sorry for him, "don't feel so bad for me!" And, for probably the first time in his life, Jed put his arms sympathetically around his little sister and comforted her. And the raw hurt of Fernie's falseness melted away as he talked to Opal.

"She said things that ain't true about Seftie. Trust him, Opal, trust him. I don't mean for you to make up again, but I do mean that he's honest and square and worthy of all the feelin' you ever give him. And the more Fern said, the more something rose up in me and stood up for him; *he's all right!*"

"But it's so hard for you, Jed—you can't even respect Fern; you haven't anything left."

"I know," sighed Jed. "I'd ruther care for her forever and have her worthy of it, than for her to be like she is. Ma's right; I wa'n't carin' for nothin' but my own make-believe. But she lied about *him*. Whatever stopped Seftie comin' here, I don't know, and mebbe it'll never be explained; but I know he's a-doin' what he thinks is right."

A new, strange joy stirred in Opal's heart. And she forgot the bitterness of the past dreary weeks, and caught glimpses of a new and gravely beautiful world of devotion, in which, though Sefton Woods was free to go his own way, she could still care for him—for he was worthy.

"Eyes a-shinin' and cheeks on fire—what's got into you, Opal?" criticized her mother sharply, as Opal and Jed came in from the barn. "Are you comin' down with the measles or somethin' else catchin'?"

"Mebbe Opal's saw her feller ag'in," said her father slyly.

"No—not yet," replied Opal, curiously grateful to her father, who, in his clumsy way, was trying to cheer her.

"No aigs, of course," Ma spoke pessimistically.

"I'll get them to-morrow," promised Opal.

Jed went into the unlighted parlor and closed the door.

"What're you a-crackin' matches in there for, Jed?" complained his mother.

"Nothin'," answered Jed absently, and, opening the blue plush album on the center table, he hastily turned the leaves till he came to a handsome, familiar face, which, illuminated by the brief glare of a second match, seemed to come out of the gloom and smile at Jed—a strong, comely young face with truth and generosity written in all its lines.

Jed closed the book quickly; but the image of Jed's Jonathan was still before him; and the last flicker of the match showed a smile of faithfulness on his own plain features.

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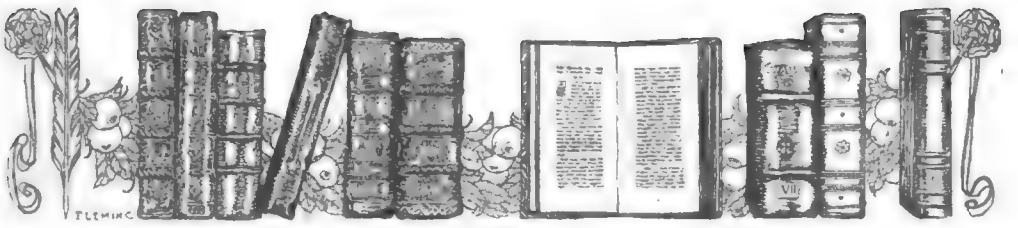

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

ANACHRONISMS are always disquieting. To meet one in a book is like meeting a flea in a hotel —it sets one to wondering. Even in a novel one's illusions are apt to be shaken, at least momentarily, by the encounter; as, for instance, in "Margarita's Soul," when one finds Whistler (who never set foot in America after the middle fifties) so delightfully visiting the Bradleys on their New England "Island." Yet one does not, in speaking of such a book, call attention to such a slip. Good manners and a sense of proportion both forbid it. But when, as in "The Journal of a Recluse" (Crowell), impudent ignorance, like a slovenly housekeeper, allows anachronisms to swarm in its pages and then asks us to accept the careless fiction as a genuine record rescued from the past, to be silent would stretch politeness to the point of complicity. One begins the book by reading the "translator's preface," which only stops short of affidavits in asserting the authenticity of the journal. When one finds the supposed author, writing in 1865 about crossing the Atlantic in 1848, saying that one did not, then, make the passage in five days, one begins to wonder. When he settles on the northern shores of "Washington Territory" in 1850, one becomes curious. When in 1865 he walks down to a railway station on the shores of Puget Sound and meets a passenger from the East, one begins to keep count. But one ends by losing patience. Last summer our small New Jersey town was aroused by a midnight alarm of fire, and when we had manned the engine and dragged it to a shanty on the outskirts of the village we found a respectable colored citizen burning a mattress. "No sah," he explained in deference to our indignation, "no sah, I didn't go fo' to make no trouble. I stood dat mattress as long as I could, and den I jess natch'ally got up an' bu'ned it." That is how one comes to feel about "The Journal of a Recluse."

About two months ago a friend did me the sometimes doubtful favor of presenting me with a book. It was called "The New Word," and bore on its title page the imprint of a London publisher, the date 1908, and the name of a writer unknown to me, Allen Upward. My friend, who is usually a conservative enthusiast, told me that it was one of the most remarkable books he had ever read; and when I had finished it (in two protracted sittings), I found myself so excitedly in agreement with him that I half suspected myself of being the victim of an intellectual intoxication —of having, as it were, unwittingly overpartaken of a mental stimulant on an empty stomach. I therefore secured, with some difficulty, another copy of the book, and gave it to a man upon the steadiness of whose head I have every reason to rely, and in the soundness of whose judgment I have unbounded confidence. He told me afterward that he began it Christmas morning and scarcely stirred from his seat until he had turned the last page, and added, "I feel as though it were the only book I had read for years." Since then we have been at some pains to try the experiment on others, with the result that, on the one hand, an American edition of the work is to be brought out by Mitchell Kennerley, and, on the other, that I feel amply justified in thus urging the book on the attention of such readers of this department as care to keep in touch with the most helpful and most hopeful thought of the day. "The New Word" takes the form of an open letter addressed to the Swedish Academy at Stockholm, and expands an inquiry into the meaning of the expression "a work of an idealist tendency," used in Alfred Nobel's will, into so searching a critique of modern thought, modern science, and modern religion, that it is perhaps best described by the author's own expression, "the circumnavigation of hope." Mr. Upward is a master of English prose, and a de-

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bater whose fertility of resource and choice of weapons seem to be unlimited. I can recall no modern writer who approaches him in his ability to put abstruse matters into simple language, and no modern work where so various and far-reaching a discussion is so irrefragably welded into a compact and sequent train of thought.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's book, this month, is called "The Ball and the Cross" (John Lane). One does not apologize for speaking of Mr. Chesterton again so soon because, if any apology is in order, it should come from him. In one of the popular plays some years ago—I have forgotten its name and what it was about—there was a young actress with a peculiarly insistent voice, who took the part of a slavey employed by one of the neighbors. Every now and then, when the action of the piece got well under way, she would come rushing in with a message. And her unabashed and stridulent "My Missis says—" simply had to be attended to before the play could proceed. Incidentally, it brought down the house. And Mr. Chesterton has come rather to remind one of the incident. Just when, having disposed of his latest interruption, we have settled down to conventional reading, a new book by him is brought in. And it is impossible to devote oneself to ordinary matters with an unread book by Mr. Chesterton on one's shelves. But one must not press a simile too far. Mr. Chesterton's messages often bring down the house, but they are by no means always delivered in the same formula. "The Ball and the Cross" is a somewhat tumultuous allegorical extravaganza typifying the outward struggle and inward agreement between faith and skepticism. It is full of clever phrases and contains passages of an illuminative, although cryptic, apprehension of truth. Which statement in a way defines Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Chesterton's relationship to his times. For Chesterton has gradually come to stand as a brilliant example of a hitherto unknown species, an effervescent mystic. He began by taking part with the radicals in modern English criticism. He adopted their tactics and indeed taught them new tricks. And now that he is fighting on the other side, now that he has come forward as the swashbuckling champion of Faith at the very moment when fair play demanded some such readjustment of forces, he is the most effective of her defenders, because he seems to be the only one who knows how to fight modernity with its own weapons.

And now for some cozier reading. One finds the names of more than one pleasantly remembered friend on the backs of recent books. Eden Phillpotts, Jerome K. Jerome, Mary Austin, Horace Annesley Vachell, each have something to offer us that may either lend itself to the fulfilling of a passing mood or, by imposing its own mood upon us, lead us for an hour refreshingly to forget ourselves. Mr. Phillpotts, who is never less than the seriously self-loyal artist, is at what may be termed his second best (which, by the way, is very good indeed) in "The Haven" (Lane), a tale of the seafaring dwellers on the Devon coast. If Mr. Phillpott's stories of the peasant life of Dartmoor and the surrounding country were nothing more than well-observed and happily executed *genre* studies, we should doubtless long since have dismissed them with a sense of satiety. Their value for us and their hold upon us lie in his gift of seeing, and of making us see, in the narrow lives of these humble folk, a humanness less complex than our own, but to the full as varied, as passionate, and as meaningful. He has discovered for us a human cosmos in a picturesque but petty microcosm. And while "The Haven" lacks something of the breadth and sweep of, say, "The Three Brothers," it contains some of his most successful characters. And in the fundamental agreement between their homely struggles and our larger lives there is something that forces us to exclaim, "There, in spite of the grace of God, go we ourselves."

Mr. Vachell's "The Paladin" (Dodd, Mead), while quite the least praisable thing he has ever published, gives us an amusing opportunity of laughing at our own outgrown enthusiasms. He has, apparently, set out to satirize the chivalrous hero who stalked prig-like through so many romances a quarter of a century since, and has produced a sufficiently entertaining picture of a would-be Bayard. And Mr. Vachell is too watchful a student of the life around him not to have introduced some interesting secondary characters into the minor rôles of his story. But in creating a *vis-à-vis* for his paladin he has fallen headlong into the very pit that he has digged for his victim. Esther, except for a few modern accessories, might have walked straight out of one of the forgotten novels he is making fun of; and yet we soon find Mr. Vachell genuinely enamored of her and lavishing most of his attention upon her development. The surgeon has poisoned himself with his own scalpel. The result, therefore, is really more a revival of a past mode than a parody upon it, and the seriously presented heroine of "The Paladin" becomes a subtler and more amusing satire than its mock hero.

In Mr. Jerome's "They and I" (Dodd, Mead), amusement of quite another order awaits us. And also a surprise. In the course of the story (which is quasi-autobiographical, and gives the experiences of an English author with a half-grown

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family in establishing a home in the country), Mr. Jerome tells of meeting a stranger who assured him that he had read all of his books, but who, later on, was astonished to find that he had written more than two. There are, one imagines, not a few others who feel that way about "Three Men in a Boat" and "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow"; and one of the questions one hears asked most frequently after a performance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is, "*This* is never *that* Jerome?" Yet that they are one and the same is charmingly proved in "They and I." The first part of the book is written by the author of "The Idle Thoughts." It is undeniably funny and suffers only from the fact that it is evidently intended to be so. And we laugh and are content. But just as we begin to feel that more of the same will be a surplusage, the other Jerome, the man behind the humorist, takes up the pen, and we lay down the book feeling that we have met a friend where we had only hoped to be diverted.

"Lost Borders" (Harper) is the title of Mary Austin's new book, and a title that alluringly announces her return to that "Land of Little Rain" where we first met her, and where, I take it, we would soonest of all rejoin her. For although Mrs. Austin has, since then, climbed the Sierras and found fiction there, our real debt to her was incurred through her having rediscovered and made real for us that dream of our youthful geography, The Great American Desert. "Lost Borders" is a book of short stories, or rather a collection of the bleached bones and broken wheels of stories that its author has found beside the trails and by the dried-up water holes of Arizona. In themselves they are little more than suggestions of past failures, and pathetic evidence of hopes outworn and brave endeavors buried in the sands. But in her handling of them, and especially in her collective presentation of them, the very fact of their fragmentariness and insignificance brings home to us the spell of the desert—the lure of its beauty, the terror of its aloofness, and the utter helplessness of humankind in the face of Nature, self-absorbed and unresponsive.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Holy Mountain" (Lane). An ironical novel, by Stephen Reynolds, in which the sensationalism and commercialism of contemporary life are lampooned with contemptuous bitterness. The pimply and spindling son of a toadying tradesman in Wiltshire, momentarily endowed with a mustard seed's worth of faith, moves a local mountain to London; and the book deals with the treatment of the miracle by the press, the church, and the public. Contemporary life doubtless needs the purgative of satire, but "The Holy Mountain" is a nauseous dose.

"Trans-Himalaya" (MacMillan), Dr. Sven Hedin's detailed account of his recent three-year sojourn in Tibet (1905–8), in the course of which he followed throughout its length, and crossed in seven places, the chain of mountains which parallels the Himalayas to the north and to which he has given the name of Trans-Himalaya. It is the record of a venturesome and adventurous journey, whose narrative interest is only second to its geographical importance.

"The Cash Intrigue" (Bobbs-Merrill). A thriller by George Randolph Chester. The author's imagination, unleashed on the track of the near financial future, leads us a stiff chase across broken country. Monetary melodrama gone mad.

"After Death—What?" (Small, Maynard.) A thick volume by the late Cesare Lombroso that proves (if it proves anything) that, at the present stage of the investigations into Spiritism and the associated phenomena of the so-called occult, the scientist is as much at sea as the layman, and that the *ipse dixit* of the one is as little convincing as the dogmatic assertion of the other.

"Other Peoples' Houses" (Macmillan), by E. B. Dewing. The story of a neurotic American authoress, her friends, admirers, and patrons, by a clever new writer whose cleverness is not yet thoroughly in hand. At times it disappears completely. At others it makes the even more fatal mistake of overestimating the acuteness of its readers. On the whole, the book represents a bright conception not quite realized.

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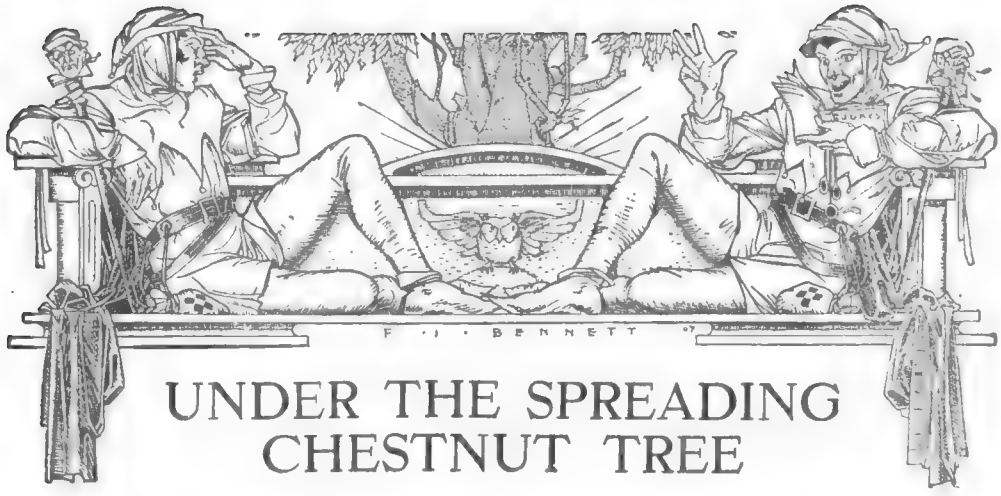

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A MODERATELY fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain," the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar. "Not bloodshed—woodshed."

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.

"Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.

"What distinguished foreigner assisted the colonies in the American Revolution?" asked an Ohio teacher.

"God," answered Tommy promptly.

Mark Twain says that he has always taken woman's part.

"For instance," he relates, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Missouri. Here was the occasion:

"'So this is a little girl, eh?' I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the *contrary* sex?'

"'Yassah,' the woman replied. 'Yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"

Two chorus ladies were at one of Victor Herbert's concerts on complimentary tickets.

"My," exclaimed one of them with a glance at her program, "hasn't Mr. Herbert a tremendous repertory!"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," replied her friend; "but he is getting pretty fat."

"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"No," snapped the man.

"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em?" urged the bootblack.

"No, I tell you!"

"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.

"Is that you, dear?" said a young husband over the telephone. "I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner to-night, as I am detained at the office."

"You poor dear," answered the wife sympathetically. "I don't wonder. I don't see how you manage to get anything done at all with that orchestra playing in your office. Good-by."

"When a man has a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest," writes a Western sage, "he should do one of two things: either get married or get divorced."

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"Say, Pop, what's a pessimist?"

"A pessimist, my son, is one who, of two evils, chooses them both."

Confidentially, we don't believe it.

A German, a Frenchman, and an American were shipwrecked, and cast upon an island inhabited by semi-savages. The chief potentate of the place informed the involuntary visitors that the post of Lord High Executioner was vacant and would be awarded to that one of them who could fill it with most credit. Three condemned men were brought forth for the trials.

The German stepped forward, swung the great two-handed sword, and performed the decapitation with considerable success, although he required two strokes in which to hack off the victim's head.

The Frenchman took his position and, with debonair grace, despatched his victim with one stroke.

The American went to bat. After gently feeling the edge of the big sword, he drew it back, held it poised an instant, and—swish!—a flash, a hiss. The Yankee wiped the sword with complacency and stepped back.

"Go ahead," said the condemned man. "This suspense is terrible."

"Cough!" commanded the American. The criminal coughed—and his head rolled upon the ground.

"Nellie," said the teacher, "you may tell me how to make a Maltese cross."

"Step on its tail," answered Nellie promptly.

An irritable old farmer and his ungainly, slouching son were busy grubbing sprouts one hot, sultry day, when the old man suddenly stumbled over a small stump.

"Gosh durn that everlastin' stump!" he exclaimed. "I wish it was in hell!"

The son slowly straightened up from his work and gazed reproachfully at his father.

"Why, you oughtn't to say that, pap," he drawled. "You might stumble over that stump ag'in some day."

"Ugh!" spluttered Mr. Jones. "That nut had a worm in it."

"Here," urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" growled Jones. "Why should I? Let him walk!"

Johnnie Poe, one of the famous Princeton football family, and incidentally a great-nephew of Edgar Allan Poe, was a general in the army of Honduras in one of their recent wars. Finally, when things began to look black with peace and the American general discovered that his princely pay when translated into United States money was about sixty cents a day, he struck for the coast. There he found a United States warship and asked for transportation home.

"Sure," the commander told him. "We'll be glad to have you. Come aboard whenever you like and bring your luggage."

"Thanks," said Poe warmly. "I'll sure do that. I only have fifty-four pieces."

"What!" exclaimed the commander. "What do you think I'm running? A freighter?"

"Oh, well, you needn't get excited about it," purred Poe. "My fifty-four pieces consist of one pair of socks and a pack of playing cards."

A gentleman of Arizona once hanged himself to the bed post by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was:

"Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

"The legislators who oppose laws compelling the pasteurization of milk," said Nathan Straus, "bring forward arguments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman.

"A lady summering in Maine said to her milkman severely:

"'See here, this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?'

"'Madam,' said the milk manufacturer with withering dignity, 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

The court room was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling-pins, and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand, undergoing a gruelling cross-examination.

The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out:

"I sneezed."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* | JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* | WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* | ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

LAST December, in the midst of Christmas shopping, we and other magazine publishers received a nice little Jack-in-the-box from President Taft in the shape of special mention in his message to Congress. Frankly, it took some of the "peace on earth" out of our holidays. Read it:

HIGHER RATE OF POSTAGE FOR MAGAZINES

"The deficit every year in the Post Office Department is largely caused by the low rate of postage of 1 cent a pound charged on second-class mail matter, which includes not only newspapers, but magazines and miscellaneous periodicals. The actual loss growing out of the transmission of this second-class mail matter at 1 cent a pound amounts to about $63,000,000 a year. The average cost of the transportation of this matter is more than 9 cents a pound.

"It appears that the average distance over which newspapers are delivered to their customers is 291 miles, while the average haul of magazines is 1,049, and of miscellaneous periodicals 1,128 miles. Thus, the average haul of the magazine is three and one-half times and that of the miscellaneous periodical nearly four times the haul of the daily newspaper, yet all of them pay the same postage rate of 1 cent a pound. The statistics of 1907 show that second-class mail matter constituted 63.91 per cent. of the weight of all the mail, and yielded only 5.19 per cent. of the revenue.

"The figures given are startling, and show the payment by the government of an enormous subsidy to the newspapers, magazines, and periodicals, and Congress may well consider whether radical steps should not be taken to reduce the deficit in the Post Office Department caused by this discrepancy between the actual cost of transportation and the compensation exacted therefor.

"A great saving might be made, amounting to much more than half of the loss, by imposing upon magazines and periodicals a higher rate of postage. They are much heavier than newspapers, and contain a much higher proportion of advertising to reading matter, and the average distance of their transportation is three and a half times as great.

FIGURING A DEFICIT

"The total deficit for the last fiscal year in the Post Office Department amounted to $17,500,000. The branches of its business which it did at a loss were the second-class mail service, in which the loss, as already said, was $63,000,000, and the free rural delivery, in which the loss was $28,000,000. Those losses were in part offset by the profits of the letter postage and other sources of income. It would seem wise to reduce the loss upon second-class mail matter, at least to the extent of preventing a deficit in the total operations of the Post Office.

"I commend the whole subject to Congress, not unmindful of the spread of intelligence

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which a low charge for carrying newspapers and periodicals assists. I very much doubt, however, the wisdom of a policy which constitutes so large a subsidy and requires additional taxation to meet it."

THE AMAZING FIGURES

Wouldn't that jar you? It jarred us. What did it—what could it mean? The figures themselves seemed preposterous. How could it cost the government nine cents a pound to carry magazines? It costs about that to make them. How could the government lose $63,000,000 a year carrying second-class mail?

You may believe we were nonplused. It's a grave thing when a president of the United States speaks to the people through a message to Congress. Of course President Taft believed the figures, but where did he get them, and why did he use them in so important a connection without verification? We found his reason in an earlier clause of the same message:

"Perhaps the most important question presented to this administration is that of economy in expenditures and sufficiency of revenue. The deficit of the last fiscal year, and the certain deficit of the current year, prompted Congress to throw a greater responsibility on the Executive and the Secretary of the Treasury than had heretofore been declared by statute."

"Economy in expenditures and sufficiency of revenue." Surely no business man will take issue with the President on the importance of these, and in their pursuit he naturally lit on the deficit in the Post Office department, and then on the publishers who, according to somebody's figures, were responsible for the deficit. But "somebody" had proved too much.

THE PUBLISHERS ACT

The publishers got busy. A special committee, with George W. Wilder, President of The Butterick Company, as chairman, made a most careful business analysis of the Post Office Department reports, working night and day for several weeks, and with results astonishing—to the Post Office officials.

We quote from the argument presented by Mr. Wilder for the publishers, before the Postal Committee of Congress, whose members questioned him minutely for nearly two days:

"This argument has nothing to say about the 'educational and other benefits that come from periodical publications.' Both the Message of our President and the Report of the Postmaster-General admit these benefits. It deals only with figures taken from the Government's reports. They are taken for the most part from the Postmaster-General's Report for 1908; and from House Document 910 (Weighing of the Mails); and from the 1909 Report.

"THE REASONS FOR URGING AN INCREASE IN THE SECOND-CLASS RATE OF POSTAGE ON PERIODICALS OTHER THAN DAILY NEWSPAPERS are given as:

"First—That there is a current deficit of $17,000,000 in the operations of the Post Office Department. That second-class mail has caused this deficit.

"Second—That second-class mail costs the Post Office $73,000,000, and pays only $9,000,000; causing a loss of $64,000,000.

"Third—That the length of haul of magazines is about 3½ times the haul of newspapers. That, therefore, it costs 5 cents to transport a pound of magazines, as against 2 cents to transport a pound of newspapers. That magazines carry more advertising than newspapers.

"On the basis of these figures, the recommendation is made for a higher rate than one cent a pound for magazines and periodicals other than newspapers.

THE ANSWER

"The following pages prove:

"First. There is not a deficit of $17,000,000, but, with proper allowance for Rural Free delivery, there is a surplus of over $10,000,000 in all the operations of the Post Office.

"That, coincidently with every step in the admitted tremendous expansion of magazines, circulations, advertising and circulation-getting schemes, there came a steady decrease in department deficits from a 21.4 per cent. deficit in 1870 to 2.4 per cent. in 1902, when R. F. D. became important.

"Second. The Department's figure of $64,000,000 loss on second-class matter is wrong by $61,000,000.

"The error is due principally to:

"A. In the Postmaster-General's Report for 1909 the cost of second-class matter is figured on the basis of weight for all

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second-class matter—792,580,967 pounds. It should be figured on the basis of 694,865,884 pounds.

"B. In this same report among the items of cost charged to second-class matter there is Rural Free Delivery, $13,821,100. That is, the loss caused by the policy of Rural Free Delivery is charged to second-class matter.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"C. In arriving at the amount of transportation and other expenses based on weight to be charged against second-class matter, the estimate is made on a percentage of weight of second-class matter to the mail carried, which is claimed to be 63.91 per cent. This should be 35 per cent. It makes a difference of millions.

"D. And there are errors in all the other cost items, as this argument will show.

"Third. Length of haul is not the determining factor in reaching the cost of transportation per pound carried. *Other elements enter into it that make a pound in the shorter hauls average to cost the Department more than a pound in the longer hauls.*

WHAT ANALYSIS SHOWS

"On the Department's own figures of the relative cost of hauling and handling magazines and newspapers there is, in spite of the magazines' longer haul, and because of the greater number of pieces per pound in newspaper mail, more loss (by the Department's figuring) in giving the second-class privilege to newspapers than in giving it to magazines. The magazines do not carry more advertising than newspapers, and what they do carry is immensely more profitable to the Department than newspaper advertising. Therefore, on the Department's own showing of the differences between magazines and newspapers, every difference points *against* a higher rate in magazines, instead of toward it.

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Photographs by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

FRANCIS H. DODDS,
OF MICHIGAN.
A keen face, clean-cut and attractive, with no sign of his thoughts.

JOHN W. WEEKS,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Very tall—very large—very able—very fine.

JAMES T. LLOYD,
OF MISSOURI.
Typical Westerner, with polish, sense of humor, but not forgetting the business in hand.

SYLVESTER C. SMITH,
OF CALIFORNIA.
Alert, sensitive, inquiring, inclined to suspicion of motives, resentful of criticism.

J. SLOAT FASSETT,
OF NEW YORK.
A business man, up-to-date, on the job, sociable, with plenty of reserve, alive to the interest of the Republican party.

"To the above we add:

"1. If the Post Office Department charged its regular rates for the matter it carries free, there would be no so-called deficit.

"2. If through the Department's method of management, and more particularly through its methods of bookkeeping, the cost of handling second-class matter is made high, such cost is not necessarily a fair price to publishers."

The publishers' answer to the President's charges then proceeds at great length and with infinite pains to prove every one of the above points from the Government's own figures. We cannot give space to the details here, but any reader is welcome to them upon request.

At this writing, the Government experts are busy trying to show the Committee of Congress where and how they got the figures they gave the President, and if we mistake not that gentleman's character, the volcano disguised by his amiable exterior will presently erupt.

We have waited before bringing this whole matter to your attention until we could discuss it with all the facts before us. You probably realize that any increase on the postal rate will, in the end, be paid by you, the reader. You may not realize that an increase of even one cent would put half the publishers out of business. They have already passed on to you whatever benefit follows from a low postage rate. They are not strong enough to stand the loss in circulation incident to an increase in the subscription price, and they cannot live and pay the increase themselves. A few of the big ones can stand it. In fact, they could afford to let the small fellows fail, but that is not their disposition. They are fighting as if their own lives depended on the issue—most of them.

We hope the second-class postage rate will be settled this time. We do not believe the President will push the matter when he realizes what the facts are.

SUBSIDIES AND SUBSIDIES

Presidents' messages are usually so voluminous that they are not widely read. The newspapers digest them ably, and their readers are content with the digest. You may not know, therefore, that in the same message in which the President said, "The figures given are startling, and show the payment by the Government of an enormous subsidy to the newspapers, magazines, and periodicals," he said also and almost immediately:

"Following the course of my distinguished predecessor, I earnestly recommend to Congress the consideration and passage of a ship subsidy bill, looking to the establishment of lines between our Atlantic seaboard and the eastern coast of South America, as well as lines from the west coast of the United States to South America, China, Japan and the Philippines. The profits on foreign mails are perhaps a sufficient measure of the expendi-

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tures which might first be tentatively applied to this method of inducing American capital to undertake the establishment of American lines of steamships in those directions in which we now feel it most important that we should have means of transportation controlled in the interest of the expansion of our trade. A bill of this character has once passed the House and more than once passed the Senate, and I hope that at this session a bill framed on the same lines and with the same purposes may become a law."

It is rather startling to see these two passages almost with a single glance: the one vigorously assailing a subsidy or supposed subsidy—for publishers are not willing to admit there is a subsidy—to the magazines of all classes—general, trade, agricultural, religious, scientific—a subsidy, the profits of which would show in the greater information and higher intelligence of the whole country; the other as vigorously urging a ship subsidy, the profits of which would show in wider markets and more money. The one proposing to restrict the spread of intelligence, the other proposing to add to the country's material prosperity. A prosperity so great already that we haven't intelligence enough to handle it. A prosperity that has given our nation a reputation over the world for blatant materialism and a piratical business conscience.

Surely it is no time to stay the arm that spreads intelligence, no time to halt the conscience makers when you are inviting a larger prosperity. And does it not strike you as a bit sardonic to suggest that the supposed subsidy on second-class mail matter be withdrawn while the other subsidy is to be supported by the profits on foreign mails?

We mean to be fair to the President. He put those paragraphs in his message. His judicial mind saw no inconsistency. In our belief he had no second motive, he was not out to give the magazines a lesson, he has no quarrel with magazines that tell the truth, he knows what good they do. He is out to run the Government on business lines as it should be run. Somebody showed him figures apparently signifying that it was costing the Government $63,000,000 more than the Government received to handle the second-class mail. He had not time to go into the department bookkeeping, he believed the figures and started right in to economize. That, surely, is how it happened. We wish, for his sake, as well as ours, that he had taken a little more time to examine the figures before picturing us to the nation as fattening at the public crib; but we do not question his motive—rather, we honor it.

There is another clause in this same message to which we call your special attention:

EXPECTS GOOD SURPLUS

"So far as the Secretary of the Treasury is able to form a judgment as to future income and compare it with the expenditures for the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1911,

Photographs by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

VICTOR MURDOCK,
OF KANSAS.
Vigorous, incisive, a dynamo, hair red and inclined to curl, a live wire and a valuable public servant.

JOHN A. MOON,
OF TENNESSEE.
Old-school Congressman—black bow tie, long coat, a fine face and beautiful Southern manner and voice.

WILLIAM E. COX,
OF INDIANA.
Deliberate, punctual, attentive, seriously concerned to get outside the question.

JOHN J. GARDNER,
OF NEW JERSEY.
Old-school Congressman, heavy gray mustache and beard—mighty clever brain machine.

WILLIAM H. STAFFORD,
OF WISCONSIN.
Wiry body and brain, something of the inquisitor, with a shading to twentieth-century fairness. A typical prosecuting attorney.

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and excluding payments on account of the Panama Canal which will doubtless be taken up by bonds, there will be a surplus of $35,931,000."

A few publishers are making fortunes. A great majority are put to it to keep their publications alive, so high have the costs climbed the past few years.

If the President comes through to June, 1911, with a $35,931,000 surplus, his business administration will have earned quite prestige enough. It will not be necessary for him to put half the publishers out of business and compel the reading public to pay more for the magazines and other periodicals that survive.

THE POSTAL COMMITTEE

We have presented here the likenesses of the members of the Postal Committee of Congress who were in regular attendance while the publishers' argument was being discussed. The writer does not wish the captions taken too seriously—they are only impressions of men he had never met before. You cannot know men from seeing only their business side. In general, the publishers were pleased with the apparent fairness of the Committee, and their evident disposition to see to the bottom of the subject. Also, it was noticed that a Congressman's pathway is not all rose-bordered, and a diligent, faithful one well earns the halo he wears when at home.

In the examination of Mr. Wilder this question was asked: "You have made a pretty careful investigation of the question of railroad rates, Mr. Wilder. Have you come to the conclusion that the government is paying extravagant or exorbitant rates for the service that it is getting?"

Mr. Wilder answered: "I hardly feel competent to answer that, but I will say that I think the government may be paying more in some places than it ought. Taking it as a general thing, they are not so far out of the way probably for the services the railways render."

The question was then asked: "Are you willing to publish anything like that in the magazine?"

This is the answer.

UNCLE JOE

The Periodical Publishers of America held their annual dinner in Washington on January 28th. President Taft honored us. He made a perfect speech, easy, natural, witty and serious by turns. No one could have done it better. Senator Dolliver followed. He played up to the publishers and got an ovation. Then came Uncle Joe Cannon. You may have noticed that a number of influential weekly and monthly magazines have been bearing down hard on Uncle Joe of late. Many in the audience were out-and-out hostile to him; most of us feel that he should not run again for the Speakership.

Uncle Joe knew the temper of his audience; he felt what was in our minds. The air was alive with personality—waves of it rolling up from four hundred active brains.

The moment was vivid, almost painful, when the Speaker stood up, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and squared his spare frame. And then he sailed in like the old fighter he is, without apologies, asking no quarter and giving none, compelling the admiration of every red-blooded American in the audience by the audacity of his courage. When he had us where he wanted us, he suddenly shifted to the early days: told us how he came to Congress, how he worked and fought his way up, until we saw the picture of the hard years, saw him working for his party, his country; saw him in his prime, sweeping into power in the second office in the land; saw him now under the weight of years, the prophet of a past generation, unable to understand the genius of the new era; attacked from the quarters where he was wont to have huzzas; bewildered, wounded to the heart, but fighting on—a great, splendid, tragic figure—a heartbreaking experience.

Those of us who were there will never forget it; and while we must go on fighting Uncle Joe, while we must not permit our emotions to outweigh our judgment, we cannot help feeling a profound regard for him, a deep sympathy because he cannot understand how times have changed, and that the things America wanted when Uncle Joe was in the heydey of his power are not the things America wants to-day. We abhor Cannonism, but we cleave to Uncle Joe.

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